

Our Gang

COMICS

10¢
No. 3
JANUARY
FEBRUARY



OUR GANG • BARNEY BEAR • TOM and JERRY
FLIP & DIP • BENNY BURRO • KING • PETE SMITH



HERE'S THE GANG, JANET, FROGGY, BUCKWHEAT, AND ME.

HELLO, KIDS!

IT'S MY TURN TO BE EDITOR OF OUR MAGAZINE THIS TIME.

ALL THE KIDS IN OUR GANG HELPED ME FIND THE STORIES AND PICTURES FOR THIS BOOK AND WE SURE HOPE YOU'LL LIKE THEM.

HERE'S THE LIST OF WHAT'S IN THE MAGAZINE

OUR GANG	PAGES 1-10	KING	34-41
FLIP AND DIP	" " " 11-16	THE HUNGRY WOLF	42-45
THE LITTLE FIELD MOUSE	17-23	TOM AND JERRY	46-53
PETE SMITH	24-25	JIMMY WELLS	54-57
BARNEY BEAR	26-33	BENNY BURRO	58-64

ALL YOUR FRIENDS ARE IN THE BOOK, BARNEY BEAR, TOM AND JERRY, BENNY BURRO, AND OUR GANG, OF COURSE

BEST O' LUCK

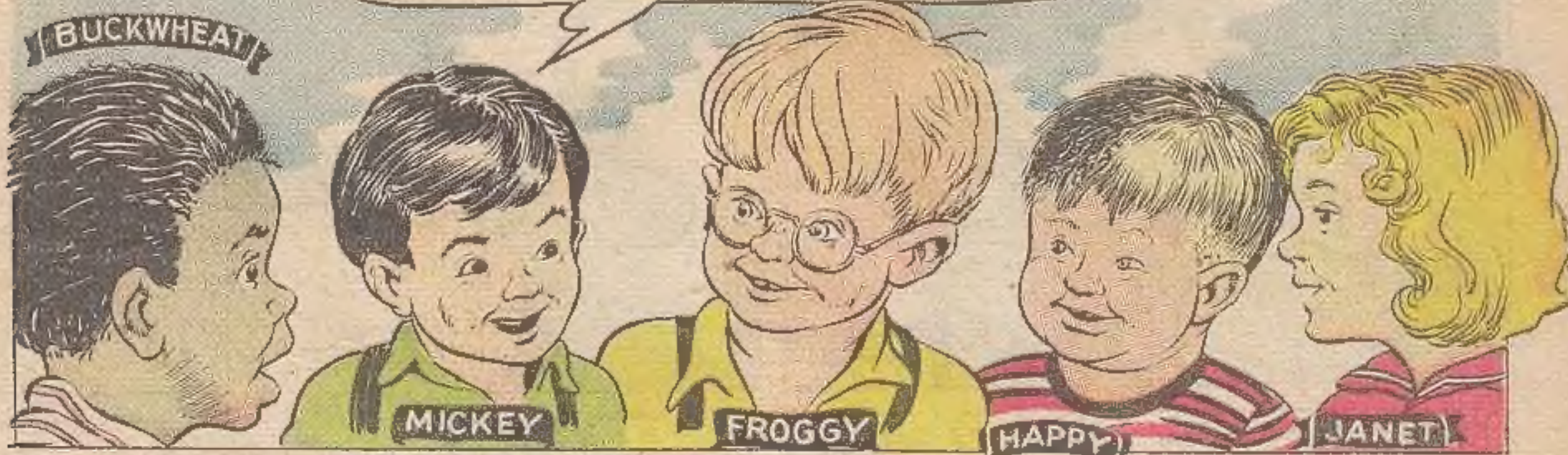
MICKEY — EDITOR



MICKEY-EDITOR

THE GREAT OUR GANG CIRCUS

SAY, GANG—LET'S HAVE A CIRCUS
IN MY BACK YARD!



I CAN BE THE
WILD MAN!

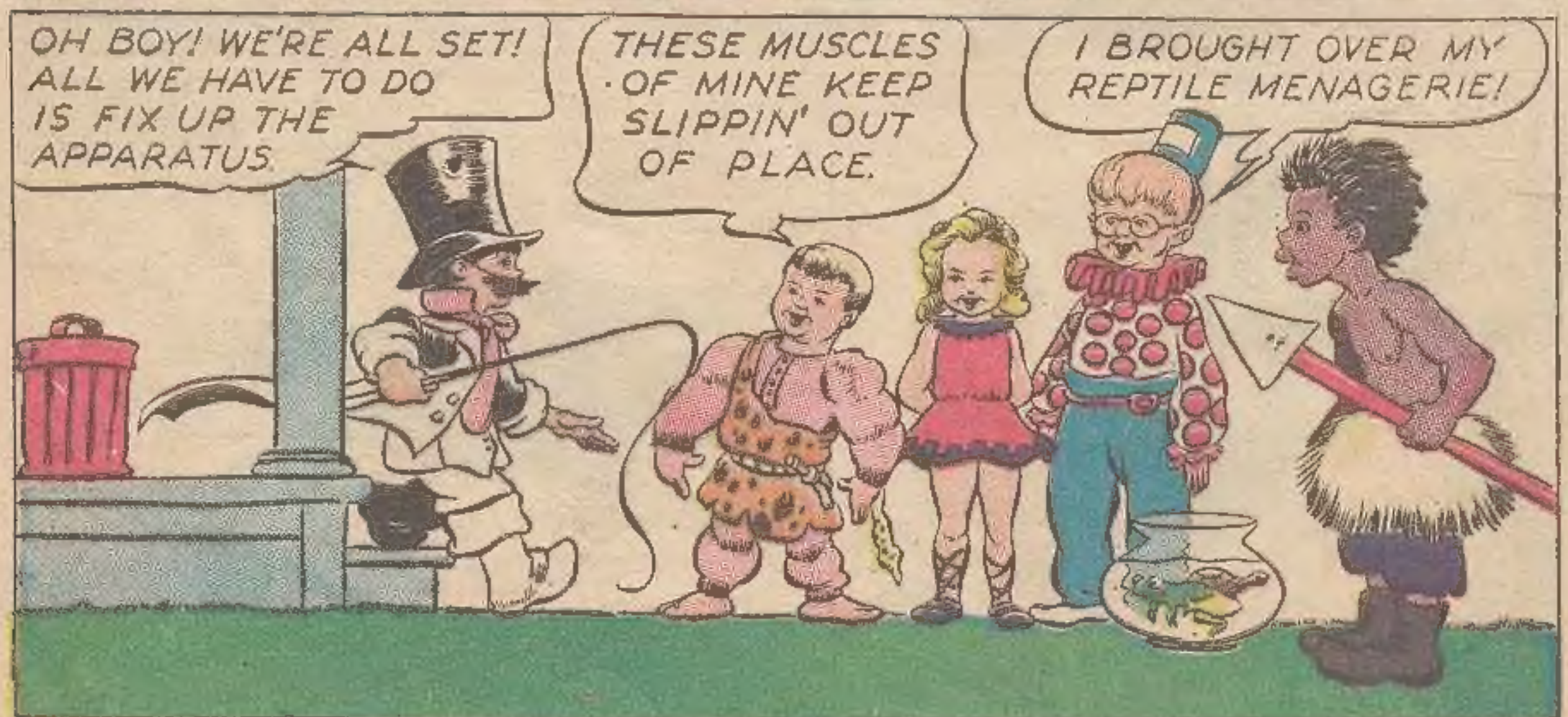
I'LL BE A CLOWN
ON A TRAPEZE!

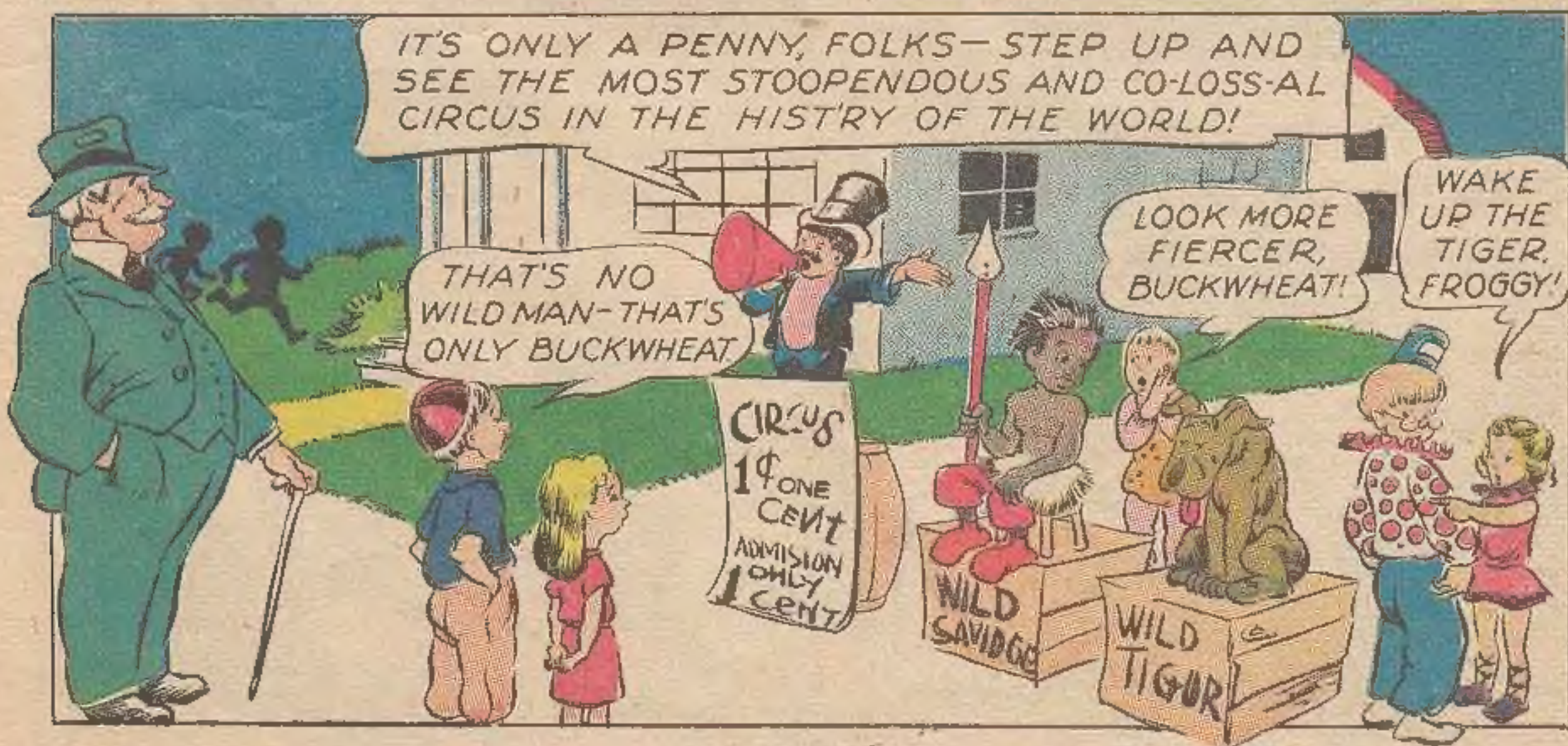
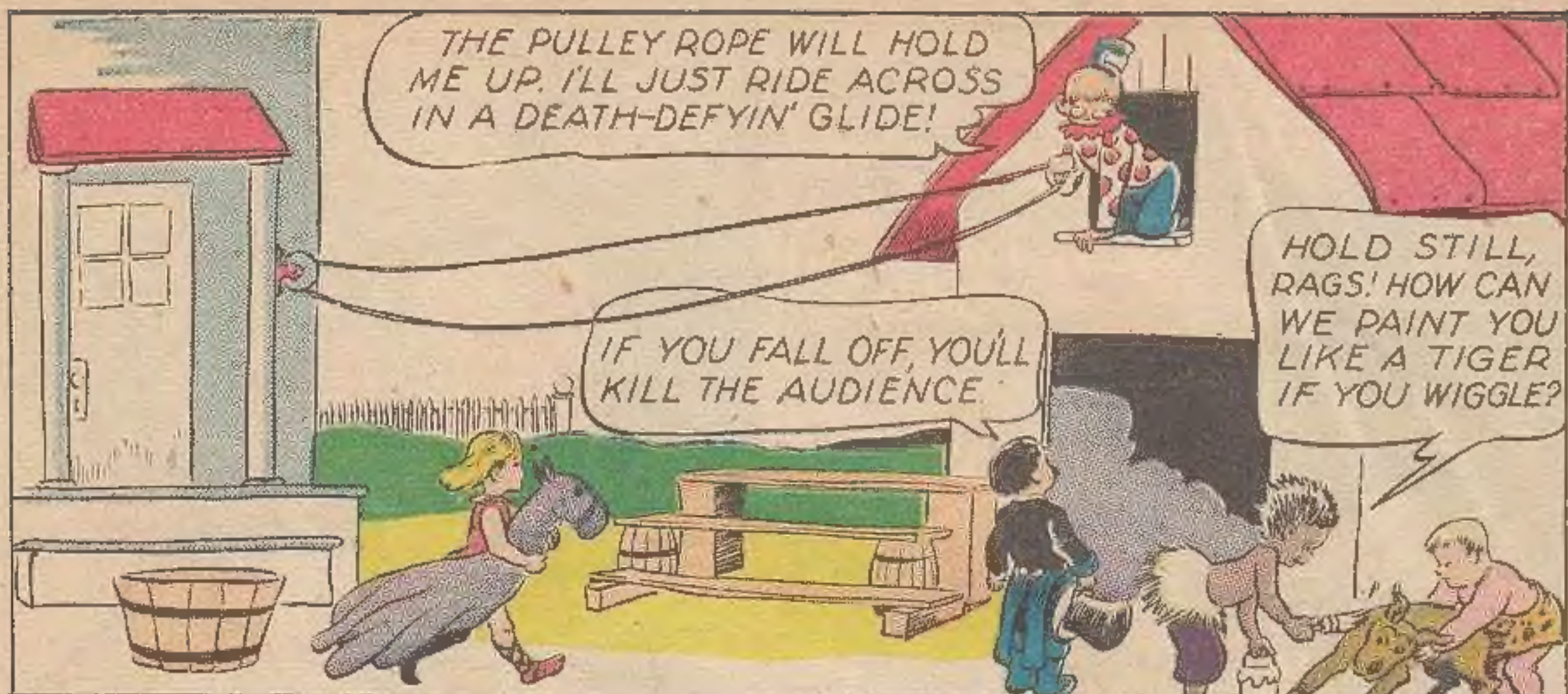
OKAY! EVERYBODY GO AND
DIG UP THEIR COSTUMES
AND WE'LL START!

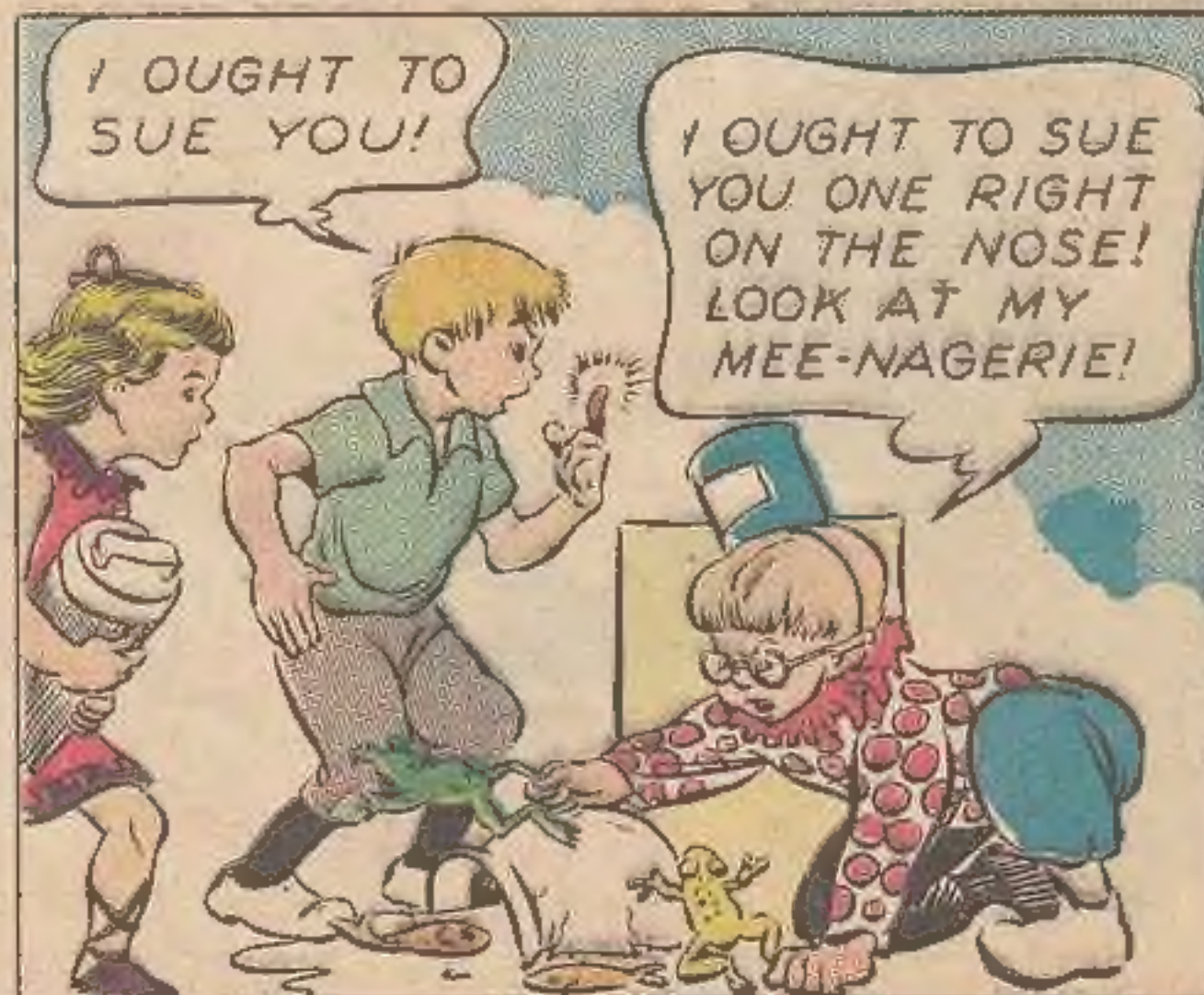
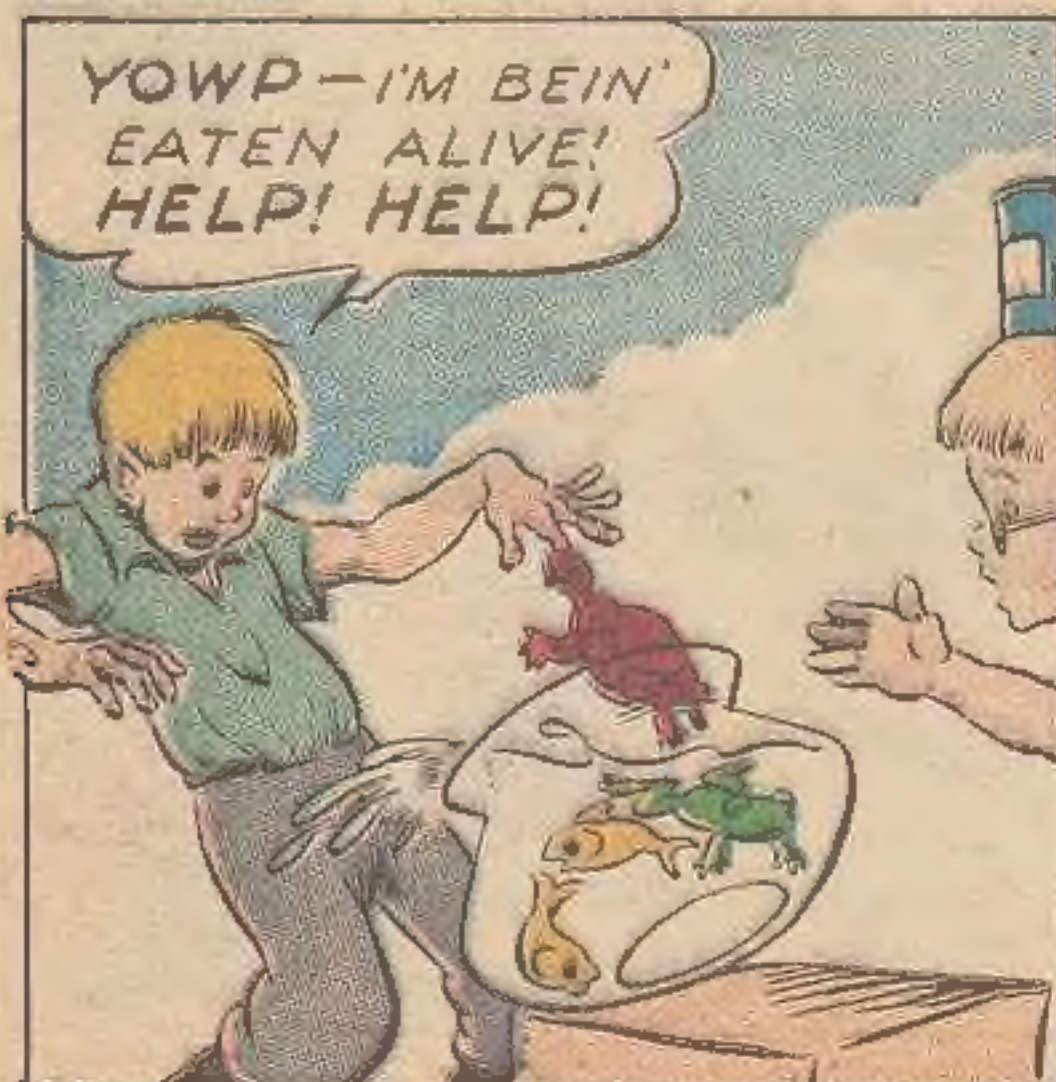
I CAN BE
RINGMASTER.

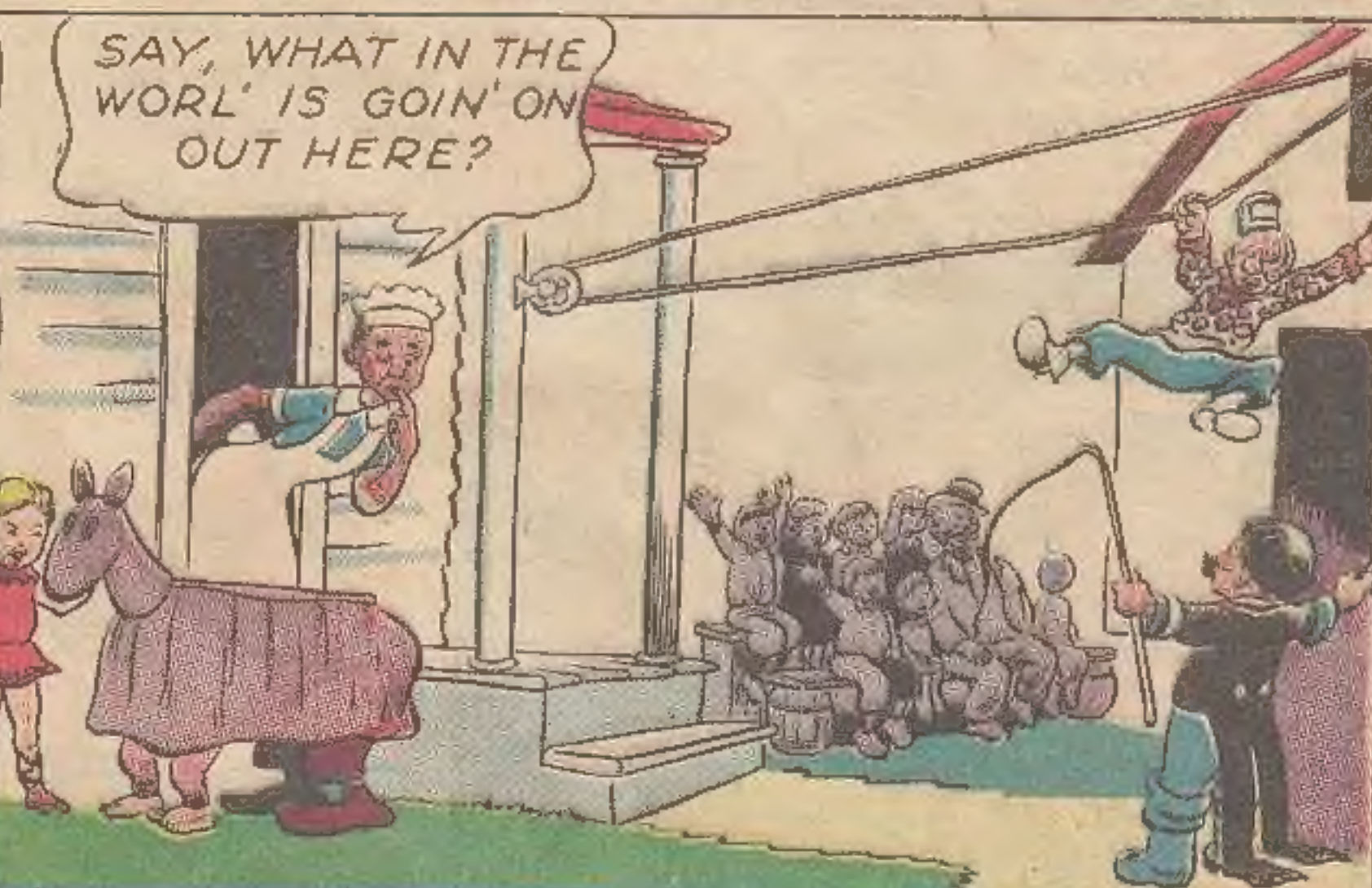
I'LL BE A
STRONG MAN.

I'LL BE A LADY
BAREBACK RIDER!

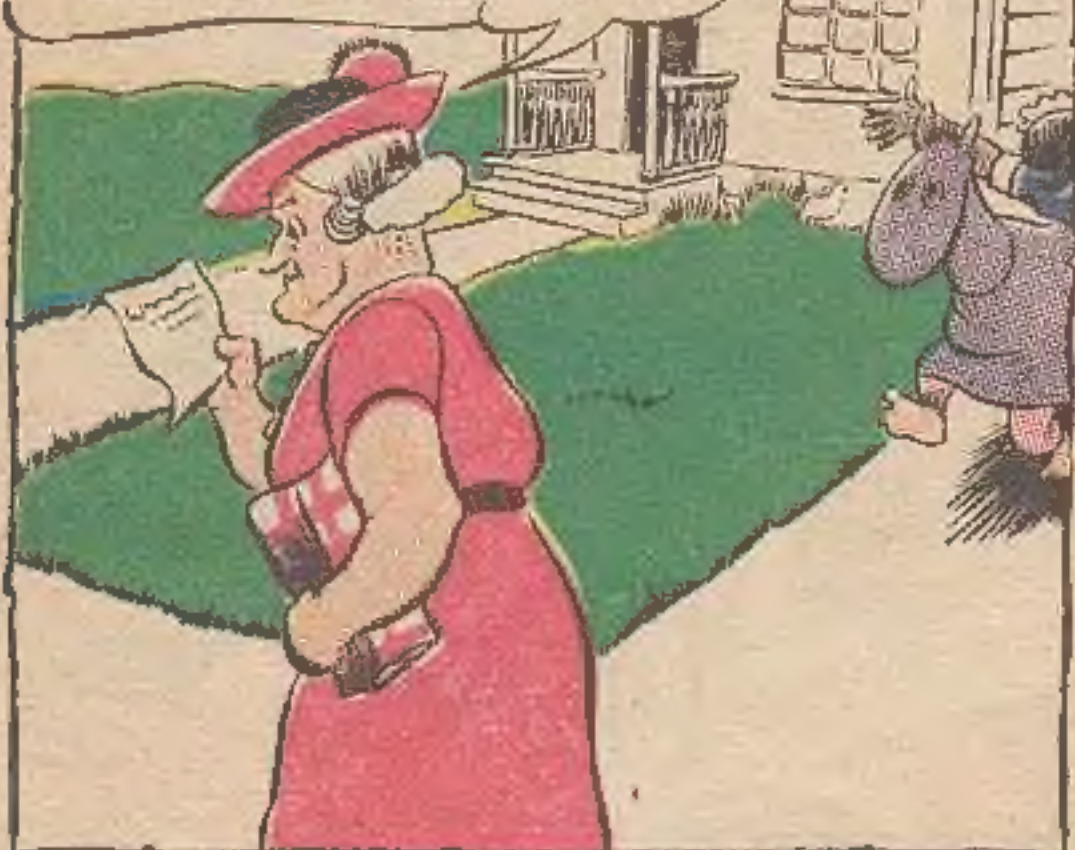








ACCORDING TO THE ADDRESS, HERE'S
THE PLACE WHERE I'M SUPPOSED TO
DELIVER MY LECTURE TO THE
LADIES' AUXILIARY.



WHOOOPS!



WHAT'S DAT? A
CANNABOIL!



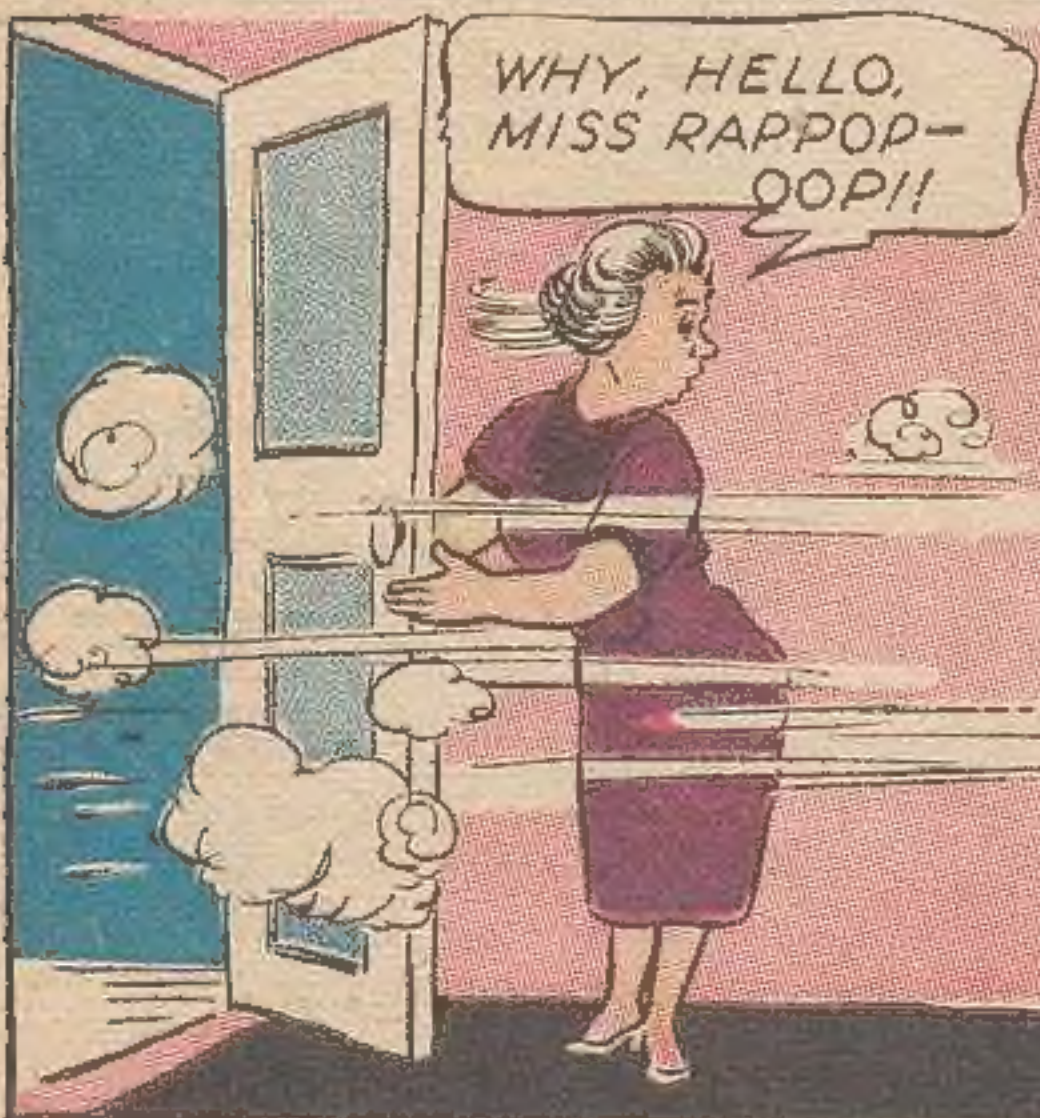
HALP - THEY
IS GONE GIT
ME!



THIS MUST BE OUR
SPEAKER, MISS
RAPPOPORK.

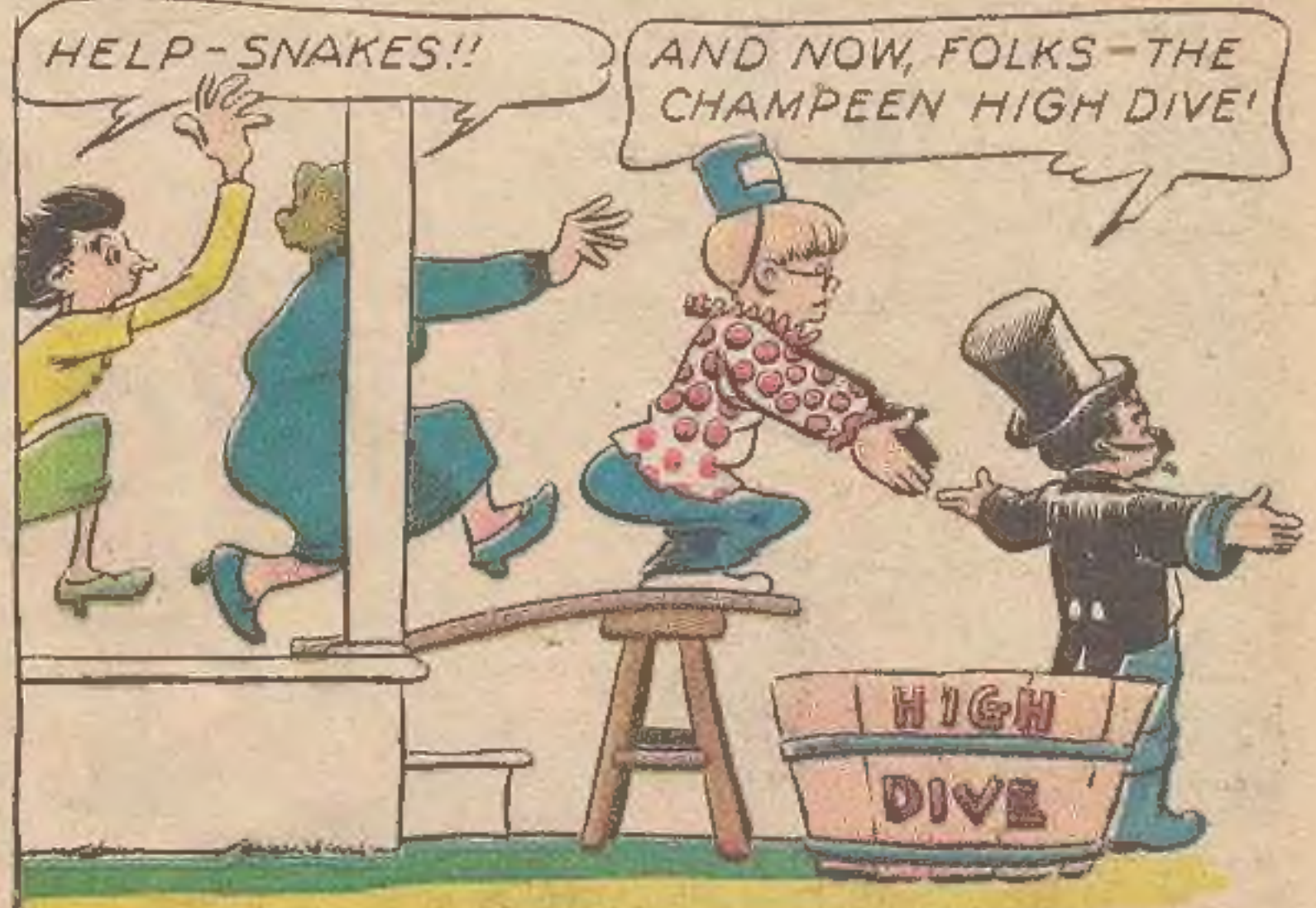
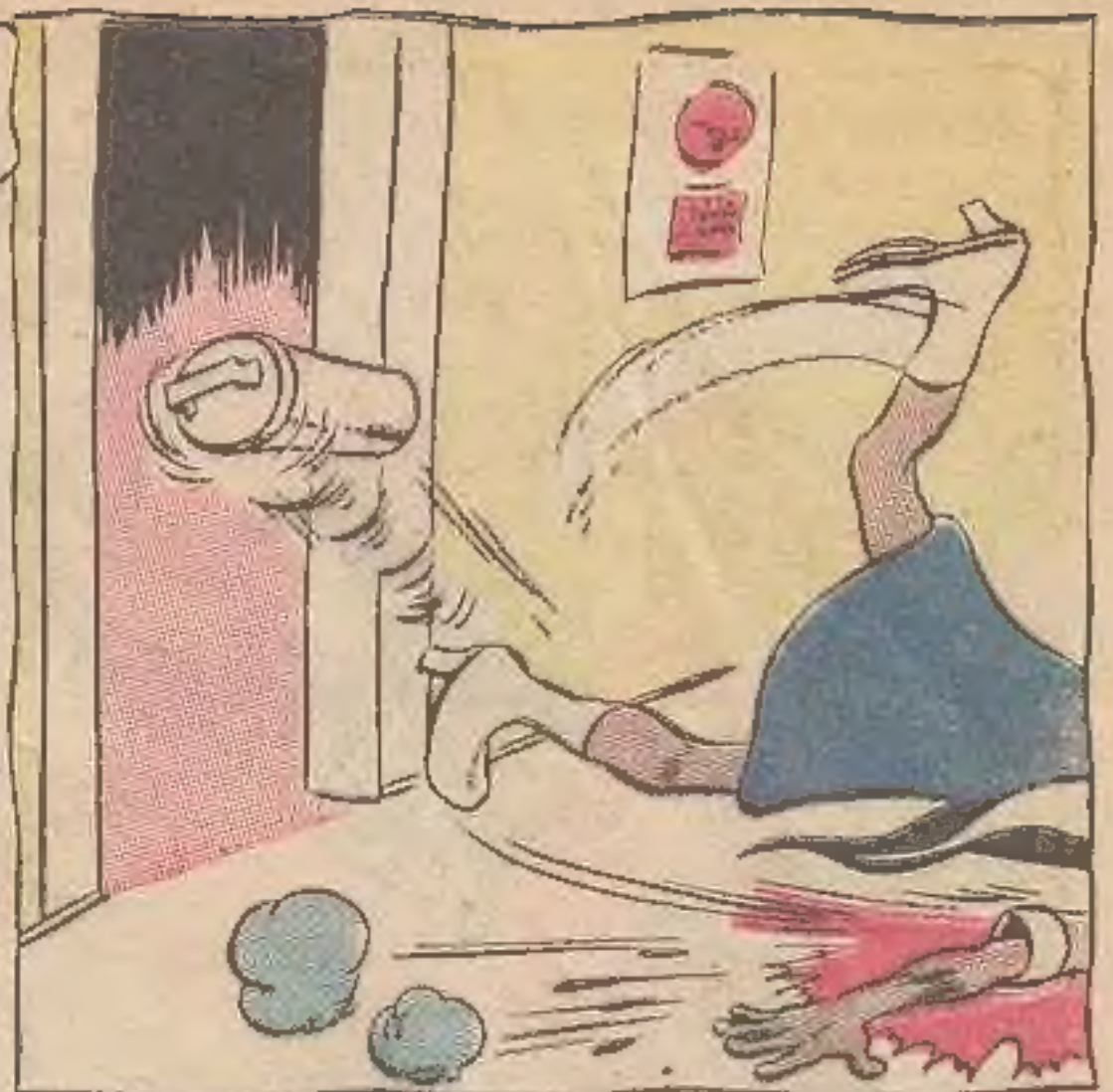
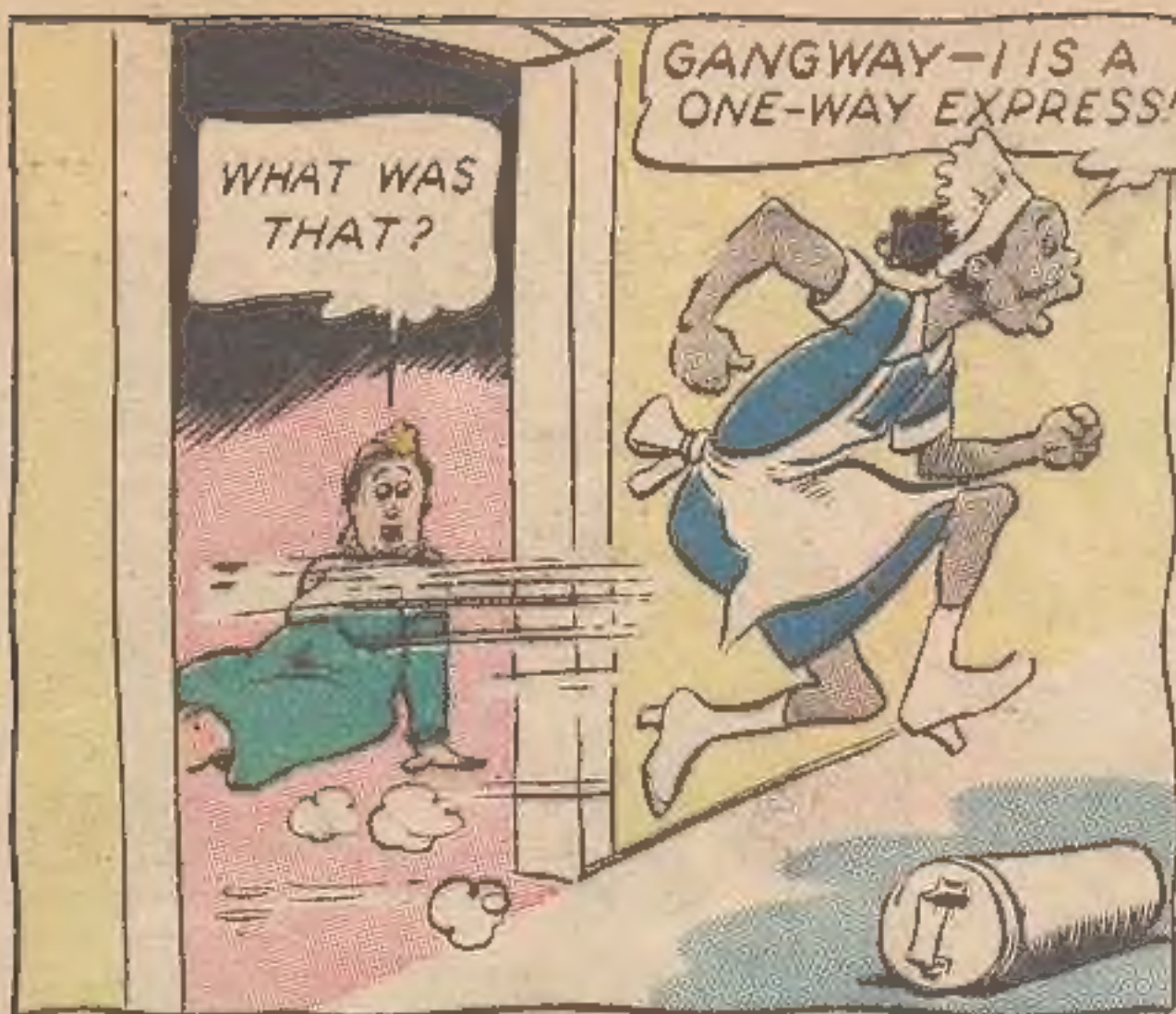


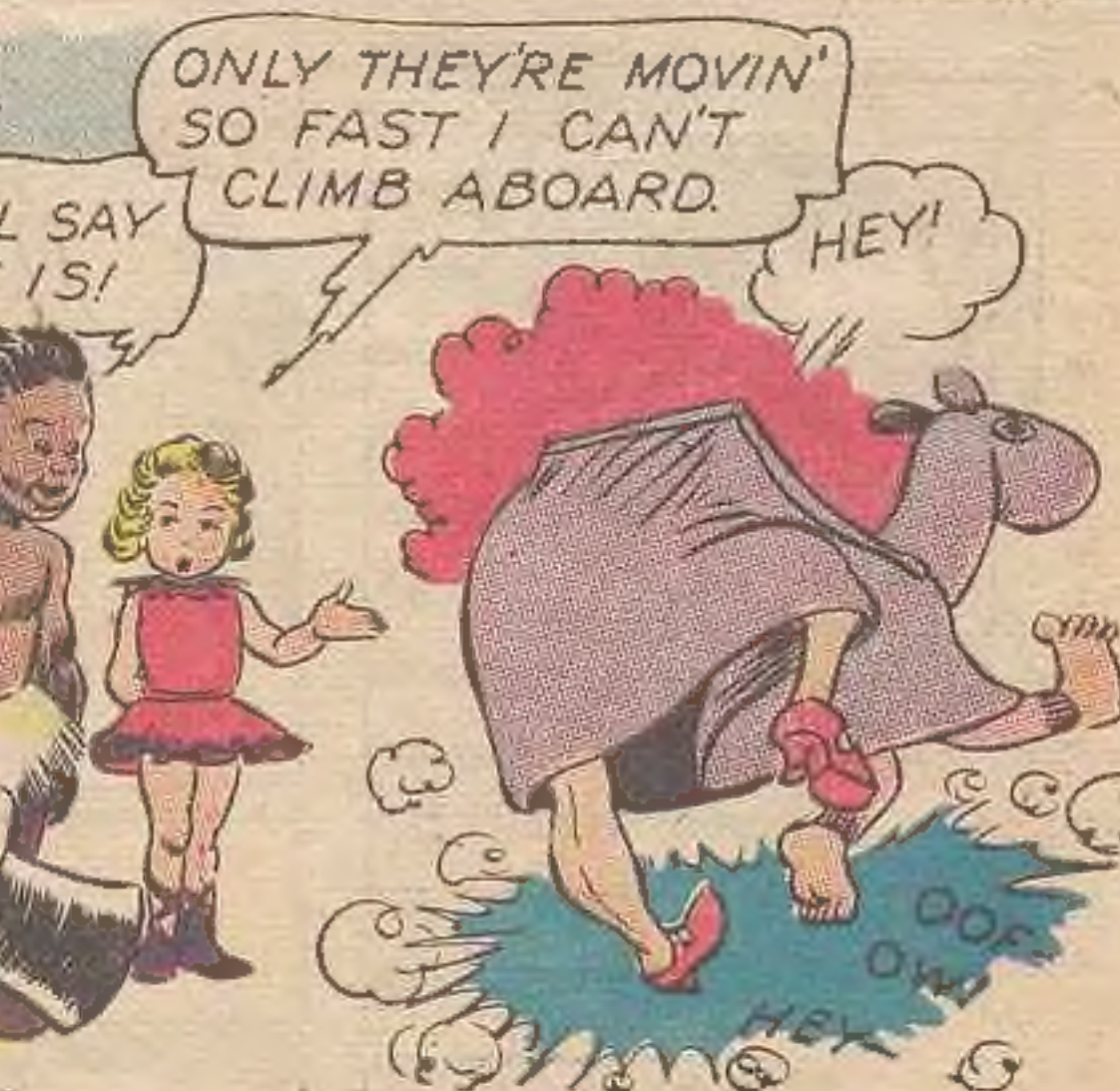
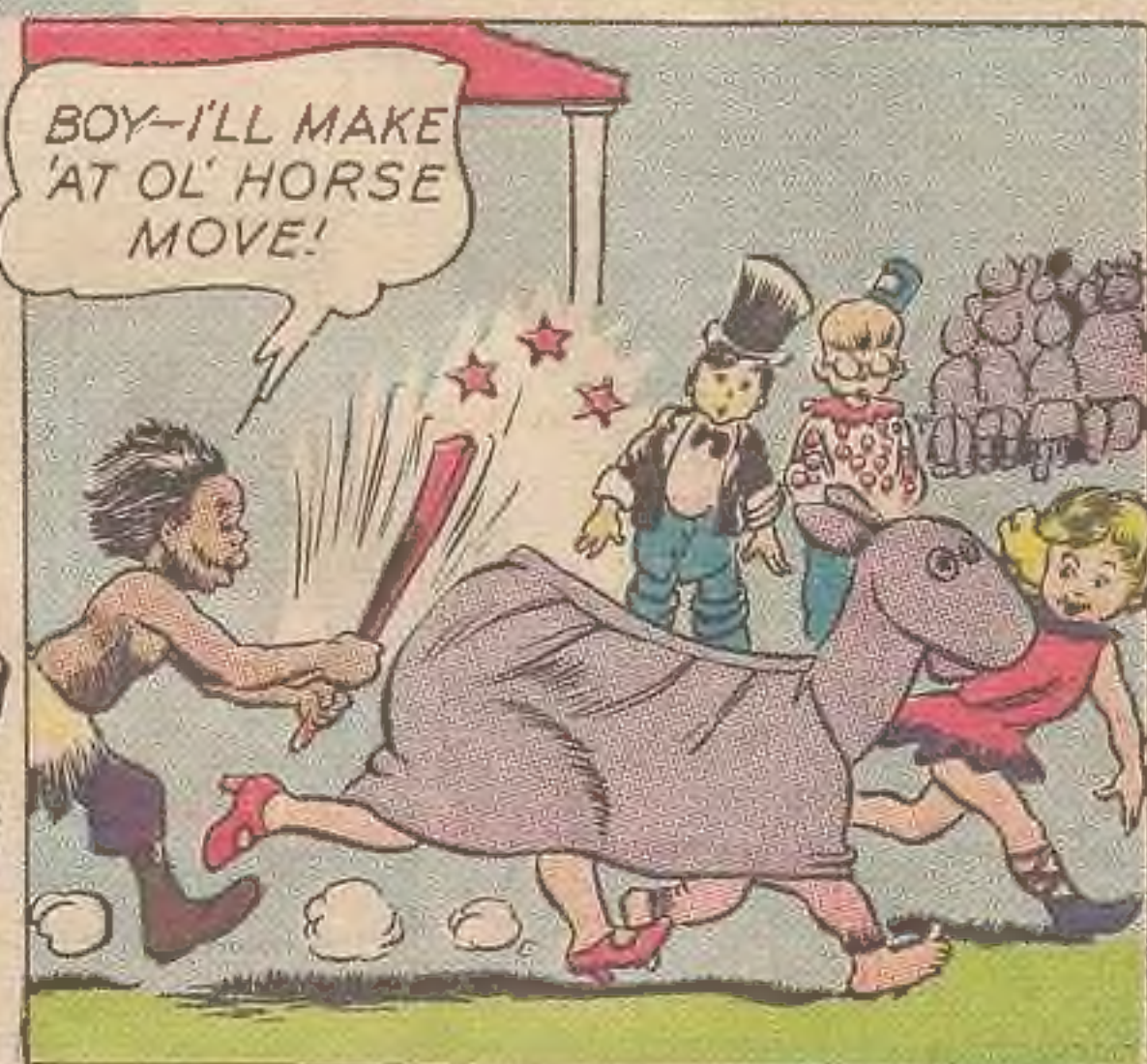
WHY, HELLO,
MISS RAPPOP-
OOP!!

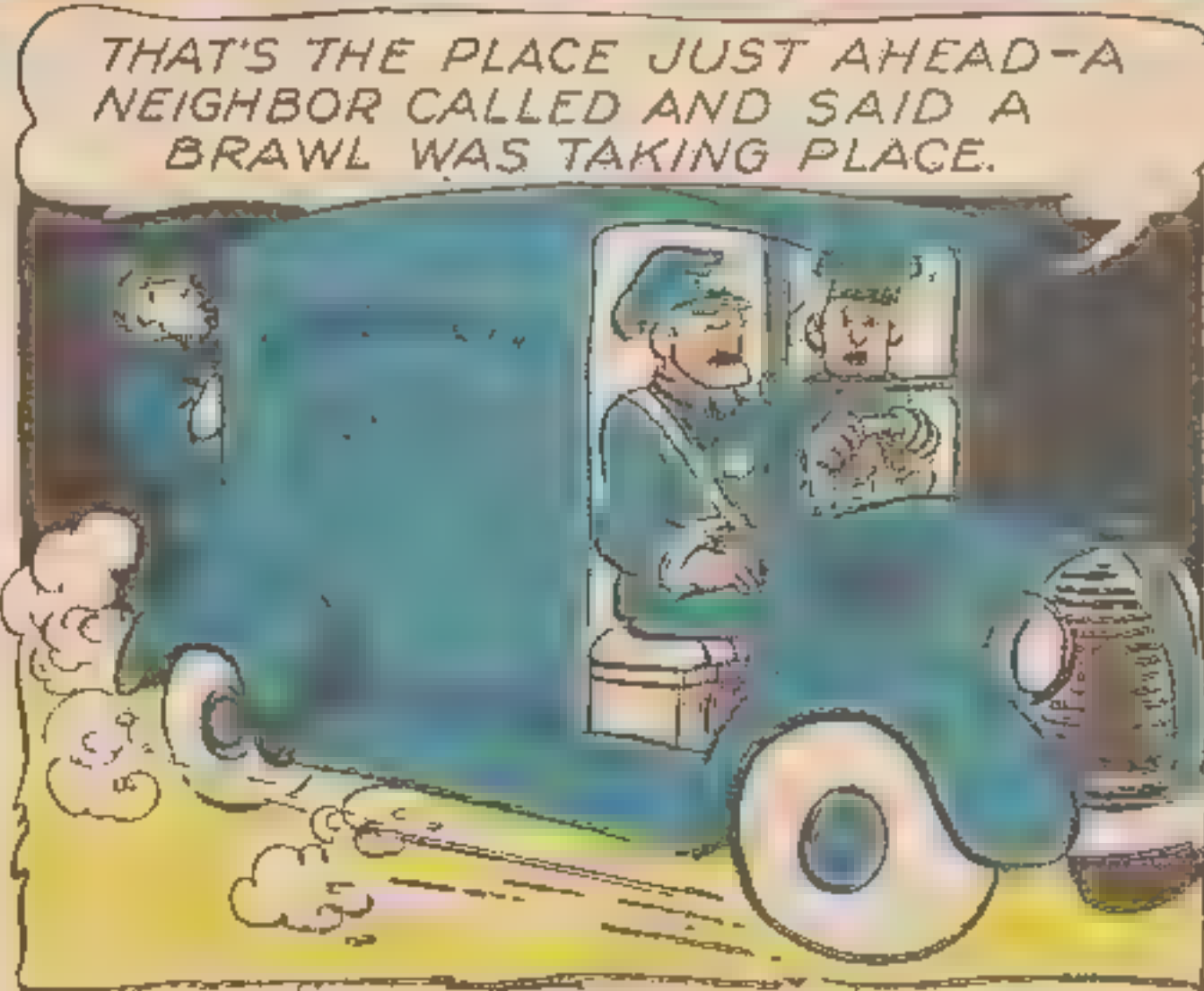
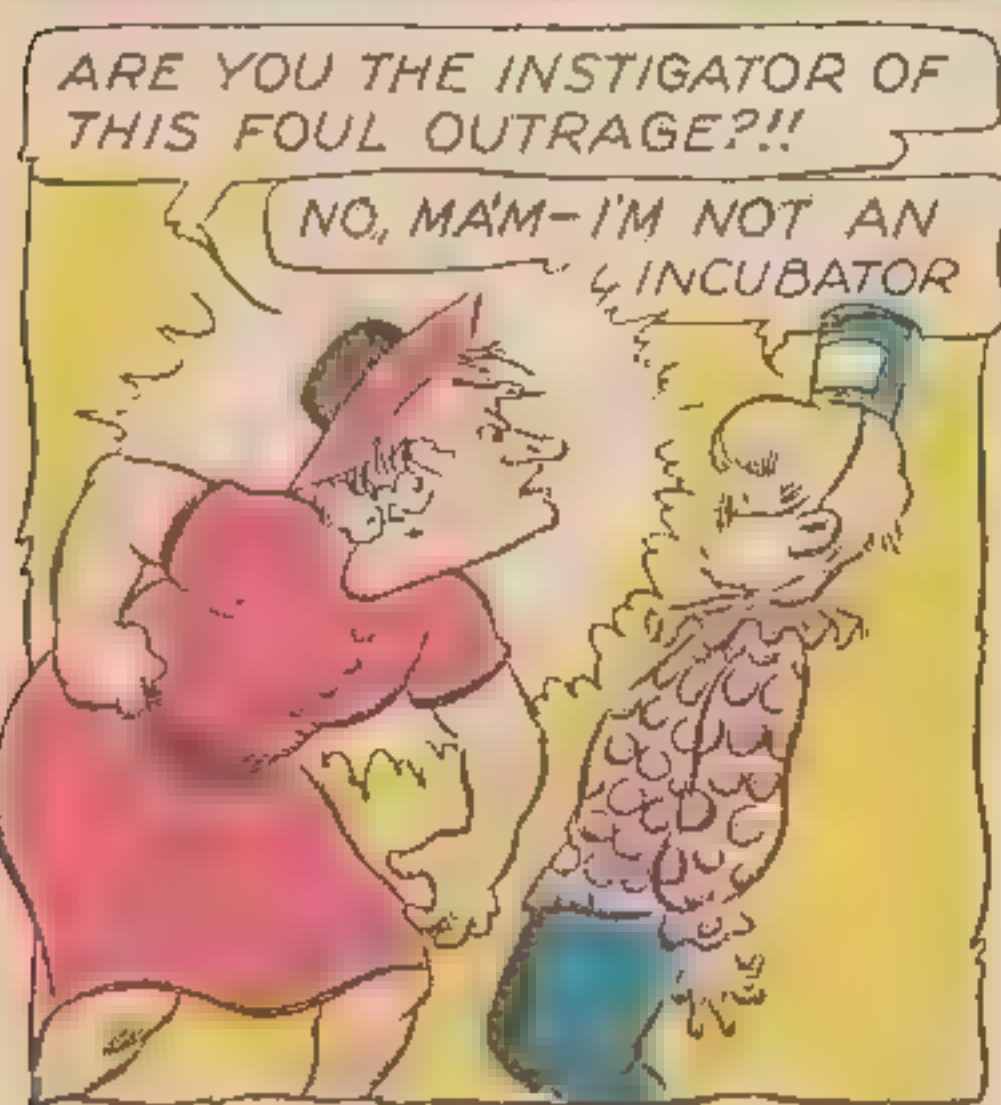
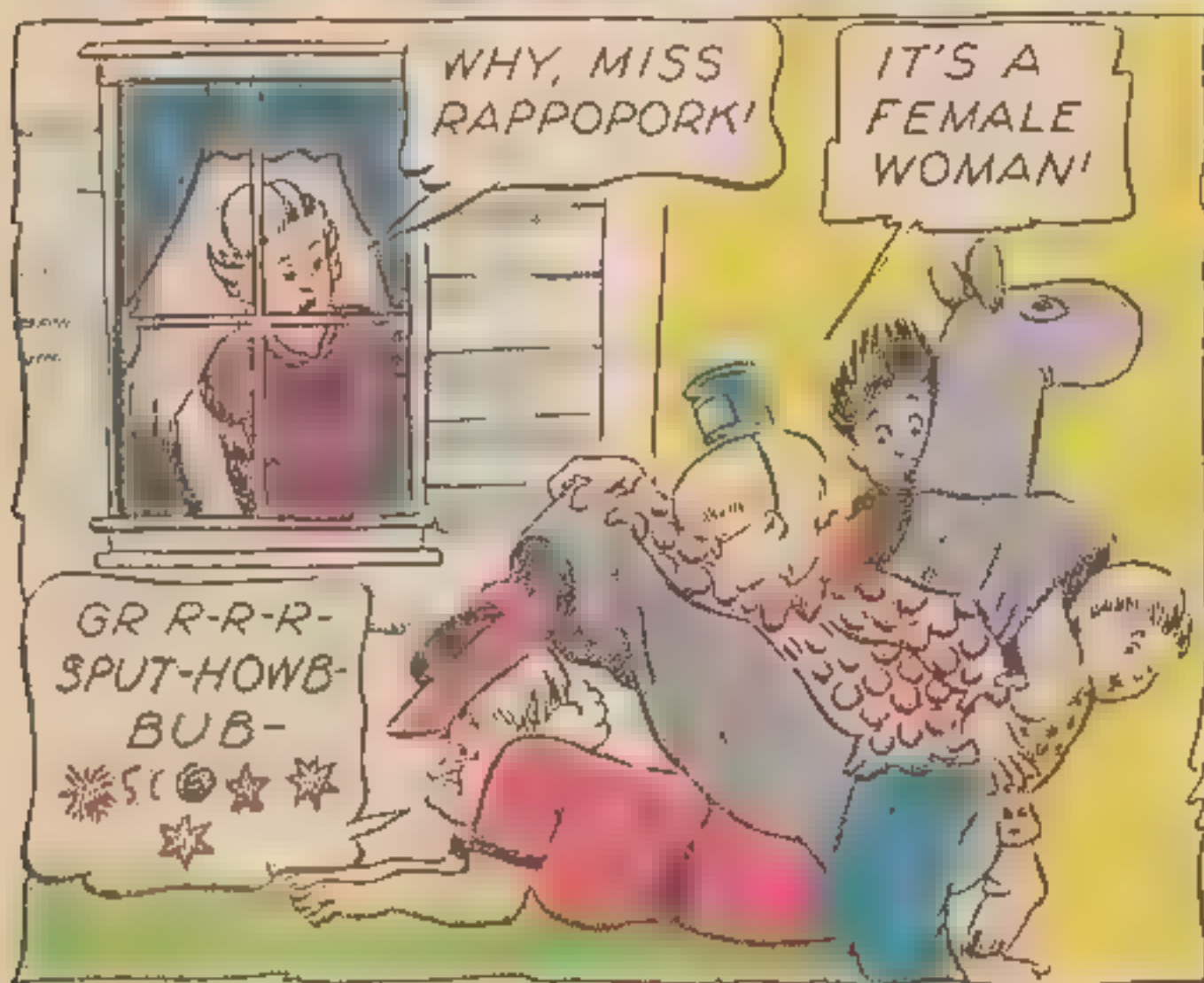
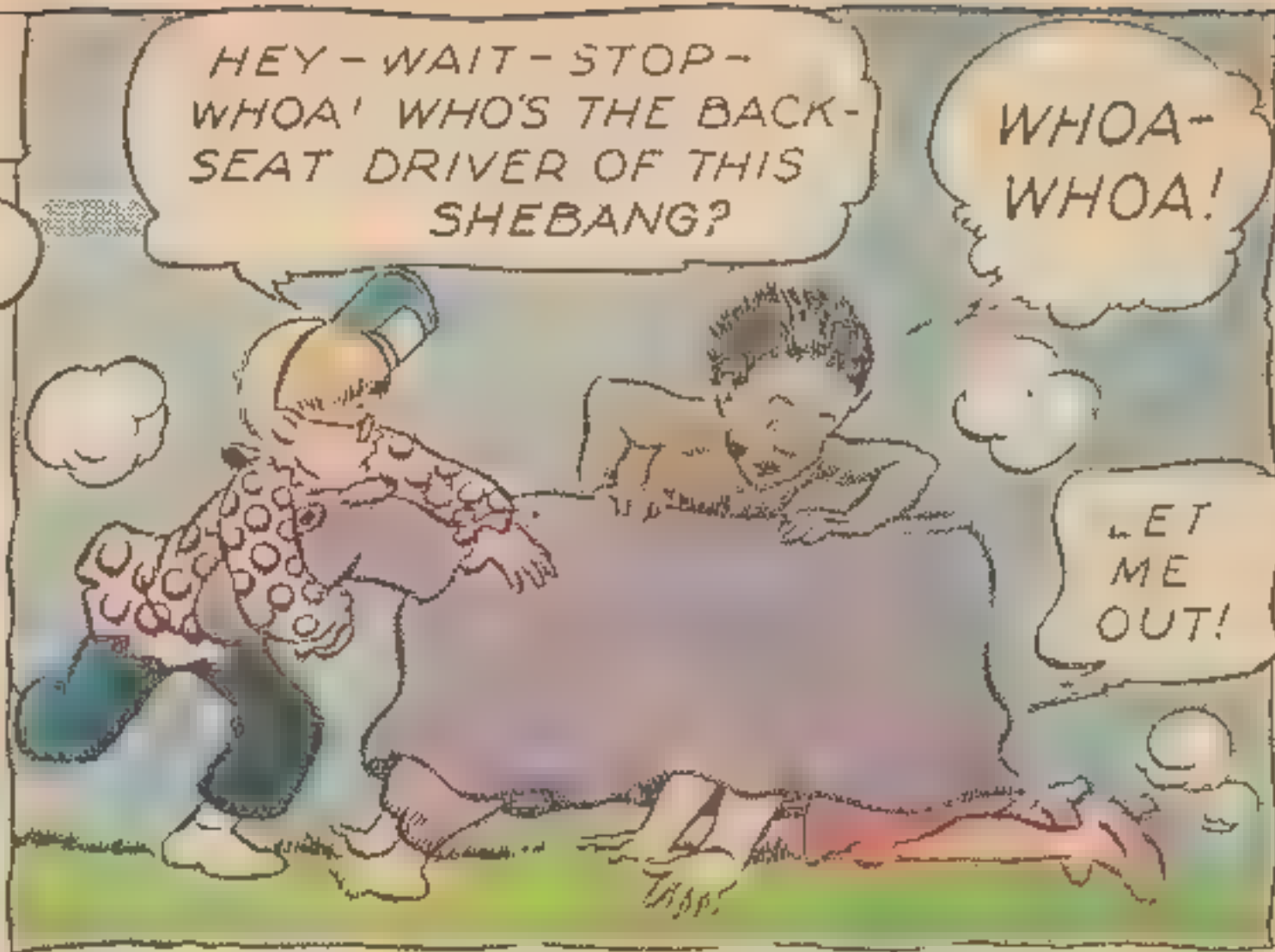


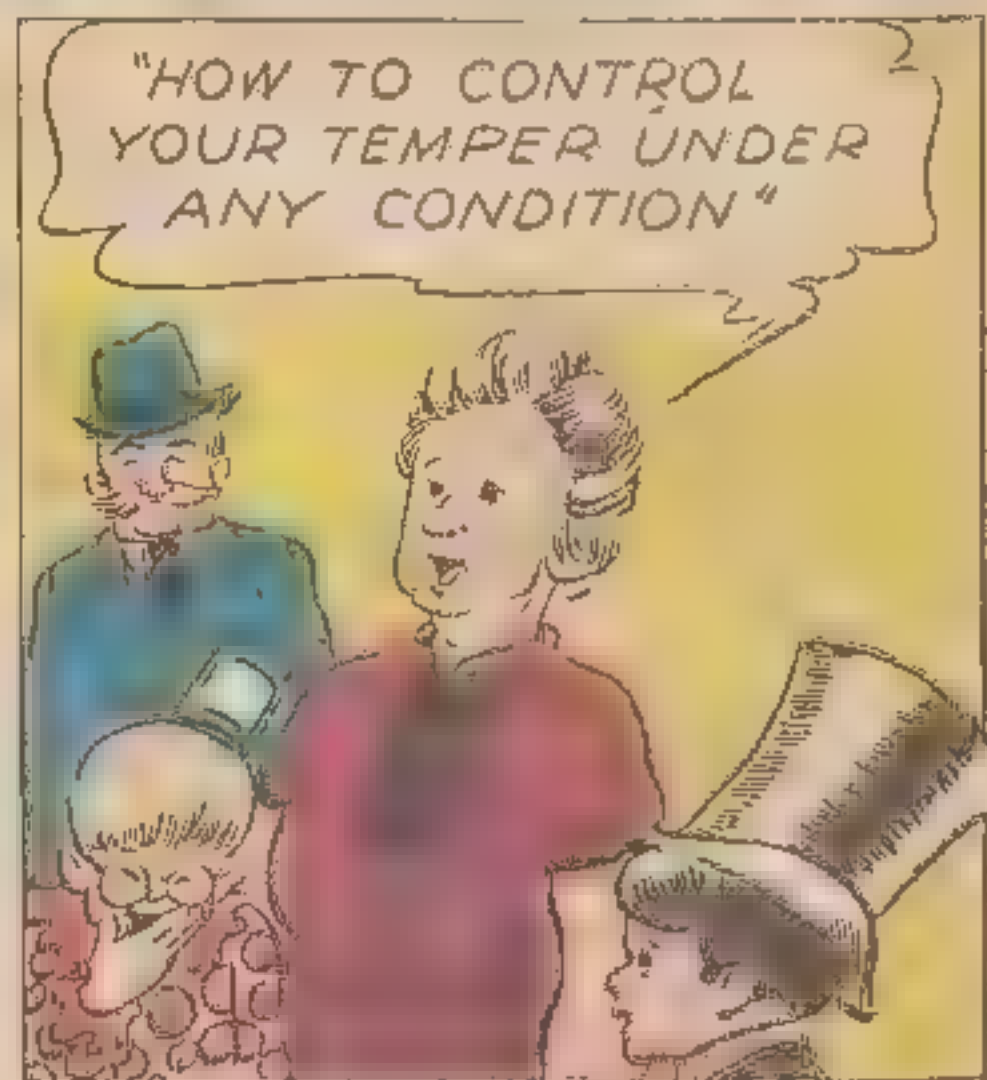
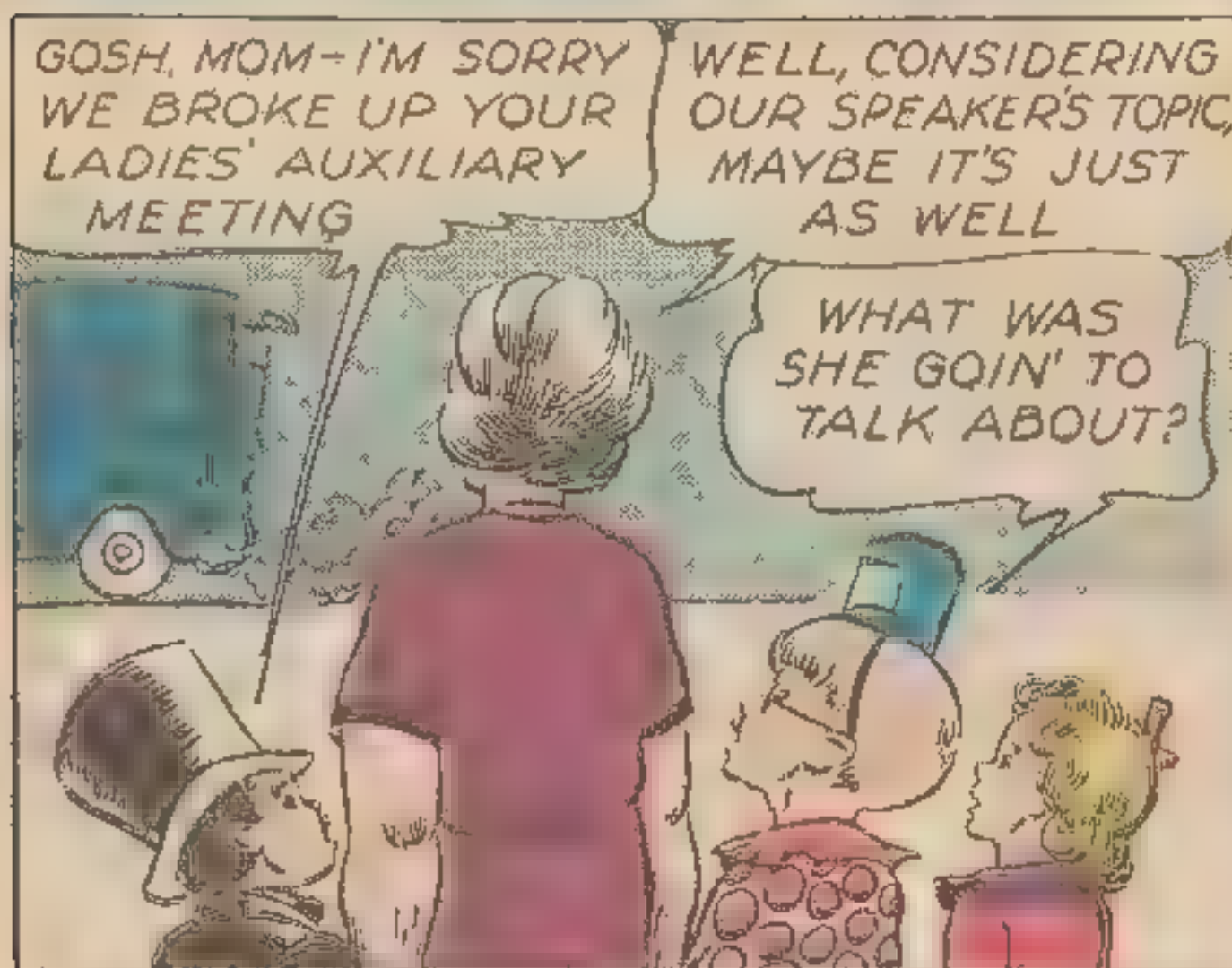
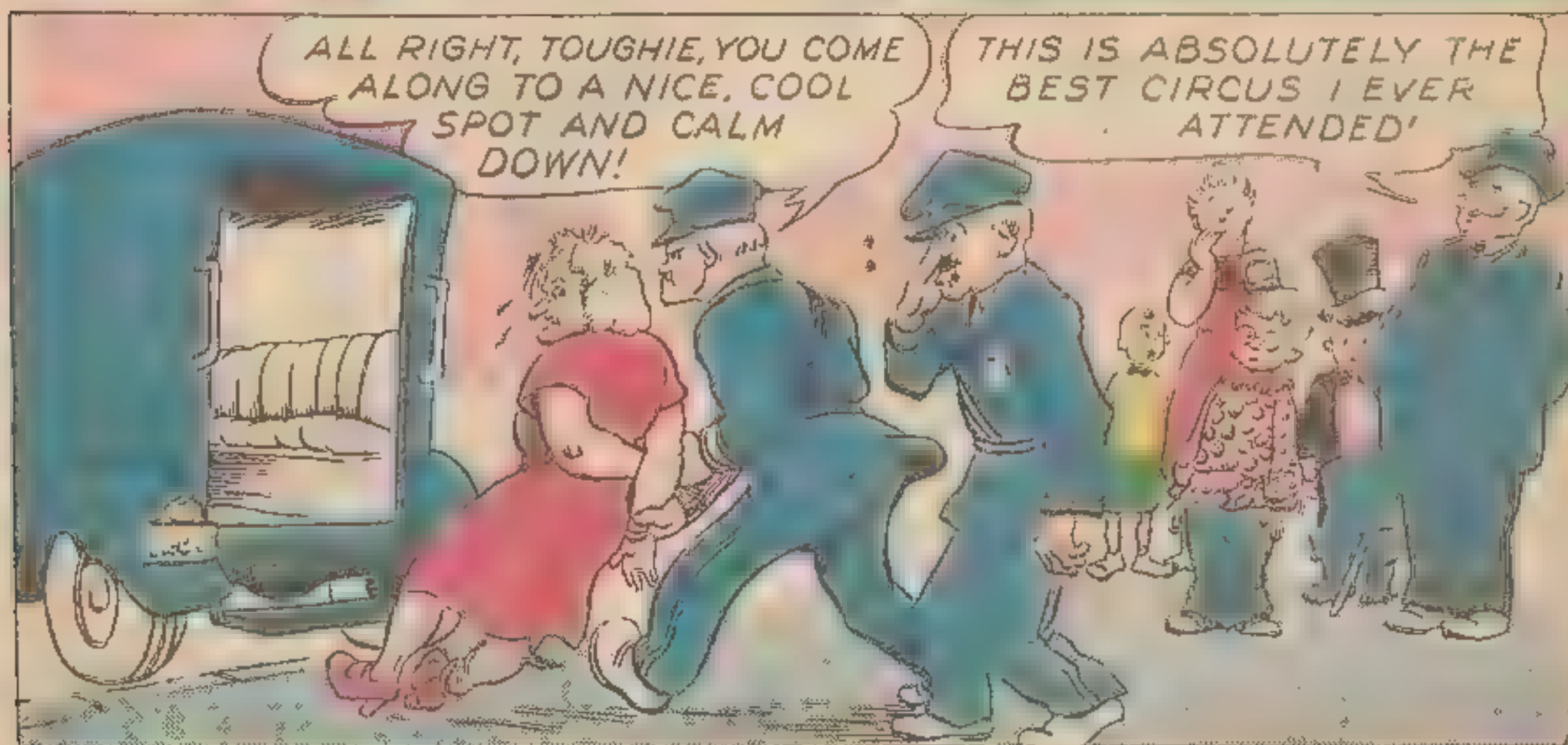
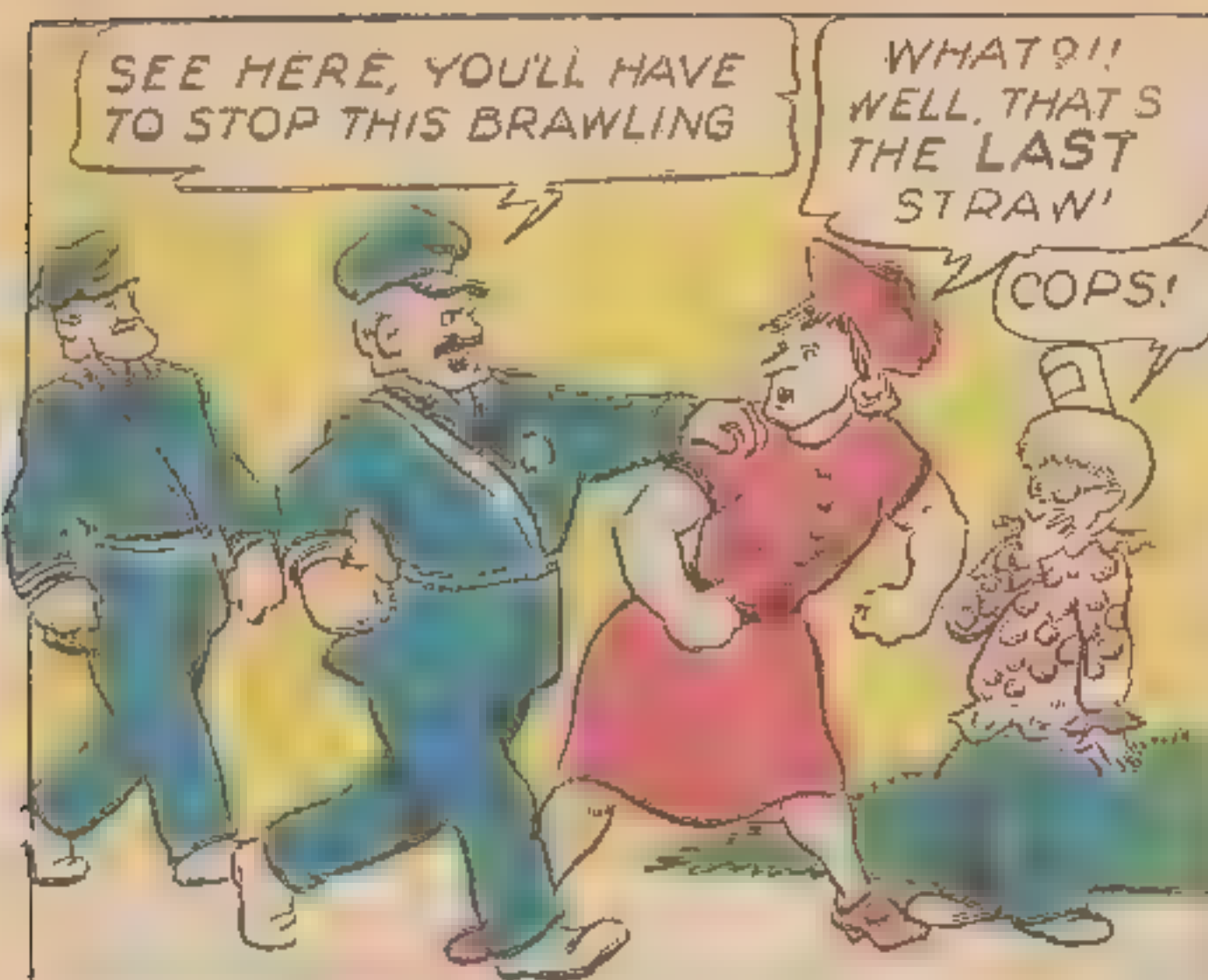
CANNABOILS
IS AFTER ME!











FLIP and DIP

THAT'S THE
LIFE - FISHING
FROM OUR OWN
BACK PORCH
THROW IN THE
LINE, DIP!

NATURAL!
E ON THE
HOOK AND
BAY BUD!

THAT'S THE FISH-
HOOK--LOOK AT
IT IT WOULD GIVE A
WHALE TONGUE TIT!

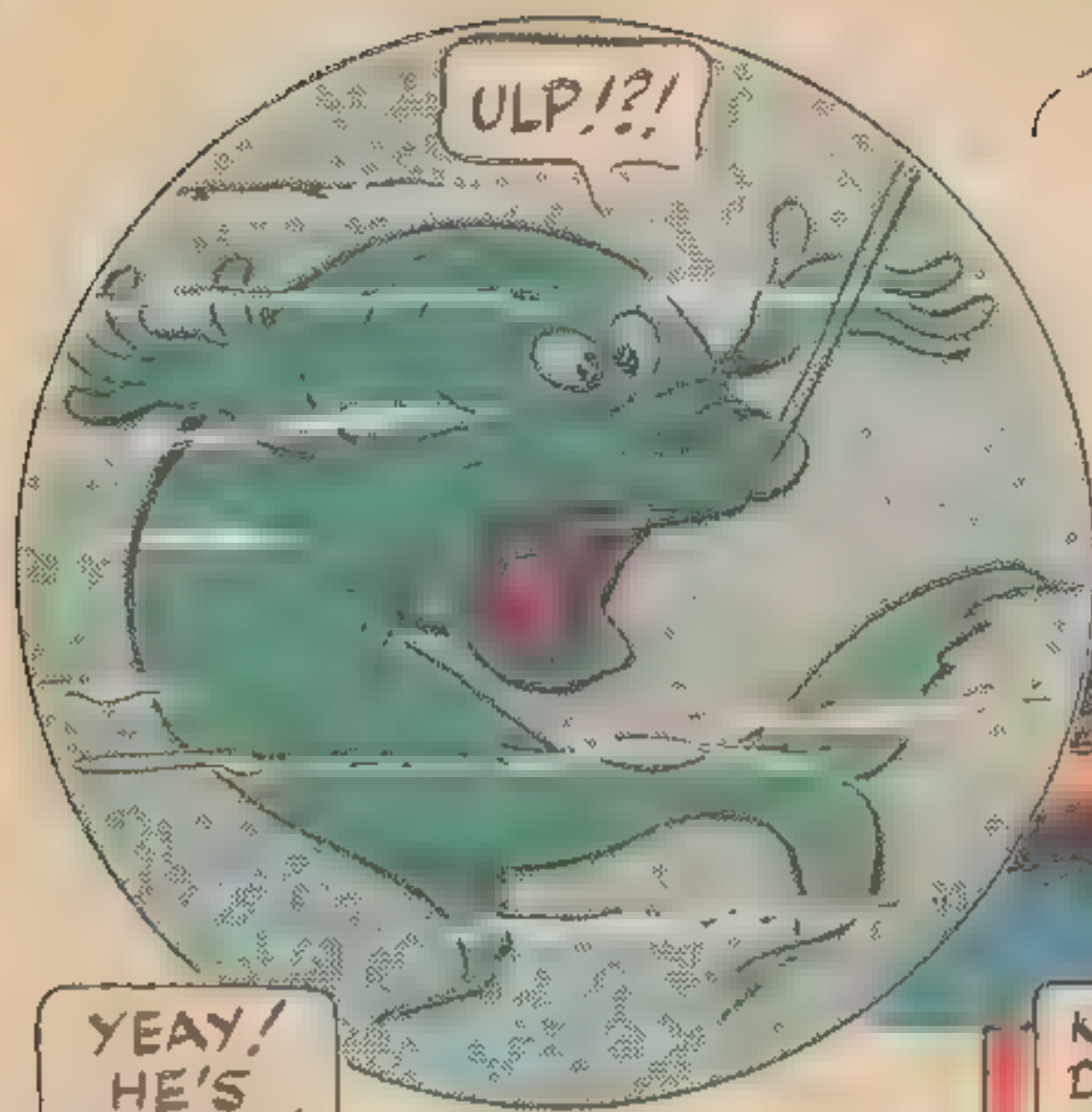
IT'S MA'S CARVING
KNIFE AND FORK--
MIGHT AS WELL
CATCH A BIG
FISH!

WATCH
THIS!

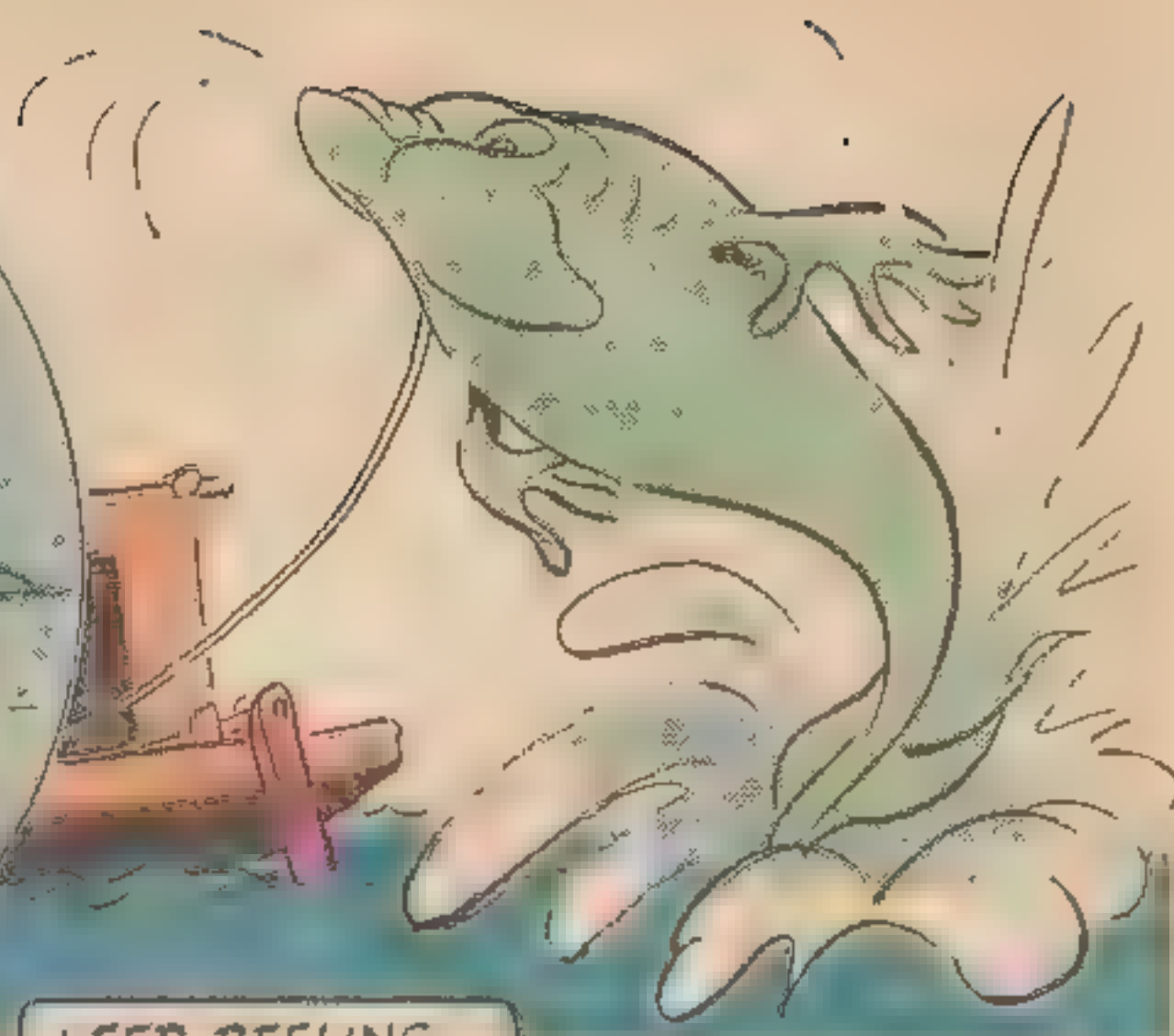
YOW! WATCH
YOURSELF!

SOME FISH OUGHT
TO SMELL THAT
BOLOGNA BAIT
PRETTY QUICK!

AH-H-H!



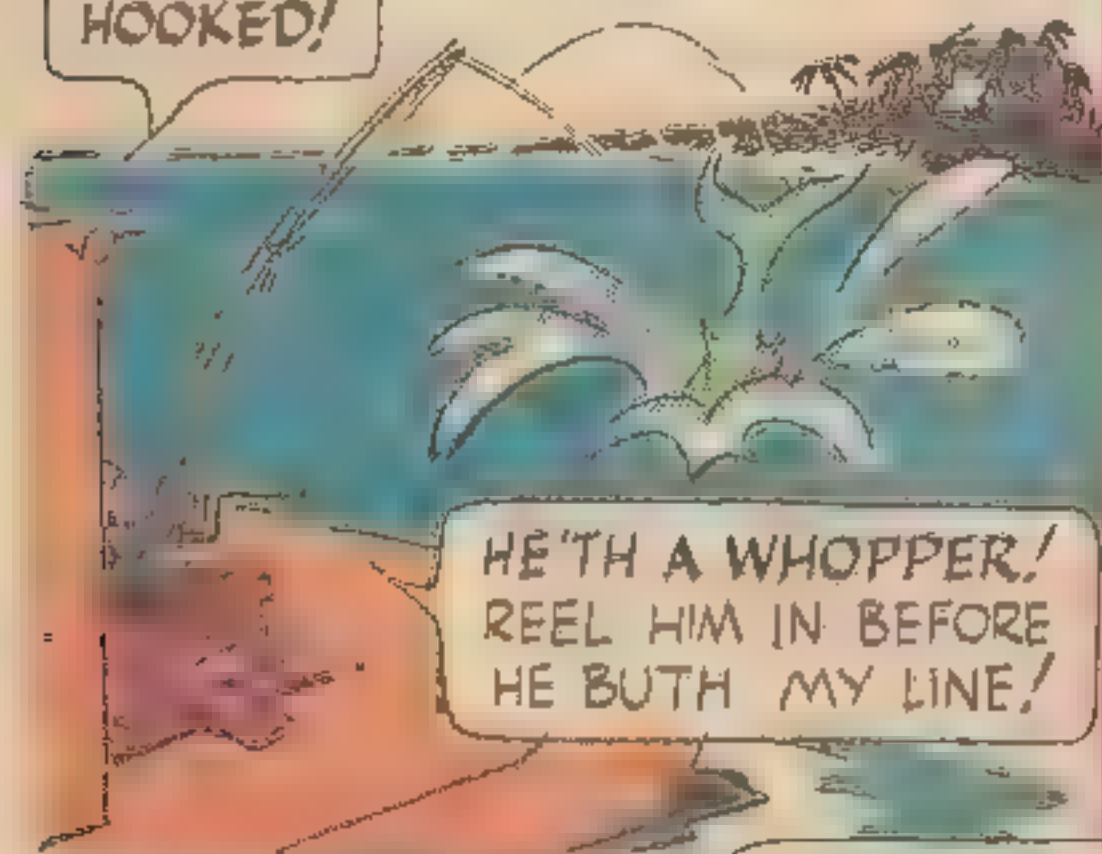
ULP!?!



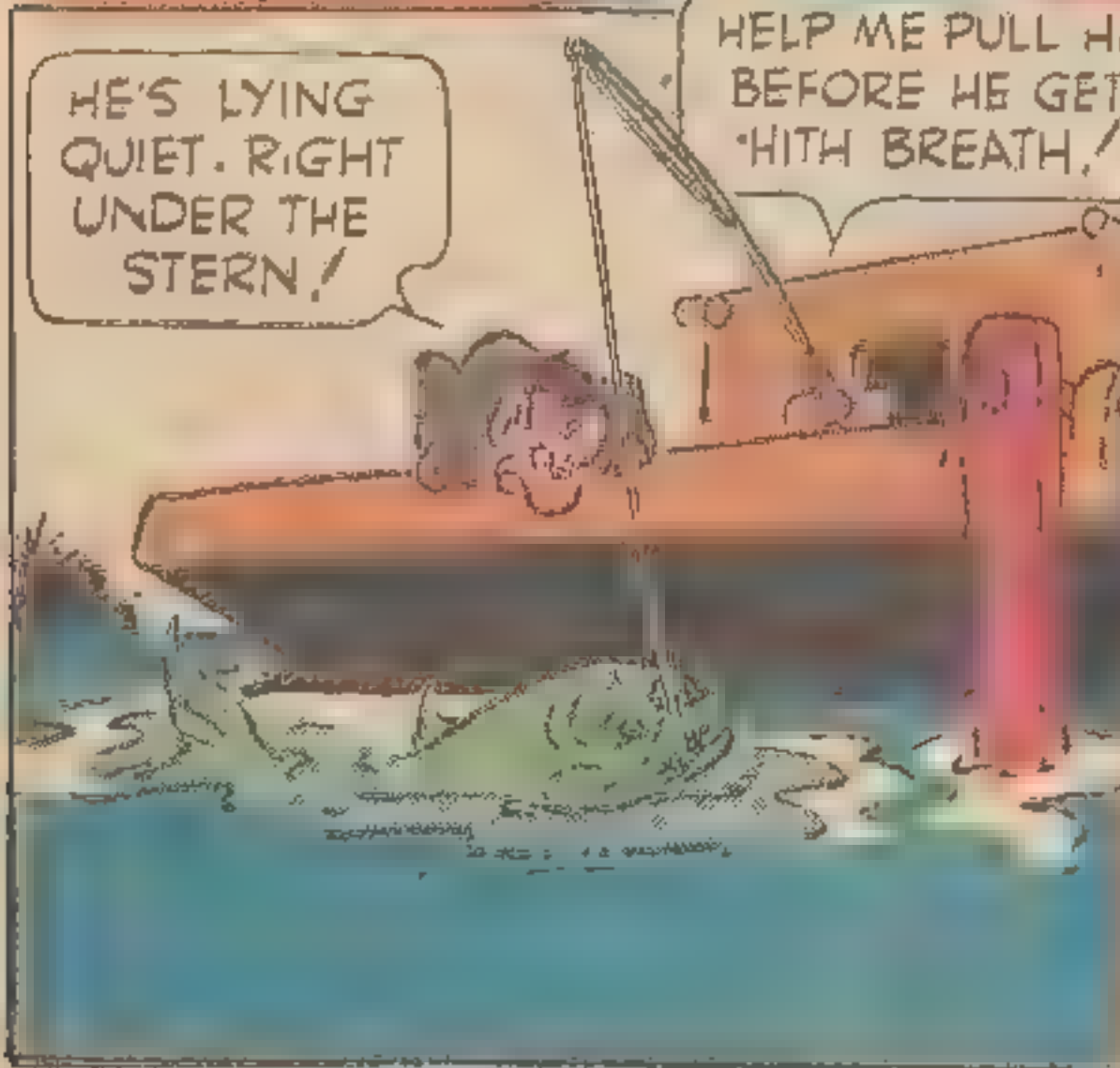
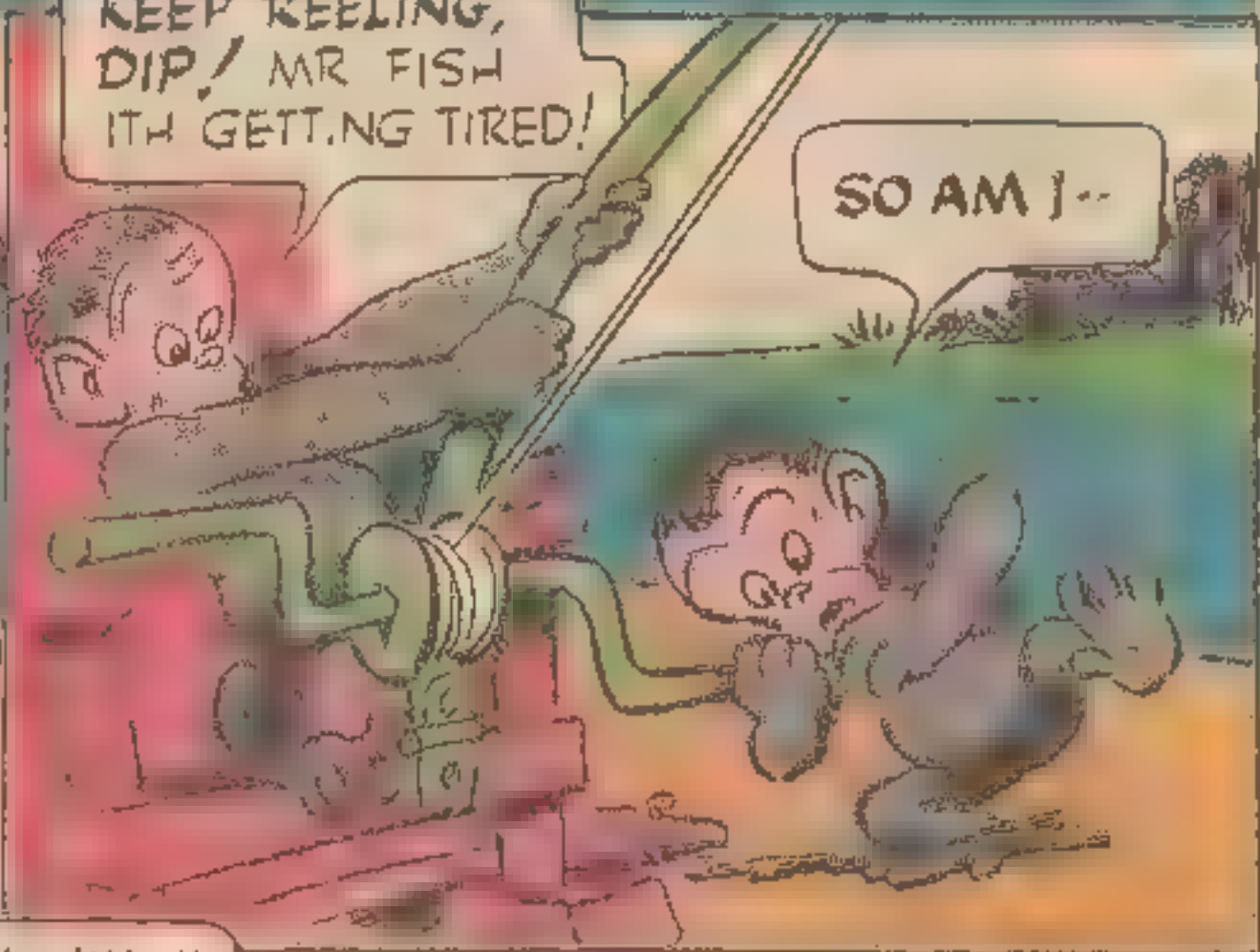
YEAY!
HE'S
HOOKED!

KEEP REELING,
DIP! MR FISH
ITH GETTING TIRED!

SO AM I--



HE' TH A WHOPPER!
REEL HIM IN BEFORE
HE BUTH MY LINE!

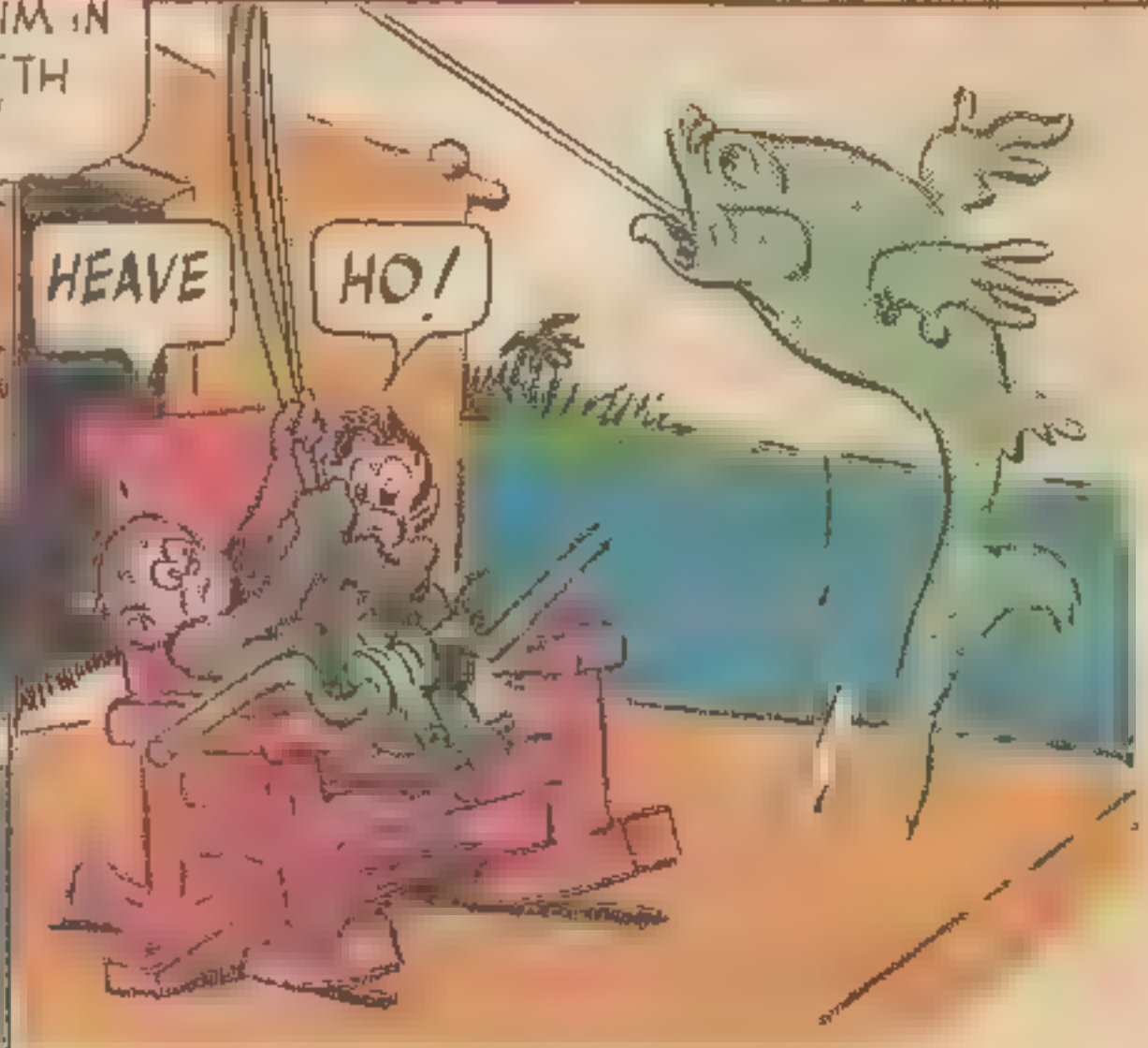


HE'S LYING
QUIET. RIGHT
UNDER THE
STERN!

HELP ME PULL HIM IN
BEFORE HE GETTH
'HITH BREATH!

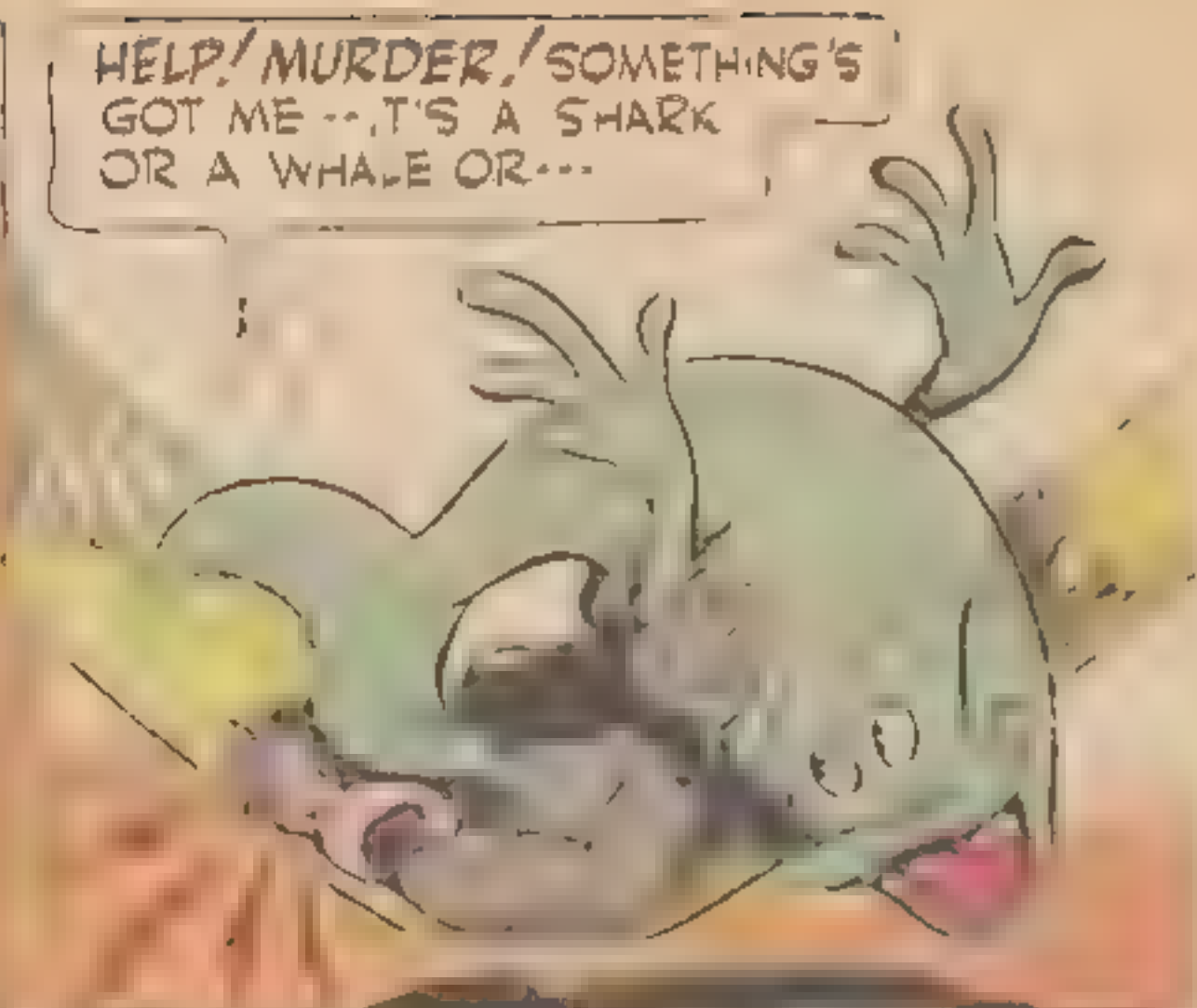
HEAVE

HO!





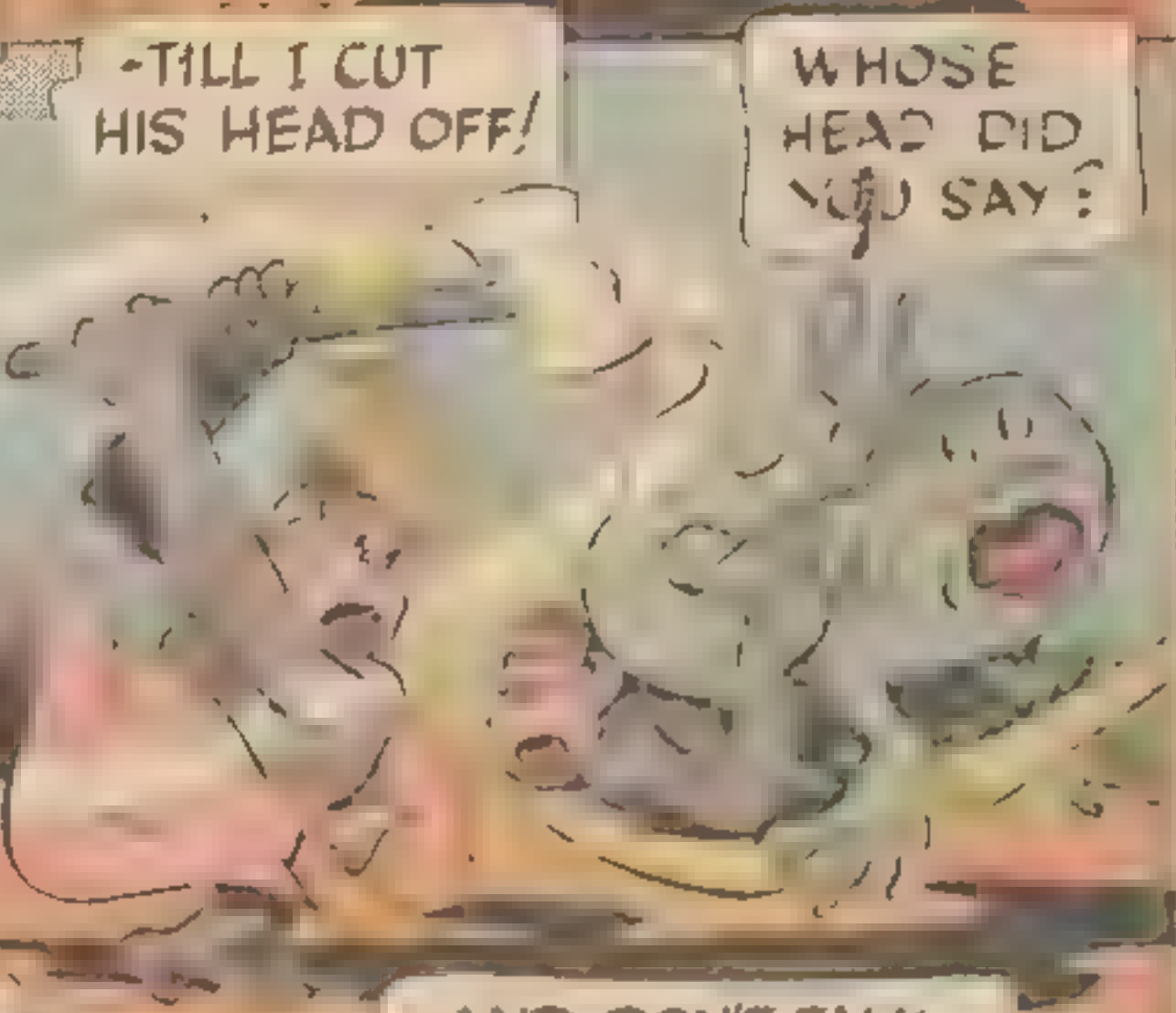
HELP! MURDER! SOMETHING'S
GOT ME -- IT'S A SHARK
OR A WHALE OR...



I'M COMING, PA
- HANG ON -

- TILL I CUT
HIS HEAD OFF!

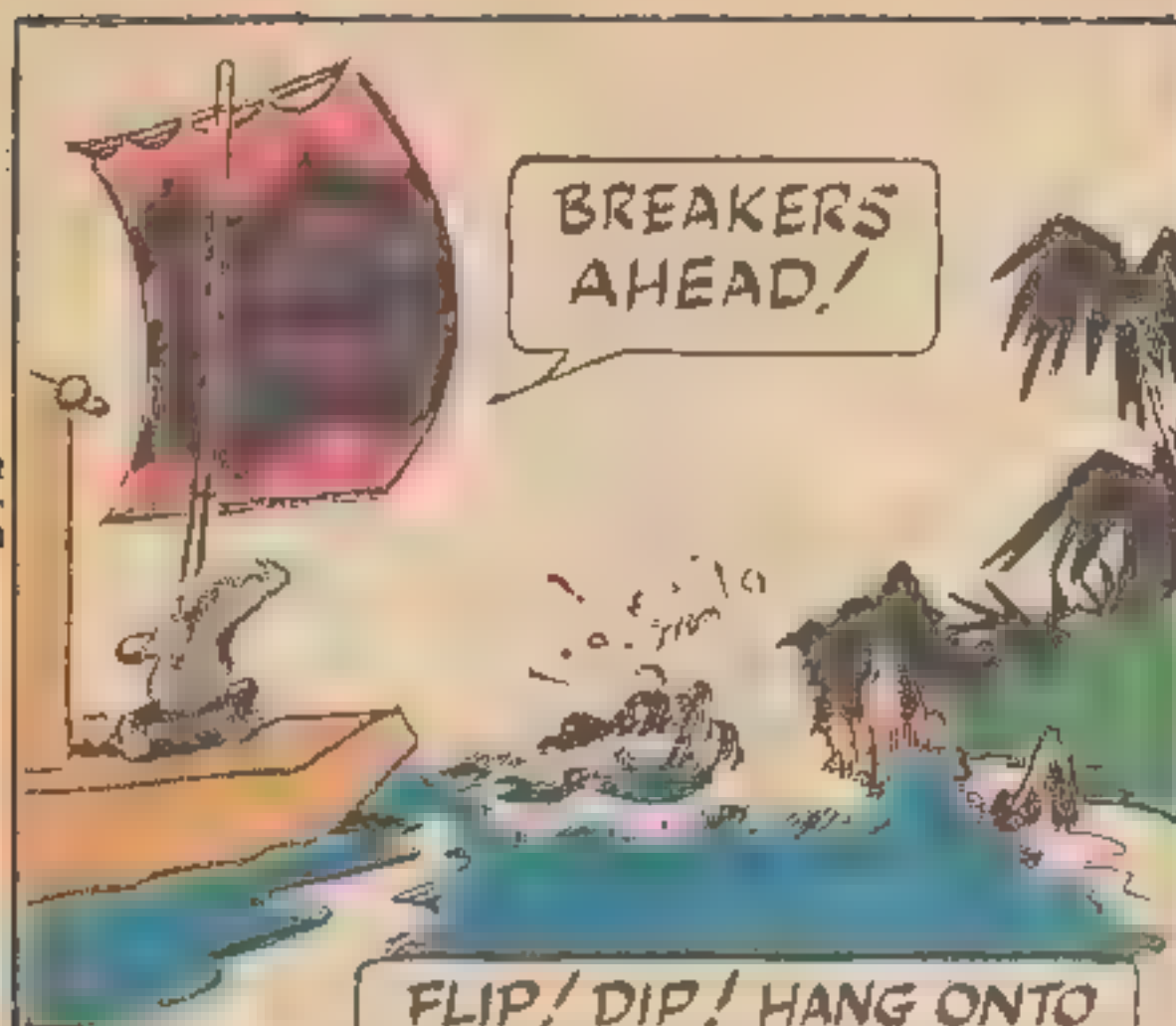
WHOSE
HEAD DID
YOU SAY?



YOURS - YOU
POOR FISH!

- AND DON'T TALK
BACK TO ME AGAIN --
EITHER OF YOU!



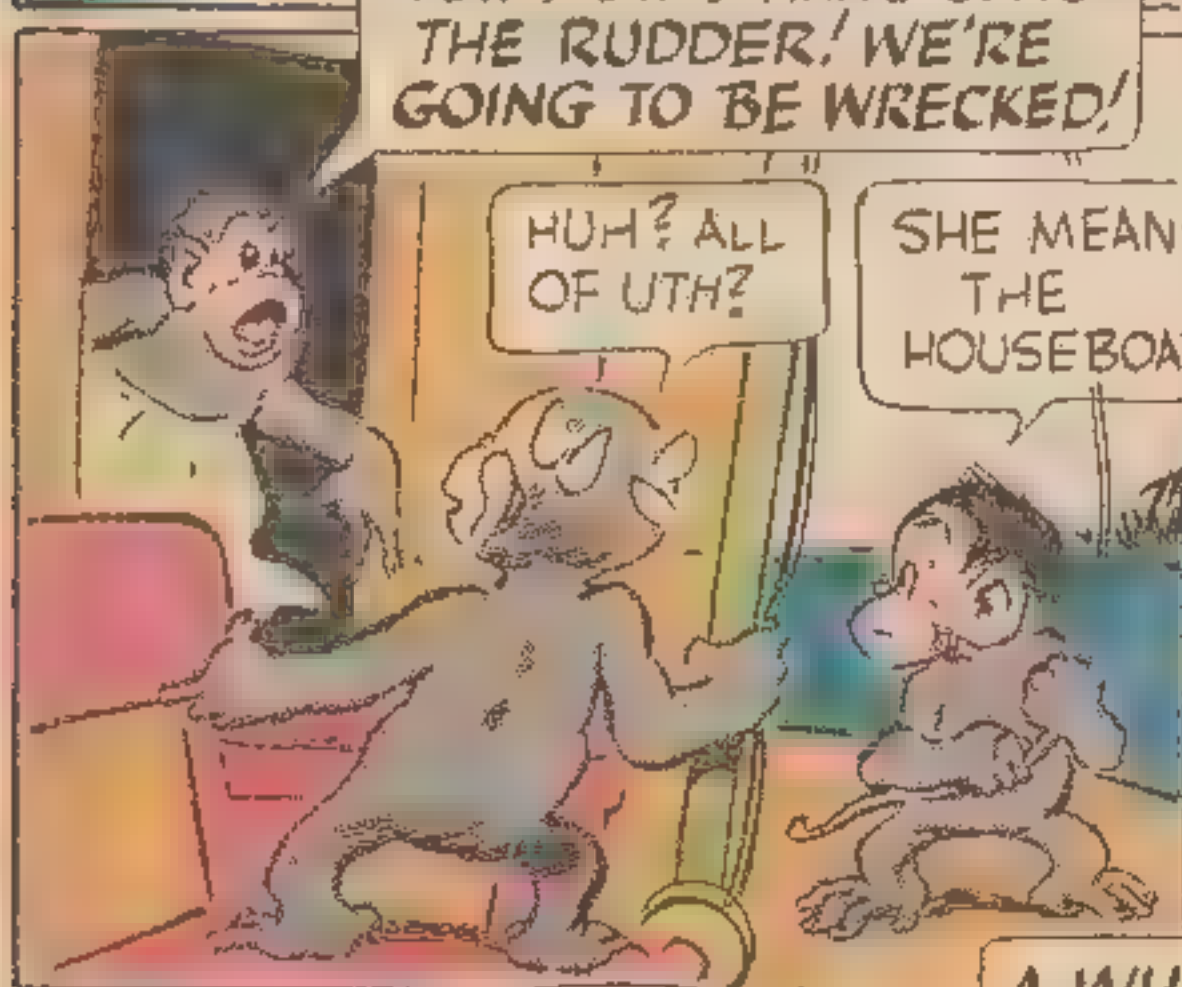


BREAKERS
AHEAD!



MA! WE'RE
RUNNING
ONTO THE
ROCKS!

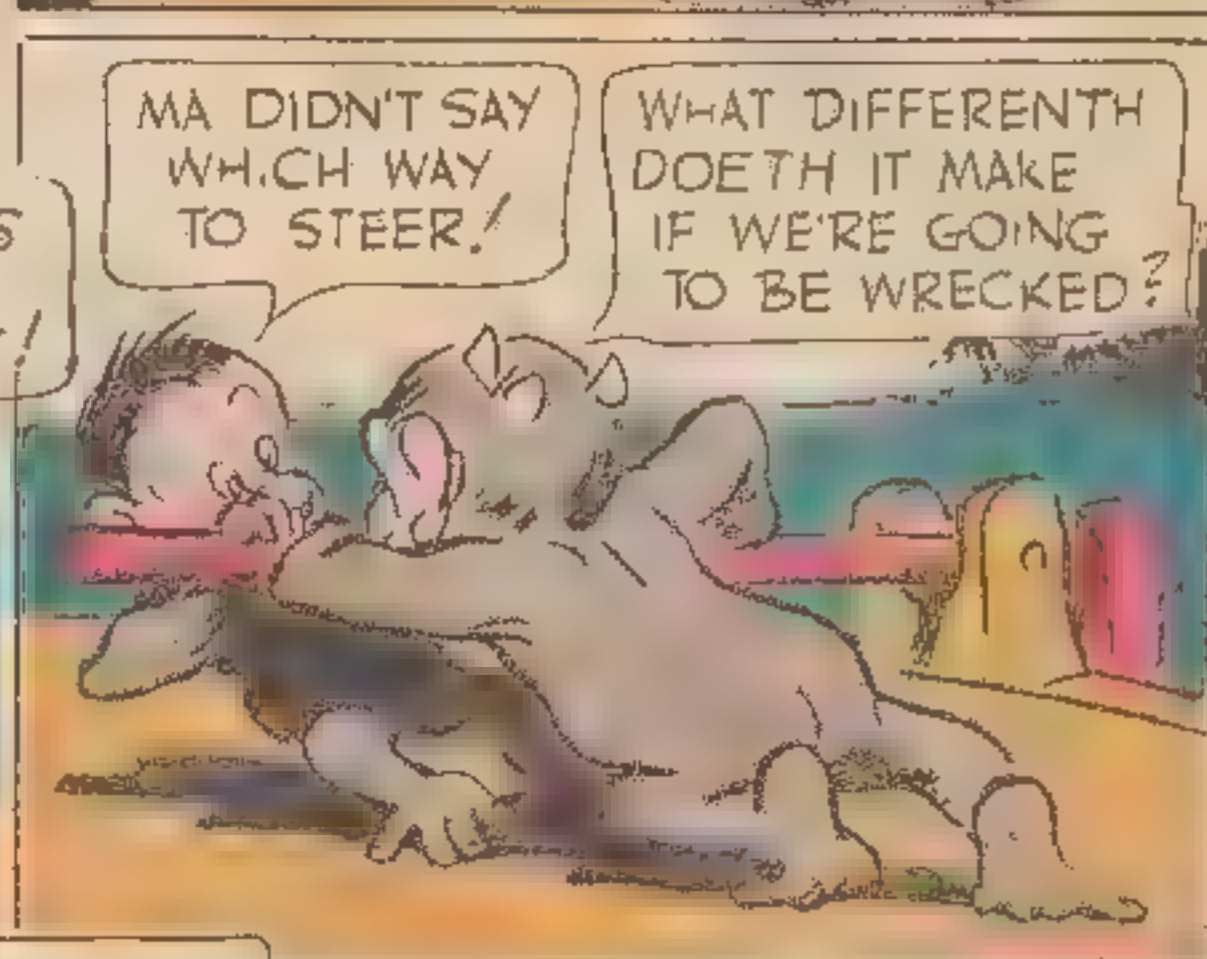
I'LL TELL
THE KIDS!



FLIP! DIP! HANG ONTO
THE RUDDER! WE'RE
GOING TO BE WRECKED!

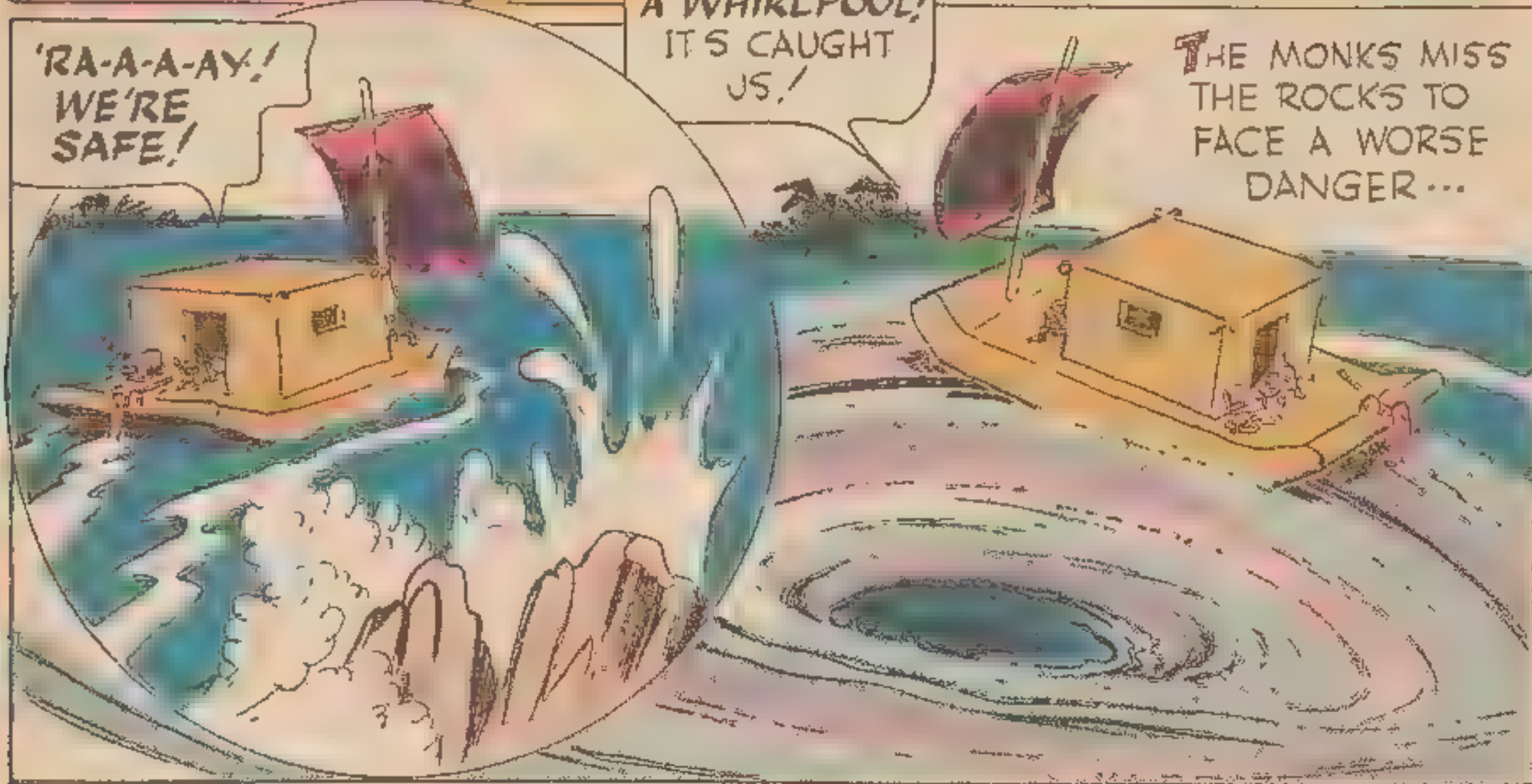
HUH? ALL
OF UTH?

SHE MEANS
THE
HOUSEBOAT!



MA DIDN'T SAY
WHICH WAY
TO STEER!

WHAT DIFFERENTH
DOETH IT MAKE
IF WE'RE GOING
TO BE WRECKED?



'RA-A-A-AY!
WE'RE
SAFE!

A WHIRLPOOL!
IT'S CAUGHT
US!

THE MONKS MISS
THE ROCKS TO
FACE A WORSE
DANGER...

WE'LL BE
SUCKED
DOWN TO
THE BOTTOM
OF THE
RIVER!

...OR DEEPER--
IT LOOKS LIKE
WATER RUNNING
DOWN A
DRAINPIPE!

WHY DON'T
WE THROW
OUT AN
ANCHOR?

I'LL TIE IT TO OUR
FISHING LINE.

HURRY,
DIP!

THAT IS
AN IDEA!

HERE PA
THROW THIS
ANCHOR
ASHORE!

I'D RATHER
THROW
MYSELF!

IF THE ANCHOR
HOLDTH, WE
CAN PULL
THE BOAT
OUT OF THE
WHIRLPOOL,
THEE?

THROW IT INTO
THE BRANCHES OF
THAT BIG TREE

I'LL TRY-- BUT
EVERYTHING'S
GOING N CRUISES

YOU DID IT
PA-- NOW
REEL IN!

DON'T REDE THE
CRANK PA--
JUST TURN IT!

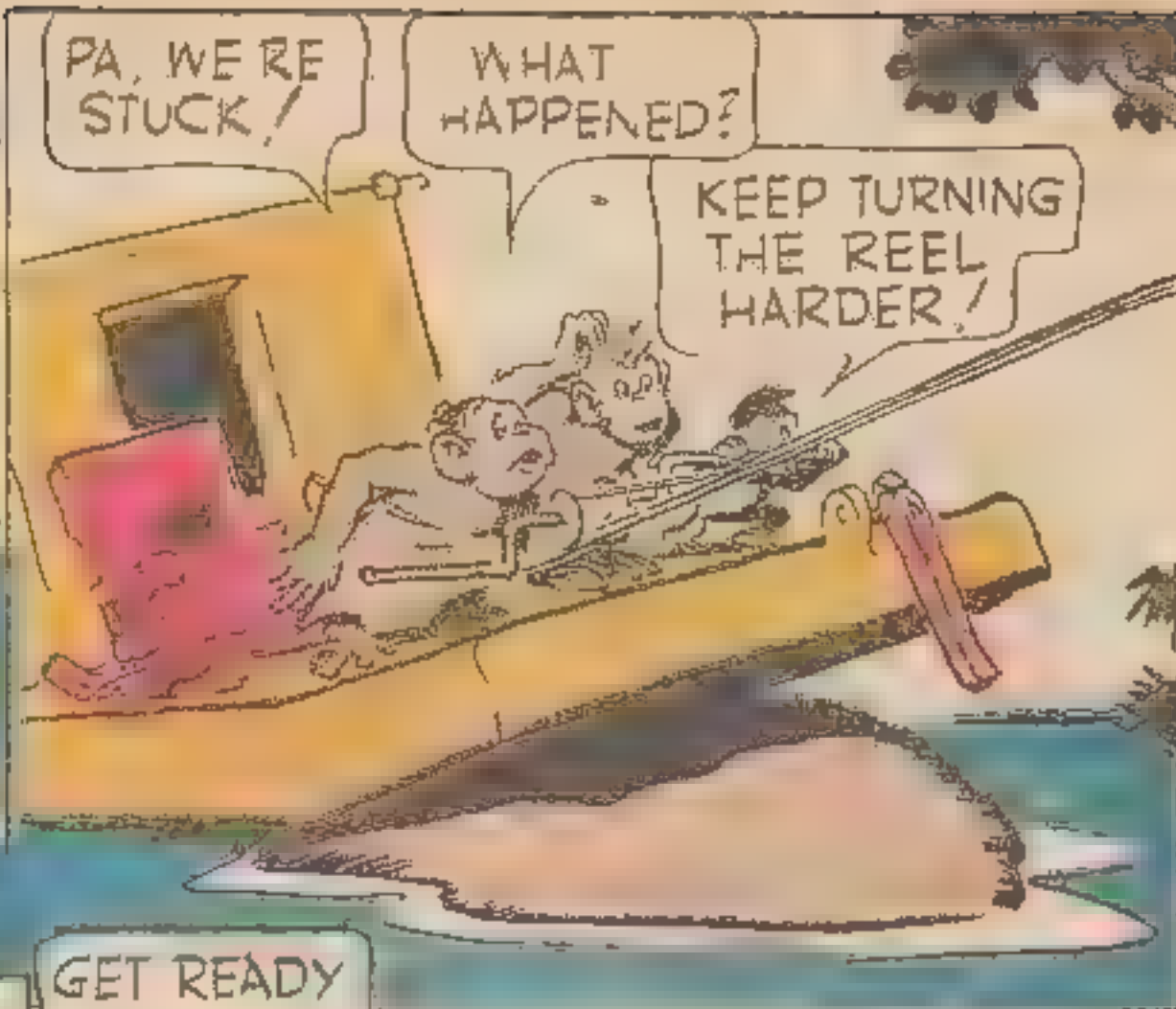
WE'VE STOPPED
WHIRLING, FLIP!

YOU'VE AN
THE SHORE
HATH!

ANCHOR
S-- THE
FISHING LINE
ETCHES
HT!



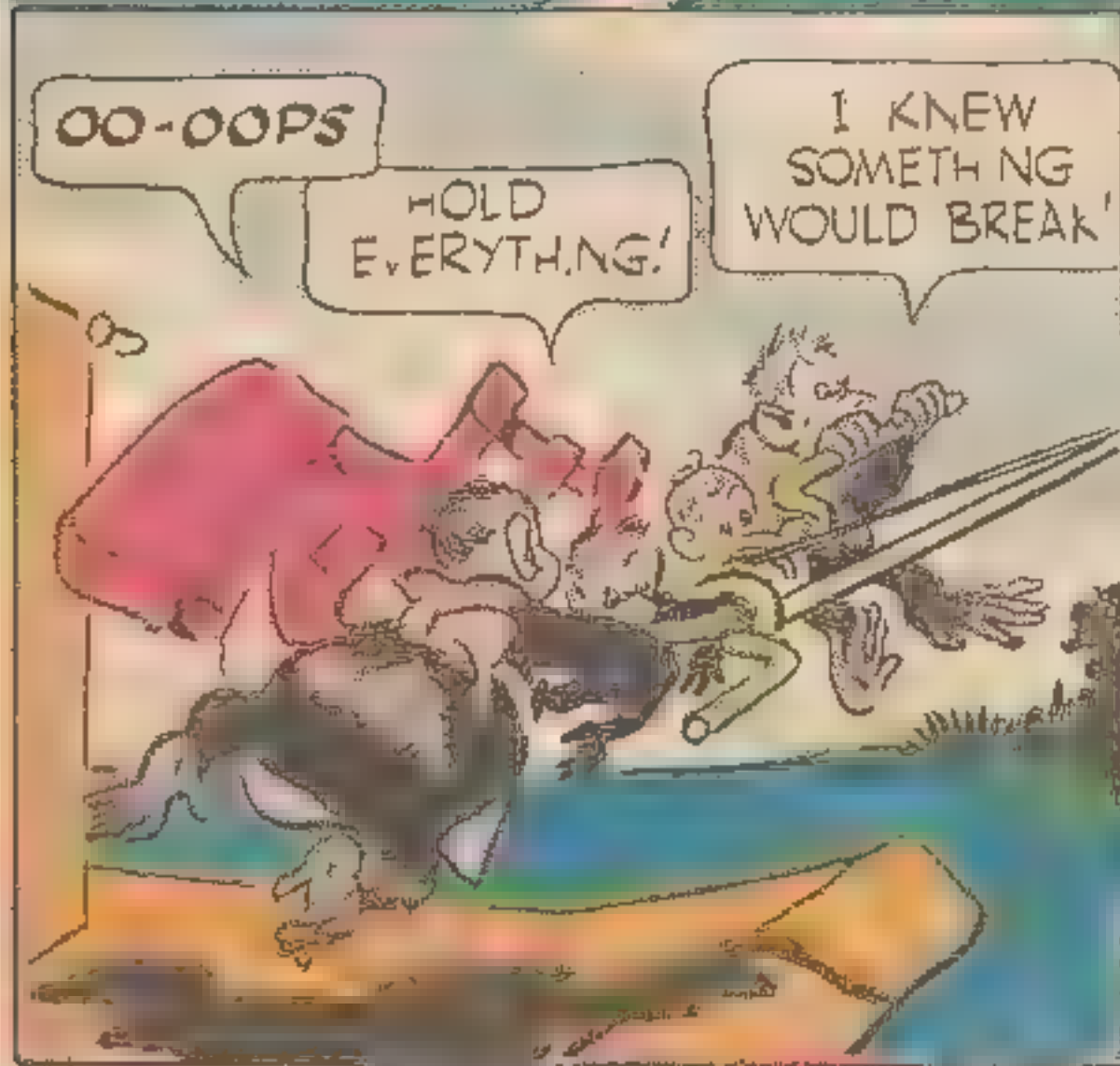
LOOK, WE'RE
MOVING
ASHORE!



PA, WE'RE
STUCK!

WHAT
HAPPENED?

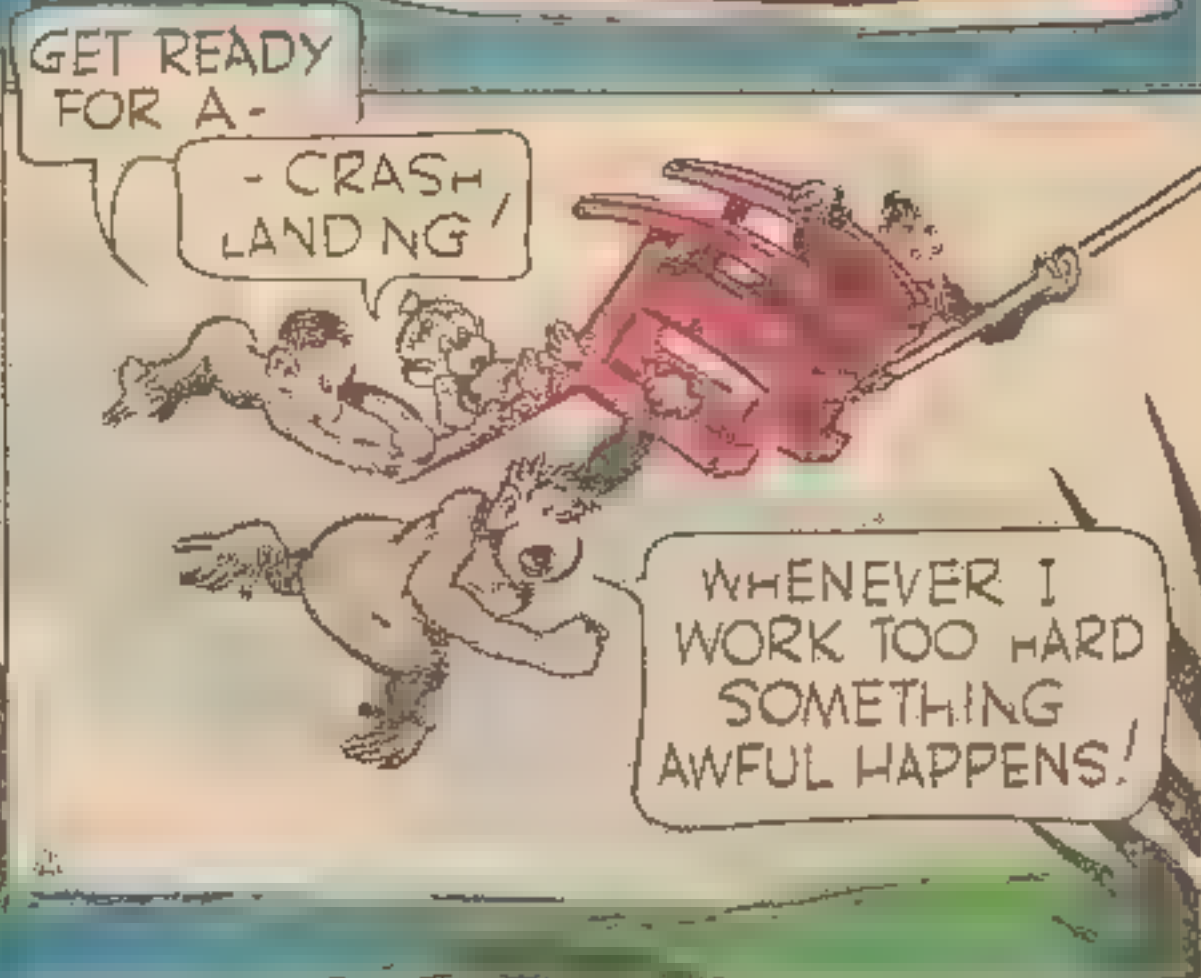
KEEP TURNING
THE REEL
HARDER!



OO-OOPS

HOLD
EVERYTHING!

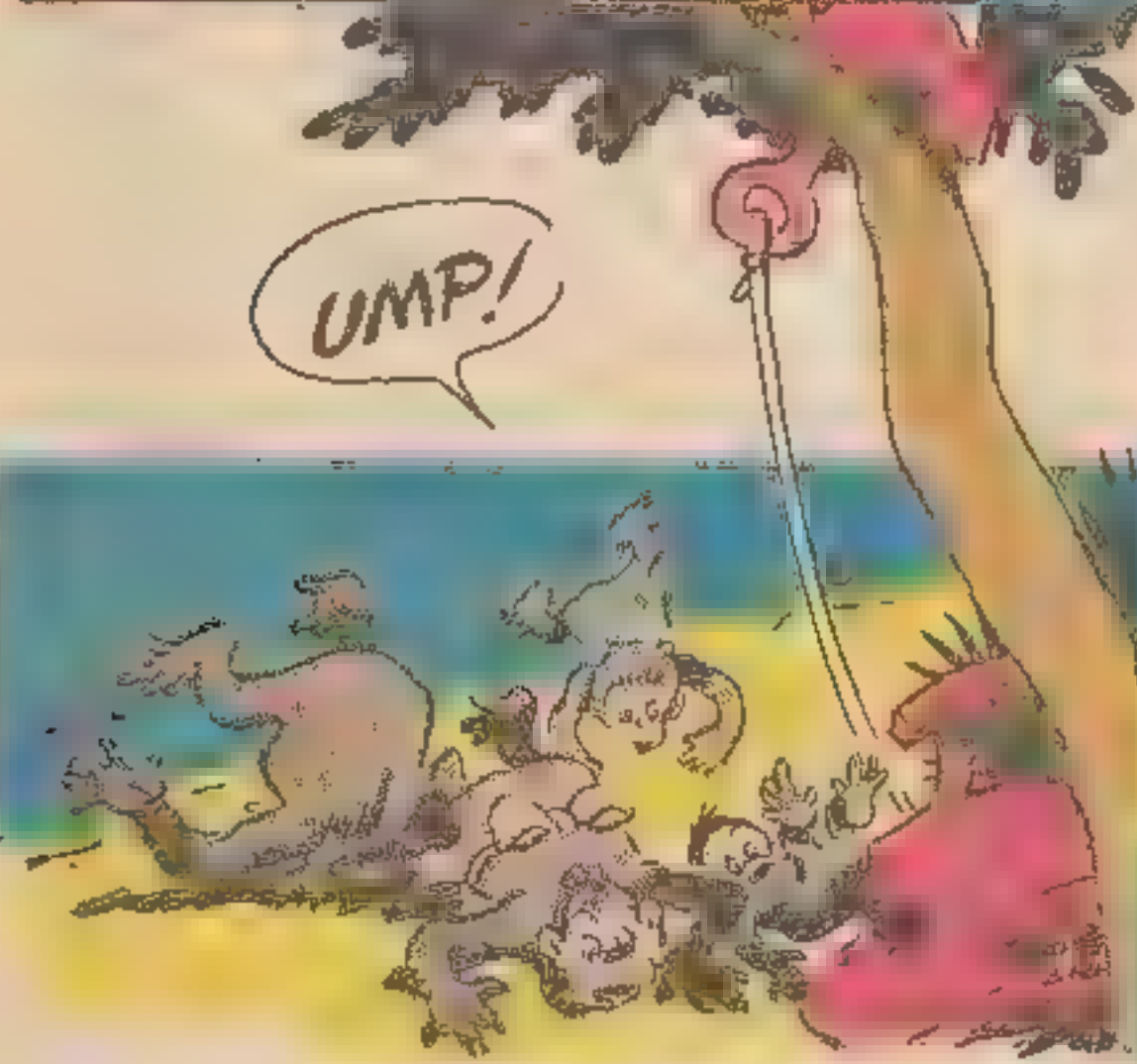
I KNEW
SOMETHING
WOULD BREAK!



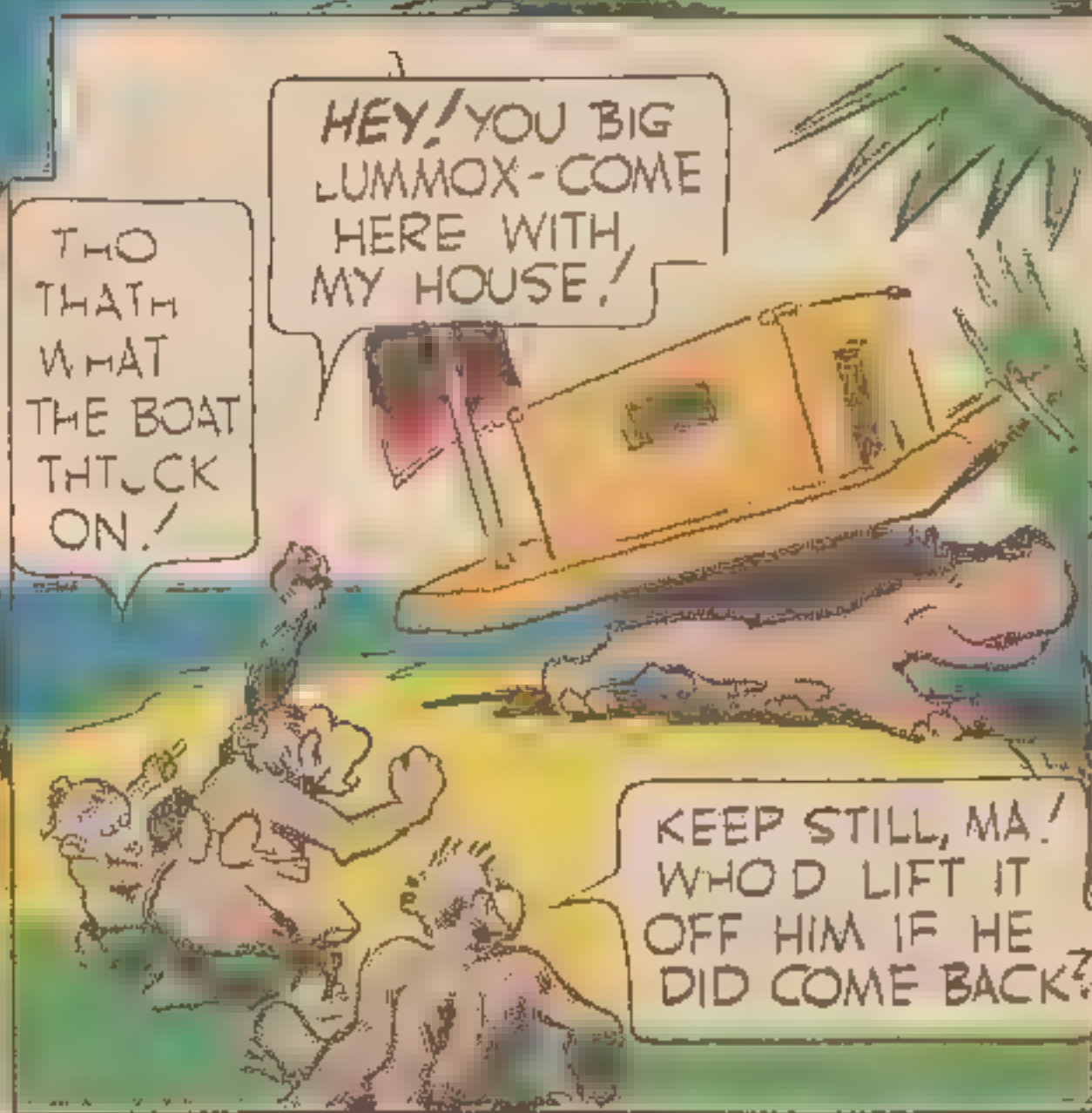
GET READY
FOR A -

- CRASH
LANDING!

WHENEVER I
WORK TOO HARD
SOMETHING
AWFUL HAPPENS!



UMP!



HEY! YOU BIG
LUMMOX - COME
HERE WITH
MY HOUSE!

THO
THATH
WHAT
THE BOAT
THUCK
ON!

KEEP STILL, MA!
WHO'D LIFT IT
OFF HIM IF HE
DID COME BACK?

THE LITTLE MOUSE




DURING THE WARM MONTHS THE LITTLE
MICE LIVE IN A NEAT LITTLE HOUSE IN
FIELDS WAITING FOR THE HARVEST. WHEN THE
REAPER APPEARS WITH HIS SCYTHES, THE MICE
CARRY THEM TO THE HOUSE AND TAKE
THEIR SHARE OF THE CROP.

IN THE MORNING, EARLY AND LATE, THE LITTLE
FELLOWS GO TO WORK. EACH ONE KNOWS HIS
WORK AND GOES TO SOME OF THE STALKS
TO THE TOP OF THE STALKS AND THEN A LITTLE
DOWN TO THE GRASS, THE GRASS AND THE



OTHERS WAITING ON THE GROUND BELOW. THEY
GATHER THE SCATTERED GRAIN AND EAT IT. THEY
MAKING A GAME OUT OF THEIR WORK. THEY DO NOT
THEIR LOADS IN A HUGE PILE.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE HEAP OF GRAIN, MORE
OF THE LITTLE FELLOWS ARE WORKING. THEY GO
TO BREAK THE HARD SHELL OF THE GRAIN AND
THEY EAT THE GRAIN AND THE

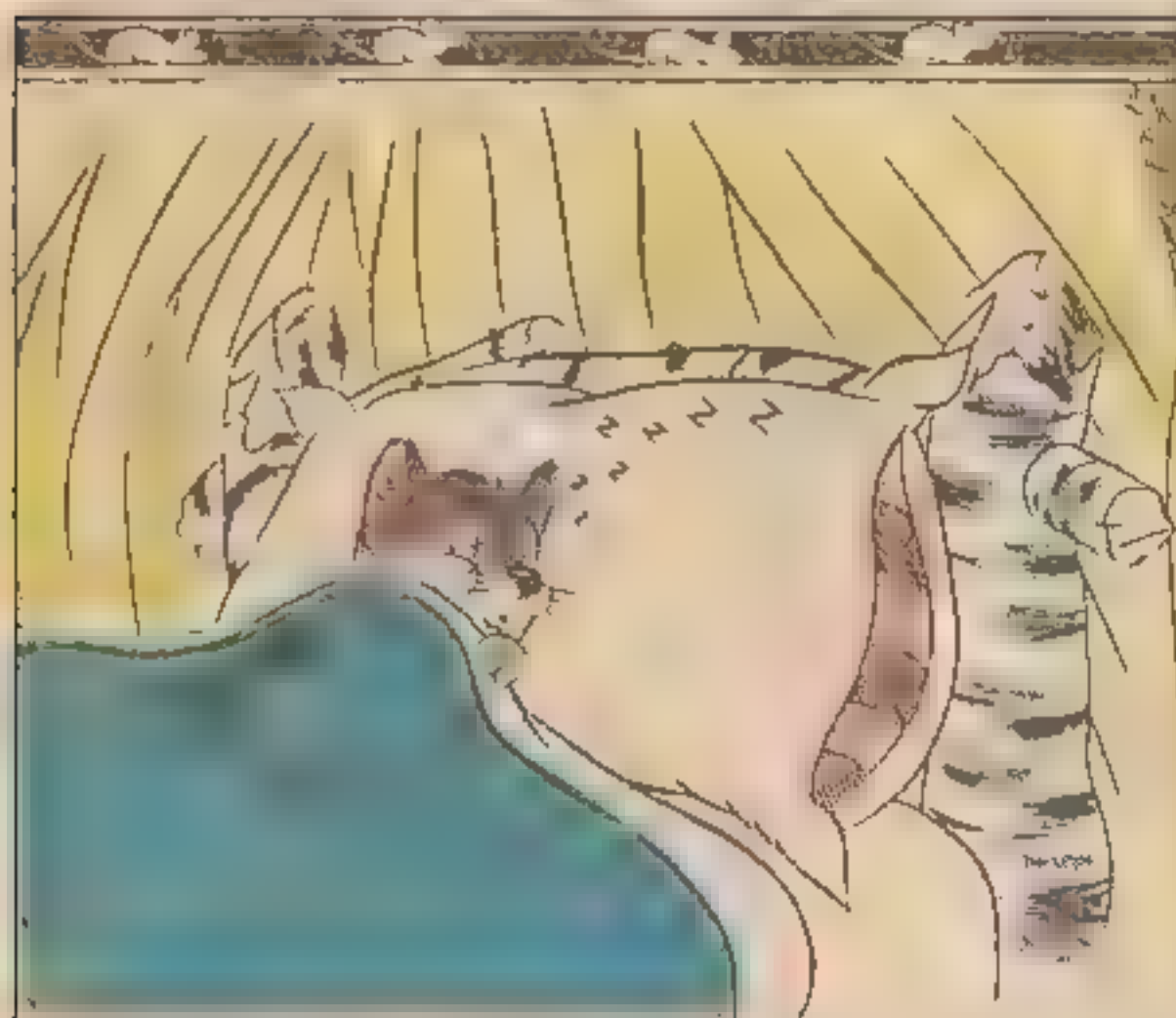


FINALLY ONE LITTLE MOUSE CARRYING TWO PAILS WOUND UP BY HIS TAIL TO THE ATTIC OF THE MOUSE HOUSE, WHERE THE GRAIN IS STORED. ALL OF THE LITTLE MICE WORK TOGETHER CHEERFULLY FOR THEY ARE GLAD TO KNOW THAT THEY WILL HAVE FOOD FOR THE COMING WINTER.

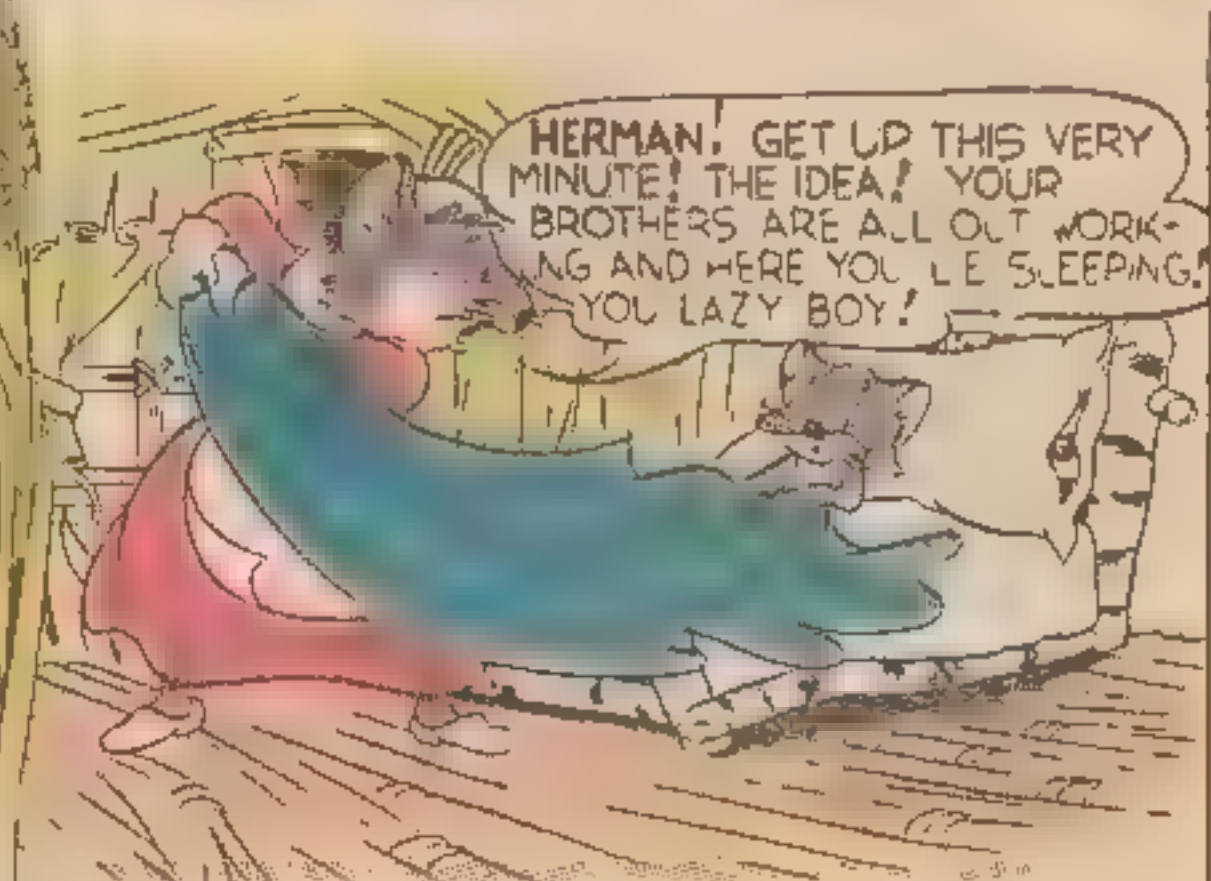


WELL!!
I NEVER--!

MEANWHILE MOTHER MOUSE, HUMMING A GAY LITTLE TUNE, TIDES UP THEIR HOME. PILLOWS ARE PUMPED AND COVERS ARE STRAIGHTENED AS ONE BED AFTER ANOTHER IS MADE. BUT SUDDENLY MOTHER MOUSE STOPS IN SURPRISE--

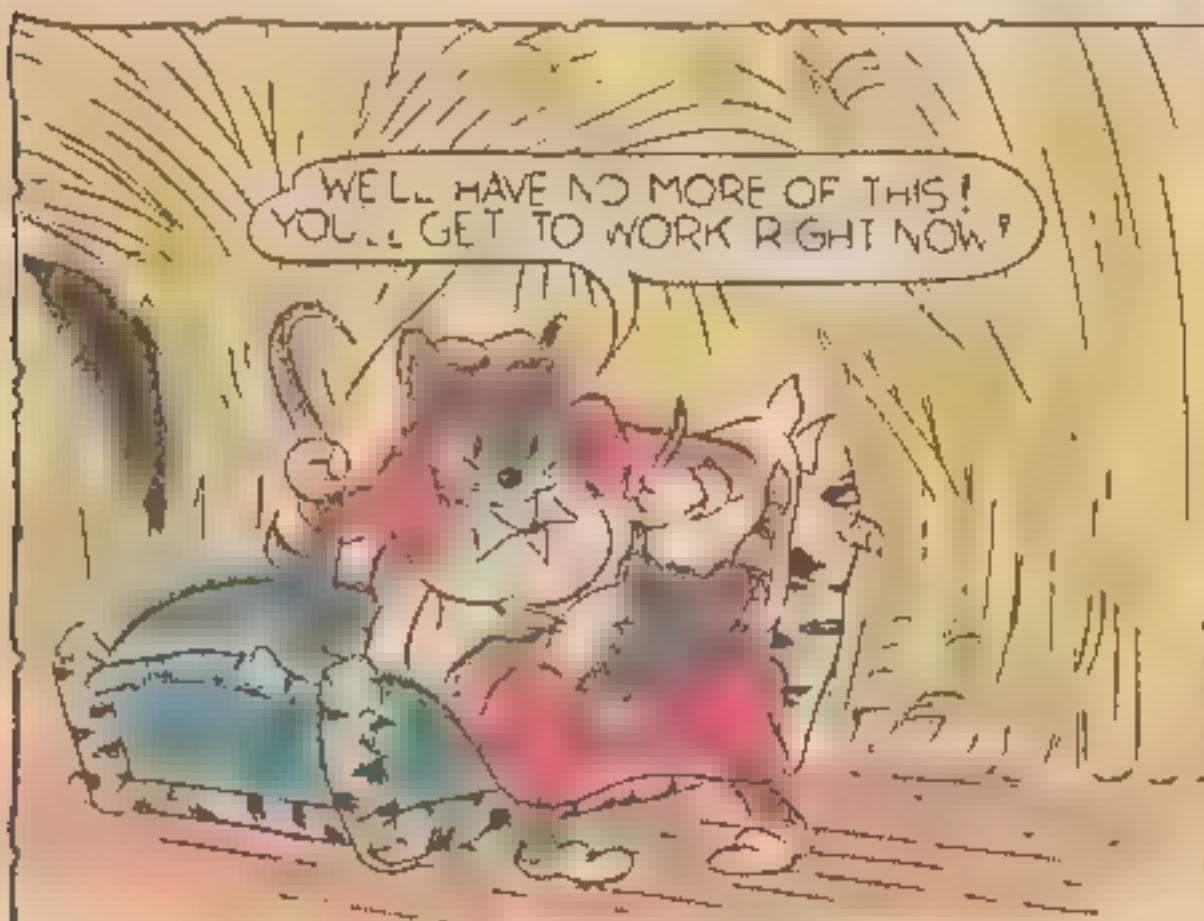


THERE, IN THE VERY LAST BED, AWAY BACK IN THE CORNER, LIES LITTLE HERMAN MOUSE, FAST ASLEEP.



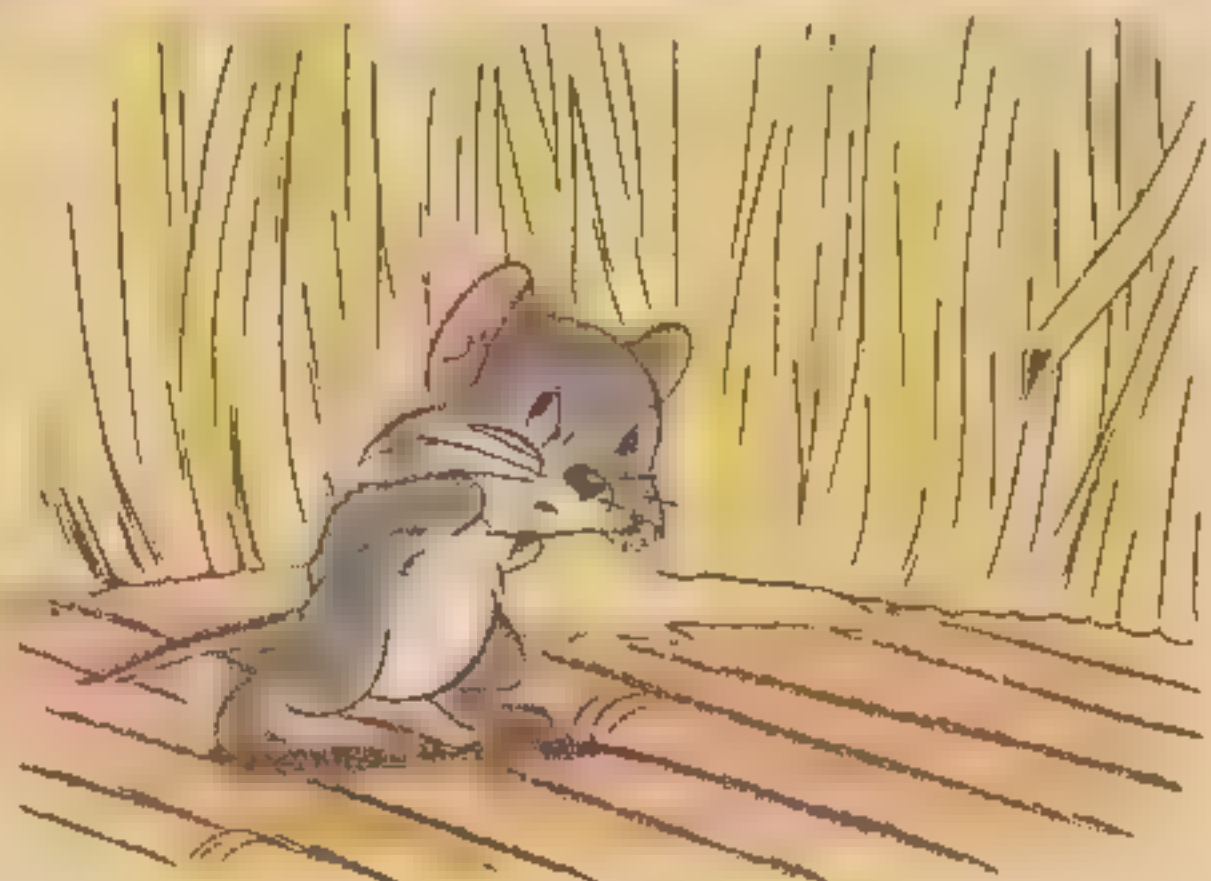
HERMAN! GET UP THIS VERY MINUTE! THE IDEA! YOUR BROTHERS ARE ALL OUT WORKING AND HERE YOU'VE BEEN SLEEPING! YOU LAZY BOY!

EXEED, MOTHER MOUSE PULLS THE COVERS OFF HER SLEEPY SON, AS SHE SCOLDS. BUT THE LAZY LITTLE MOUSE CLOSES HIS EYES AND GOES RIGHT BACK TO SLEEP AGAIN! BUT NOT FOR LONG--

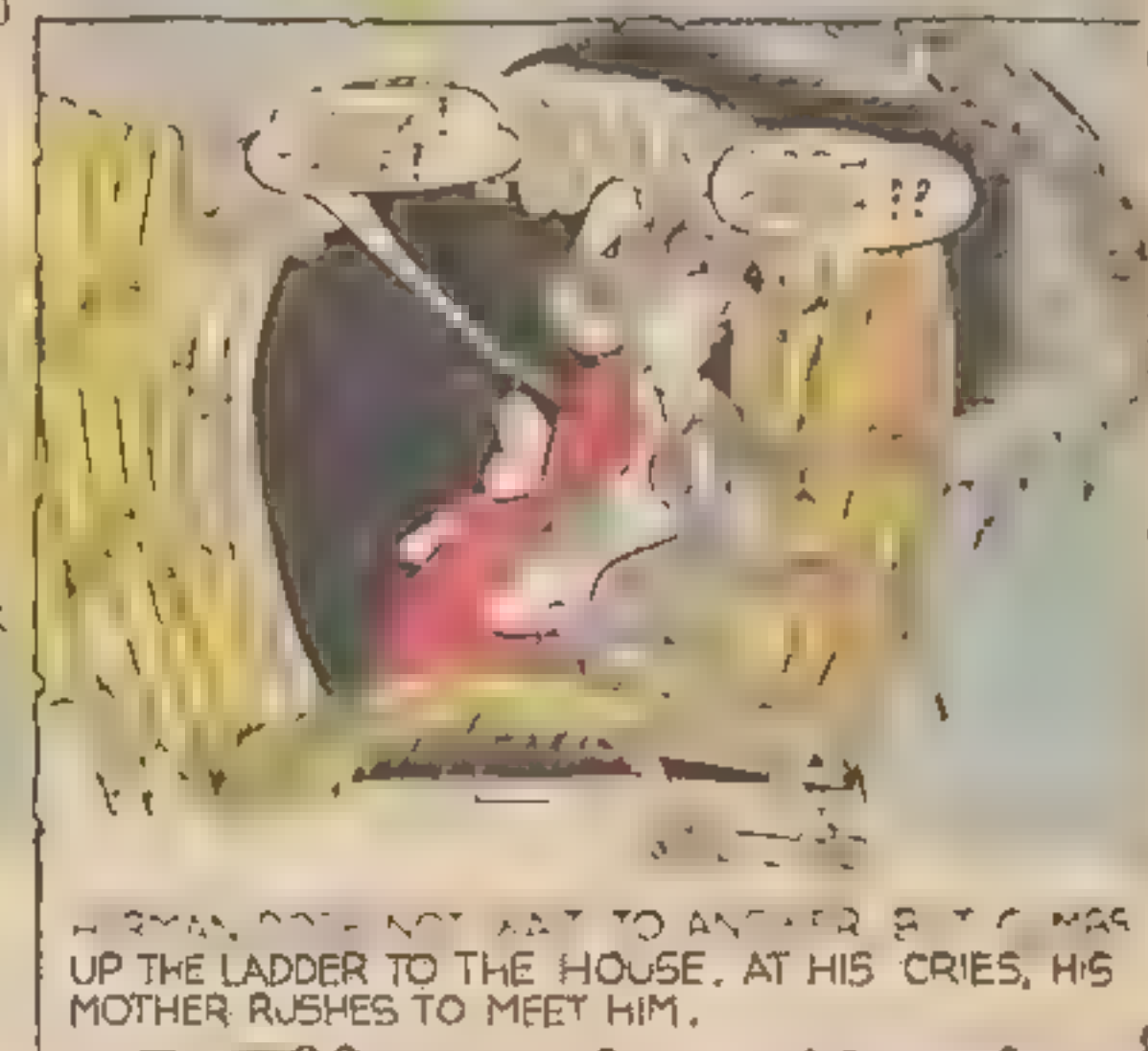
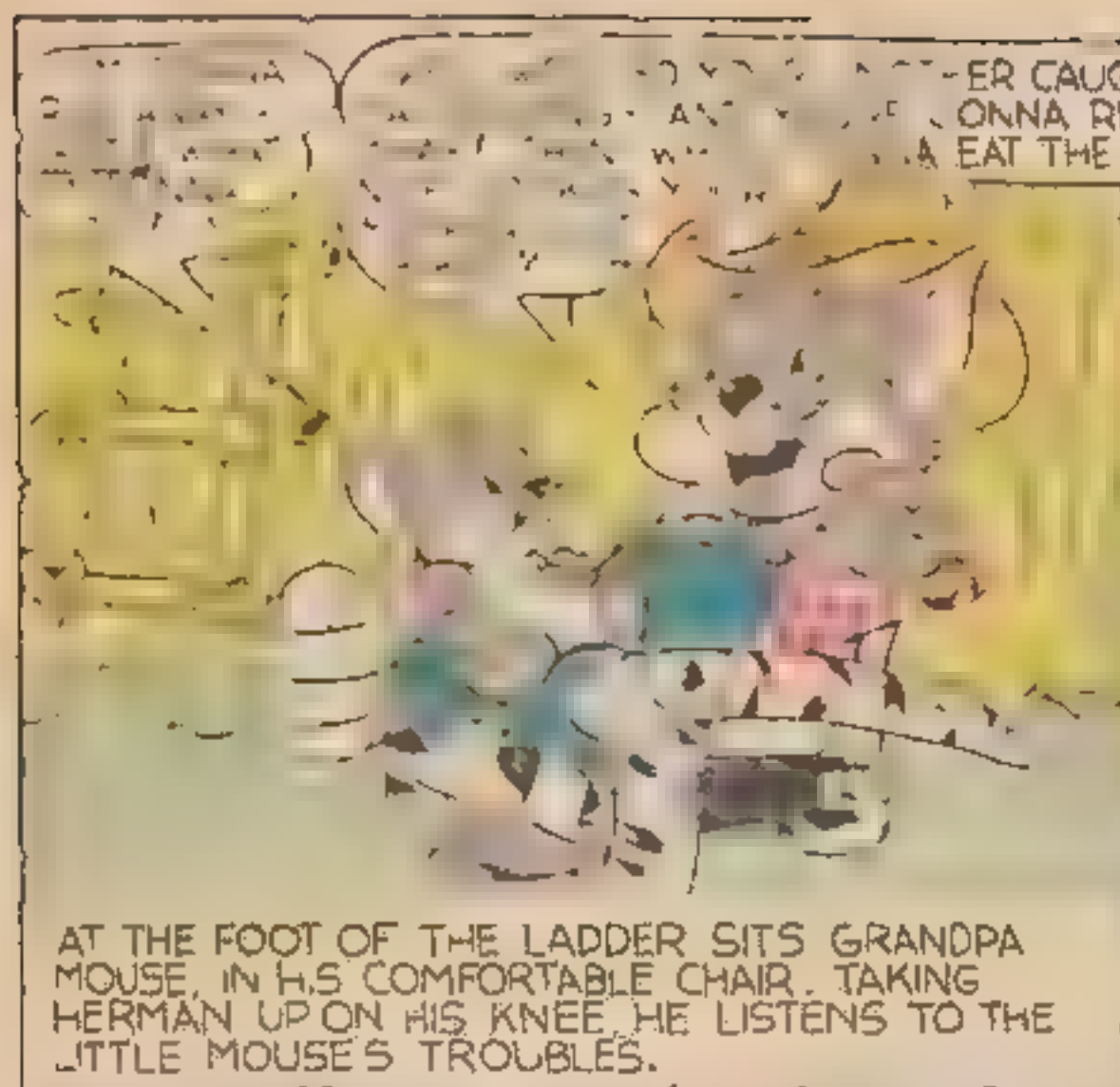


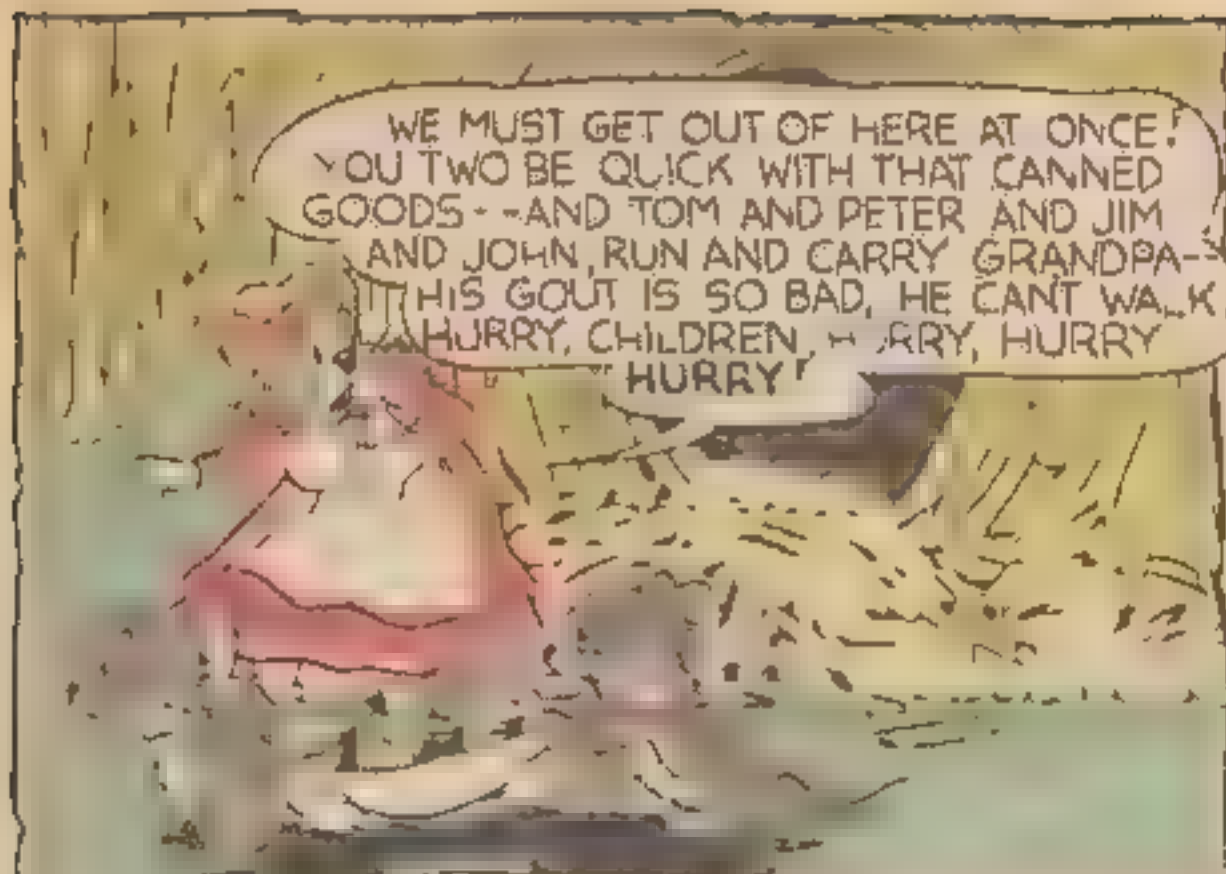
WE'LL HAVE NO MORE OF THIS!
YOU'VE GOT TO GET TO WORK RIGHT NOW!

FOR MOTHER MOUSE HAS HAD ENOUGH PUTTING LITTLE HERMAN OVER HER KNEE AND USING HER TAIL AS A SWITCH, SHE SPANKS HER LAZY SON SOUNDLY.



WHAT A CRUEL AWAKENING FOR HERMAN! FEELING VERY SORRY FOR HIMSELF, HE SHUFFLES OUT OF THE HOUSE AND DOWN THE LADDER INTO THE FIELD.





WE MUST GET OUT OF HERE AT ONCE!
YOU TWO BE QUICK WITH THAT CANNED
GOODS--AND TOM AND PETER AND JIM
AND JOHN, RUN AND CARRY GRANDPA--
HIS GOUT IS SO BAD, HE CAN'T WALK.
HURRY, CHILDREN, HURRY, HURRY
HURRY!



LEAVE ME ALONE--CONSARN IT!
LEAVE ME ALONE--SAY I DO
YOU HEAR ME?

LUCKILY THE MOUSE FAMILY IS NONE THE WORSE FOR THE SPILL.
MOTHER MOUSE PICKS HERSELF UP AND QUICKLY ORDERS HER
CHILDREN TO START MOVING THE HOUSEHOLD GOODS. THE FOUR LITTLE MICE
PICK UP GRANDPA'S CHAIR AND START OFF. GRANDPA DOESN'T KNOW
WHAT THE CONFUSION IS ALL ABOUT AND HE IS PRETTY MUCH JOSH.



HUMPH! YOU LITTLE IDIOTS--
NOW SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE!

GRANDPA MOUSE WAVES HIS ARMS
SO VIGOROUSLY, HE TUMBLES OUT
OF HIS CHAIR AND LANDS WITH A
POOF! ON THE HARD GROUND.
HIS LITTLE GRANDSONS ARE SO
EXCITED, THEY DON'T MISS HIM,
BUT SCURRY ON, CARRYING THE
EMPTY CHAIR!



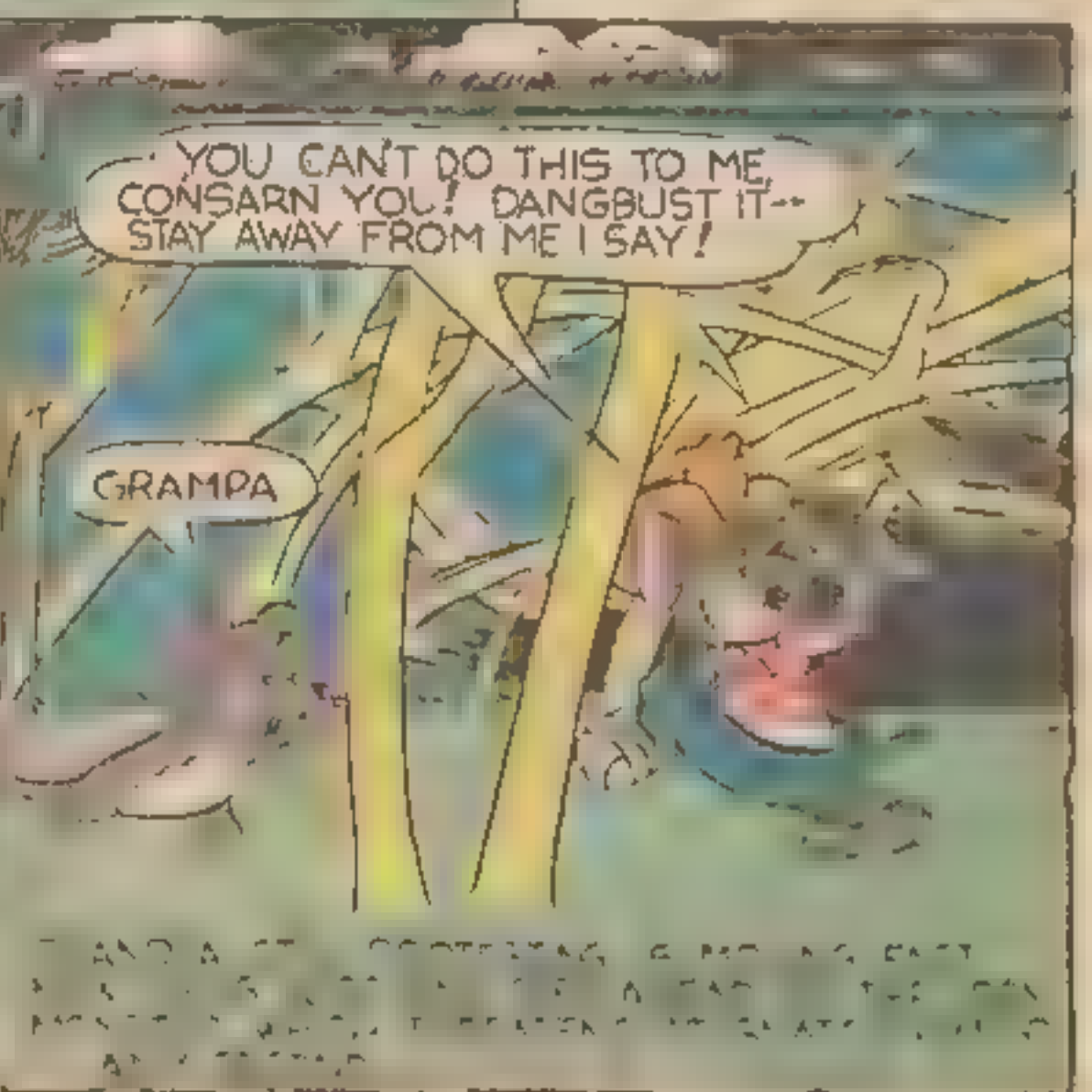
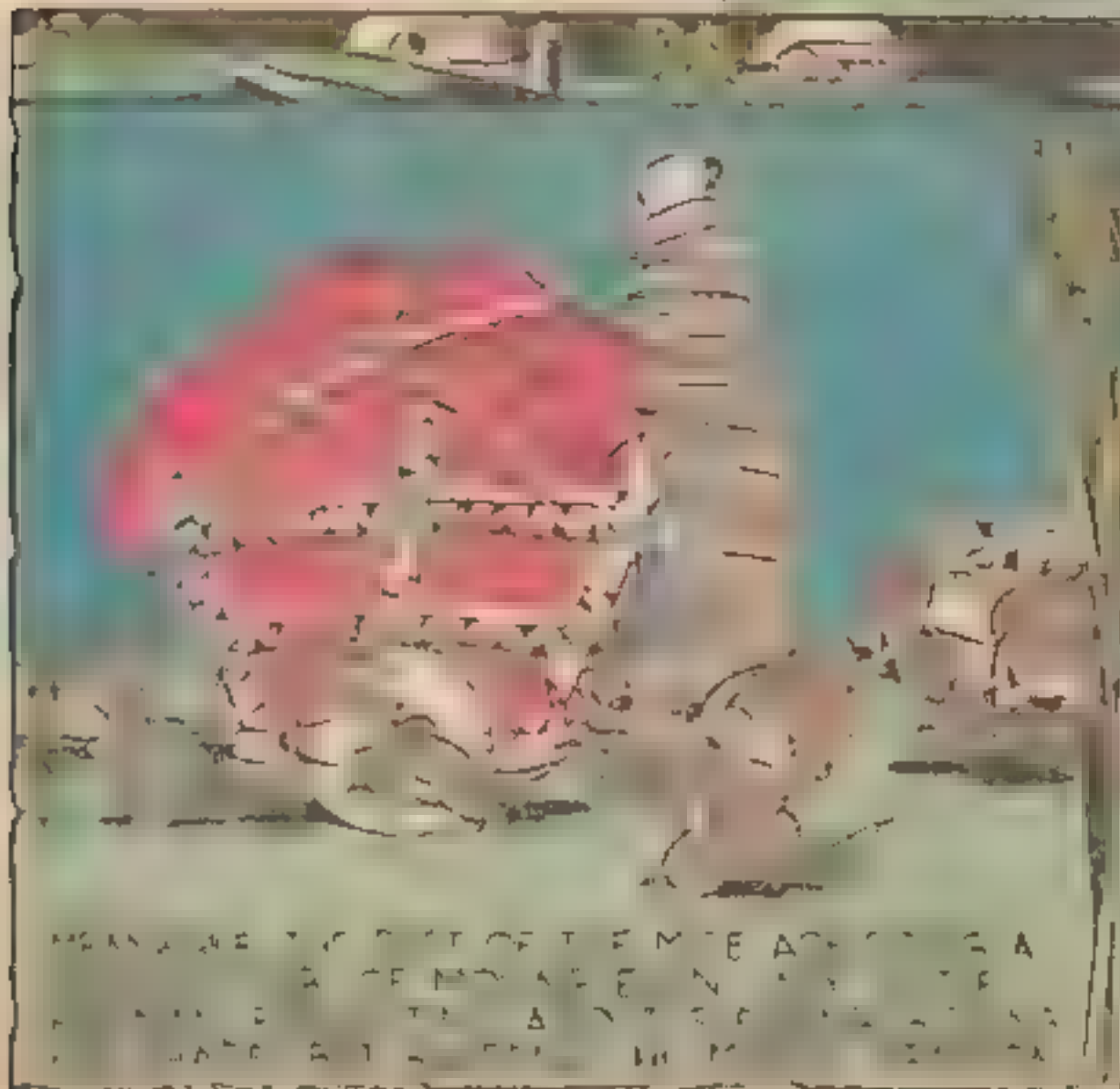
THEY AREN'T GOING TO RUN ME OFF,
DAGNAB IT! WHO DO THEY THINK THEY ARE--
COMIN' AROUND DISTURBIN' HONEST FOLKS!

GRANDPA SITS ON THE GROUND NOW



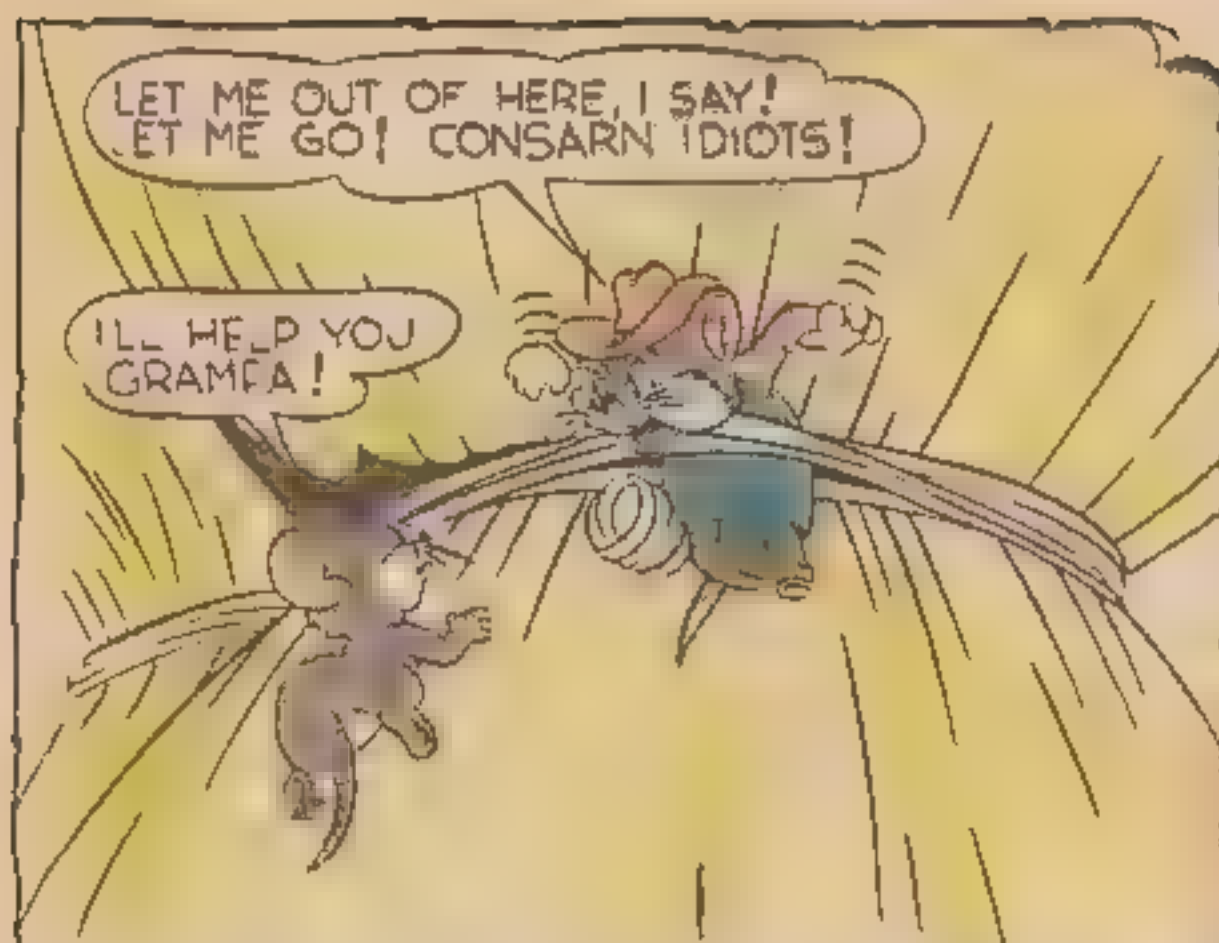
M STAY
RIGHT HERE!

GRANDPA, FULL OF GRIM
DETERMINATION SITS DOWN
ON AN OLD PALE. THEY
CAN'T BUDGE HIM!

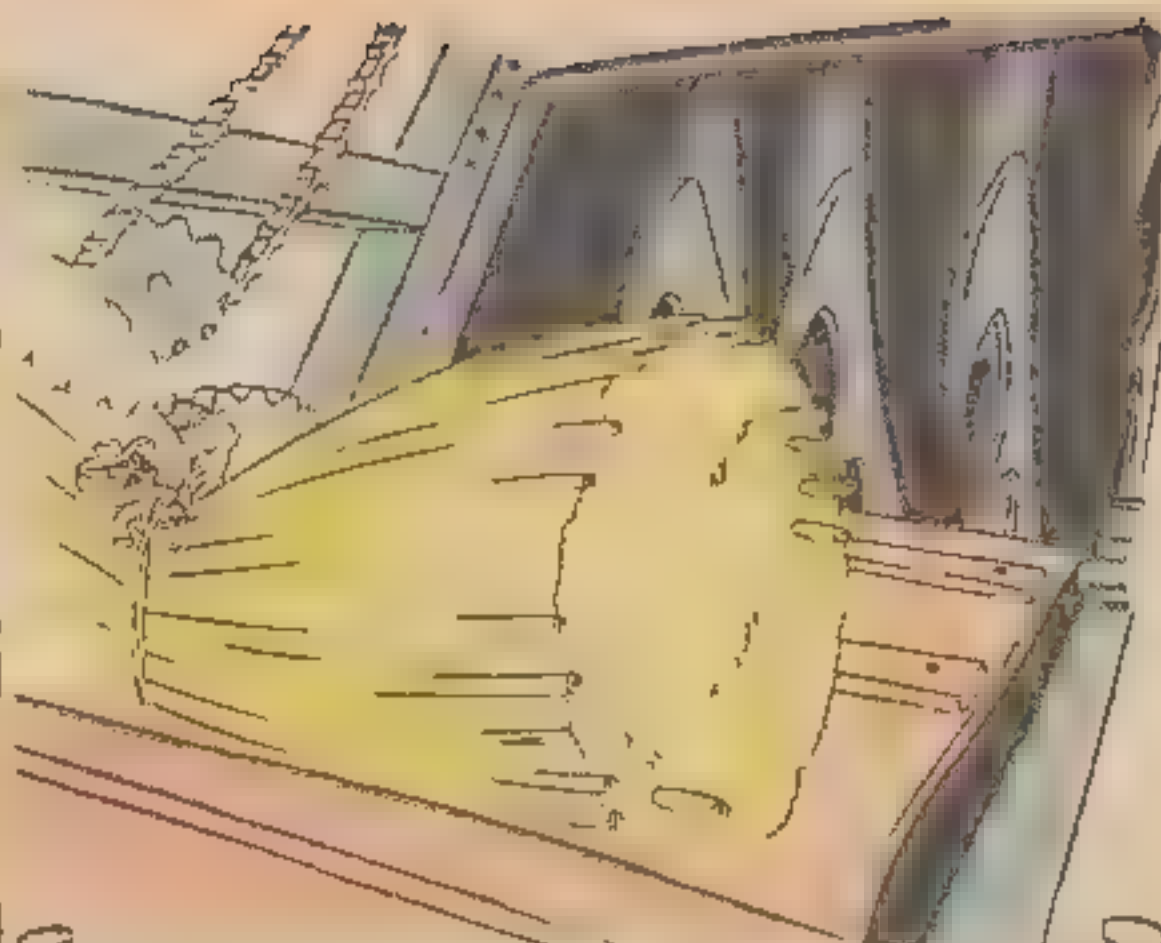


YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO ME,
CONSARN YOU! DANGBUST IT--
STAY AWAY FROM ME I SAY!

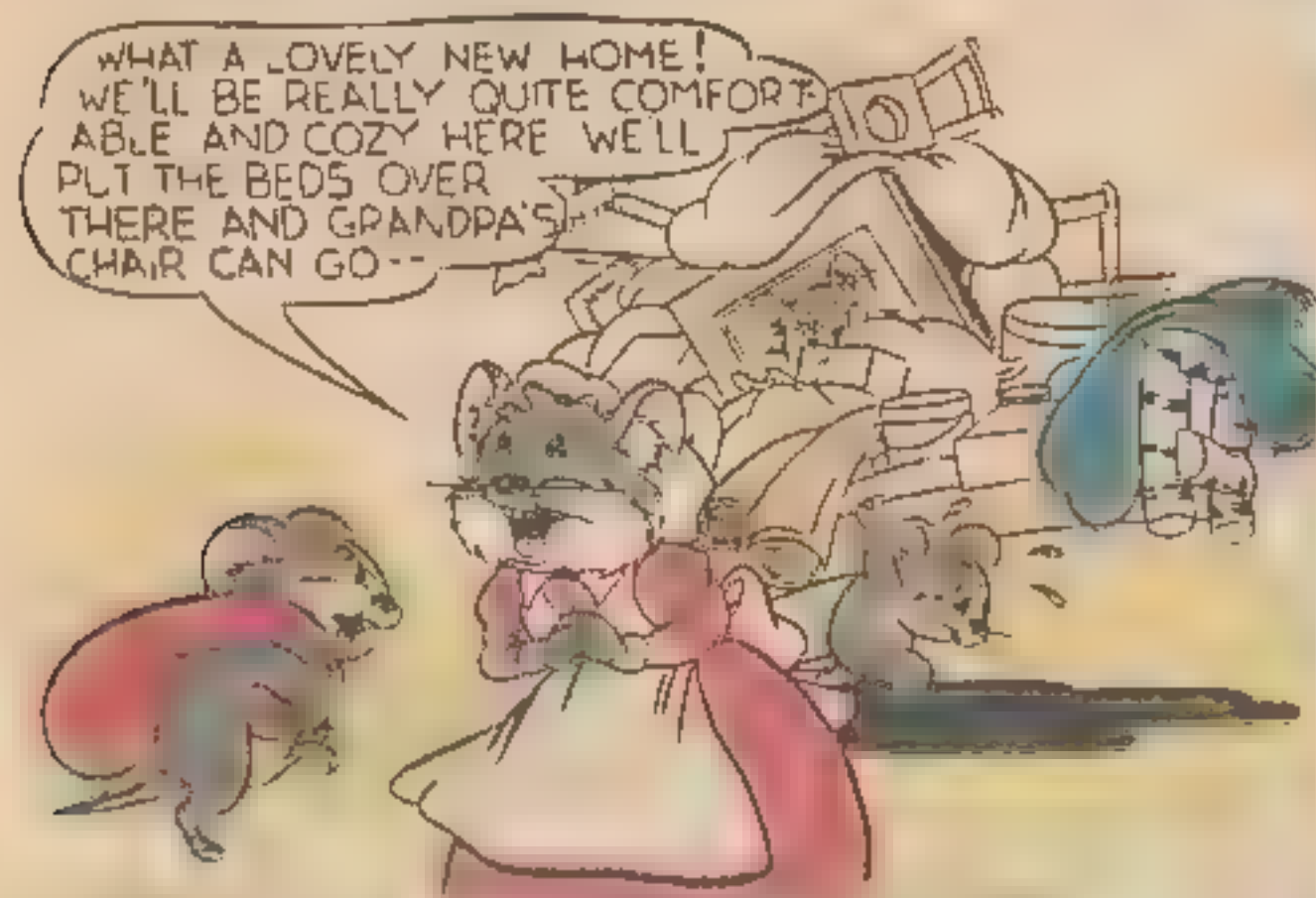
GRAMPA



GRANDPA'S CAUGHT! HE'S TOSSED HIGH IN THE AIR AND TIED UP WITH A SHOCK OF GRAIN. FATHER LITTLE HERMAN TRIES TO RESCUE HIM.



BUT BEFORE HERMAN CAN GET GRANDPA LOOSE THE SHOCK OF WHEAT'S THRUST UNDER THE SHARP GLEAMING TEETH OF THE THRESHING MACHINE



BLESSFULLY UNAWARE OF THE TERRIBLE FATE OF LITTLE HERMAN AND GRANDPA, MOTHER MOUSE IS ADMIRING THE NEW HOME SHE HAS FOUND



SUDDENLY MOTHER MOUSE REALIZES THAT HERMAN AND GRANDPA ARE BOTH MISSING



FRANTICALLY MOTHER MOUSE RUNS OUT OF THE HOUSE CALLING FOR GRANDPA AND HERMAN BUT THERE IS NO ANSWER, FOR--



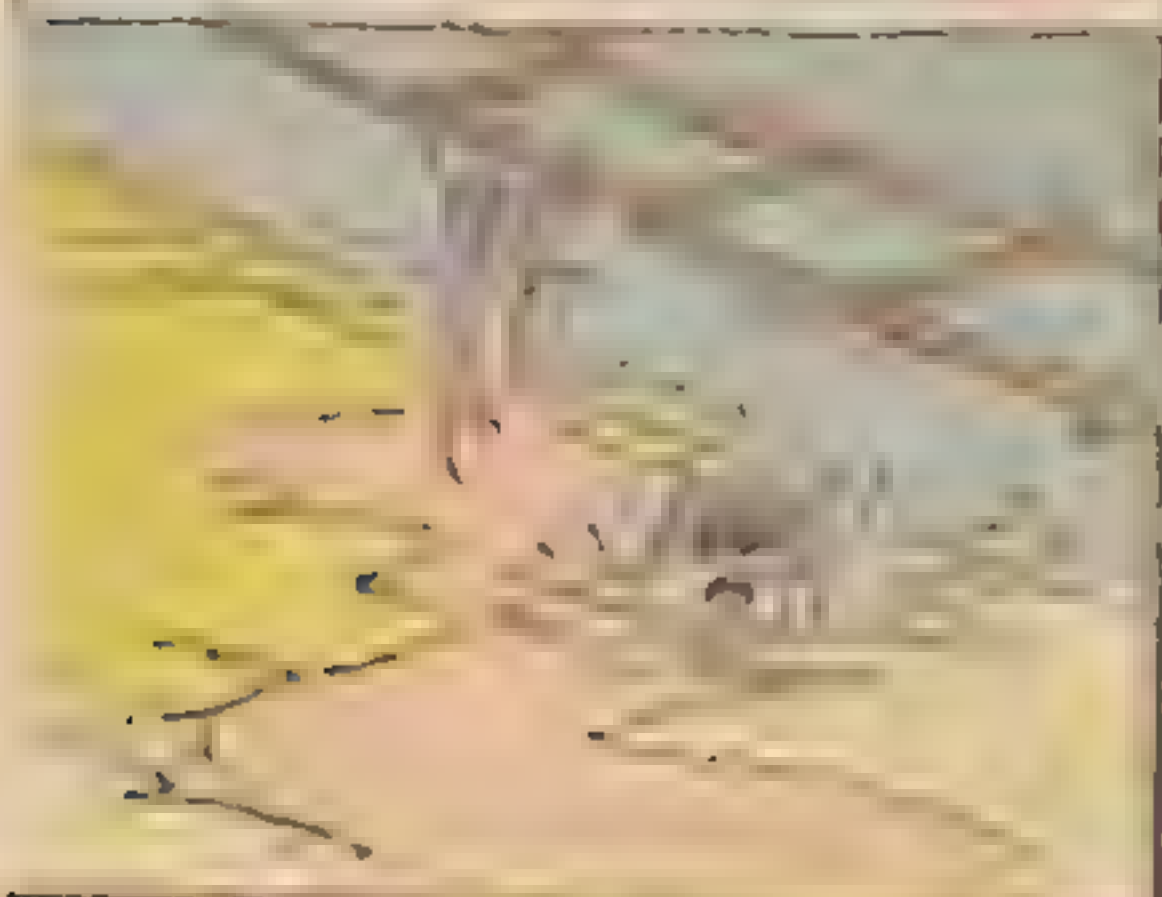
GRANDPA CAN'T HEAR HIS DAUGHTER CALLING. HE IS MUCH TOO BUSY HAVING ESCAPED THE DEADLY KNIVES HE IS ABOUT TO MEET A WORSE FATE - THAT OF BEING CRUSHED TO DEATH!

LITTLE HERMAN
IS HAVING
JUST AS BAD
A TIME. QUICKLY
HE CLIMBS
FROM ONE
TOOTH TO AN-
OTHER, AS THE
MONSTER'S
GEARS TURN
RAPIDLY, CHAMP-
ING THEIR
POWERFUL TEETH
TOGETHER.



AT LAST, AFTER BEING CARRIED ON BELTS, DUMPE
E AIR, HERMAN AND GRANDPA MEET AGAIN--IN A SEA
OF WHEAT. GRANDPA SWIMS
HIS HEAD ABOVE THE GRAIN.

WHIRLING DOWN -- DOWN -- DOWN



HERMAN! GRANDPA!
H. WHY DON'T YOU

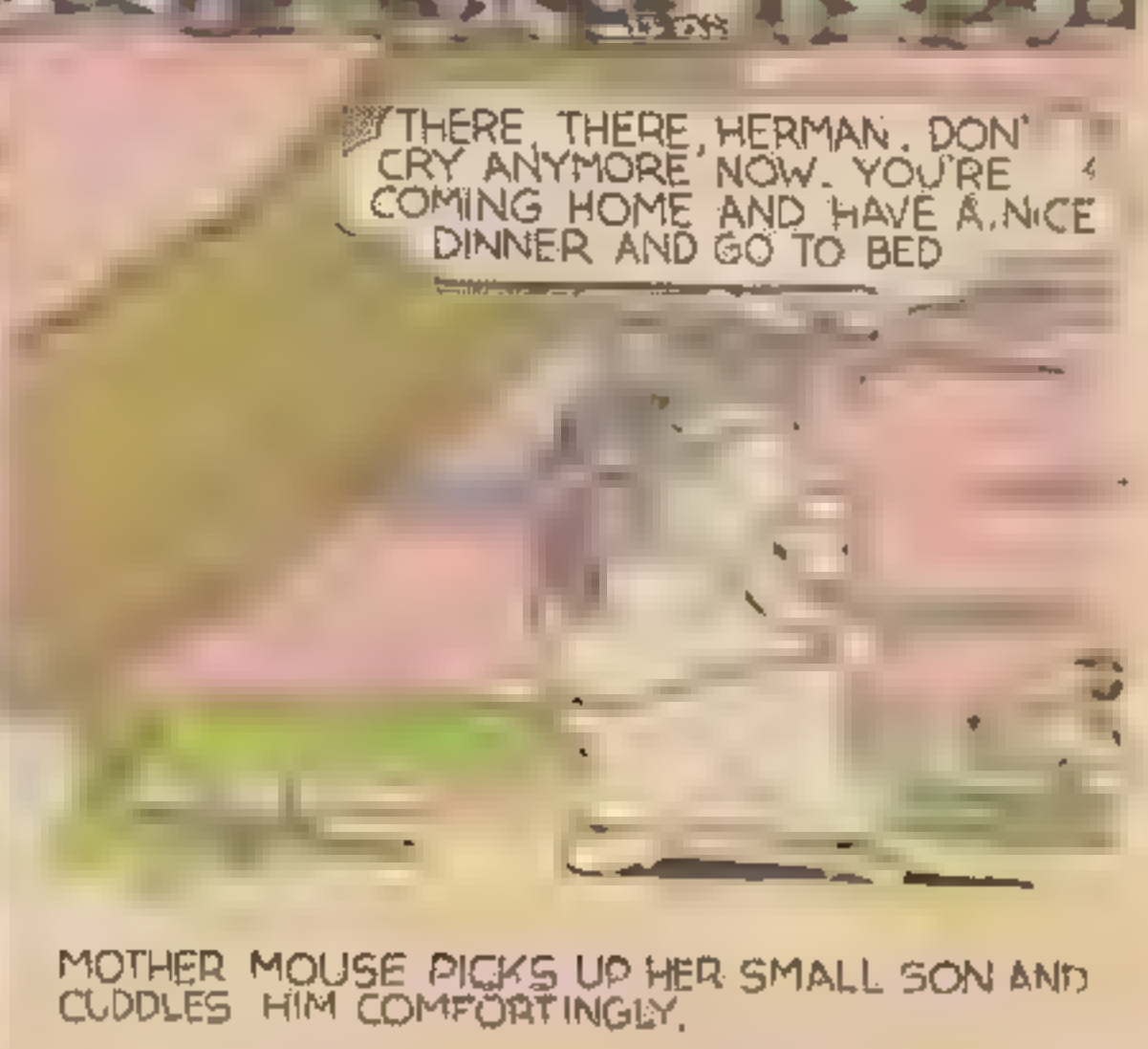


MOTHER MOUSE RUNS HERE AND
FATHER AND

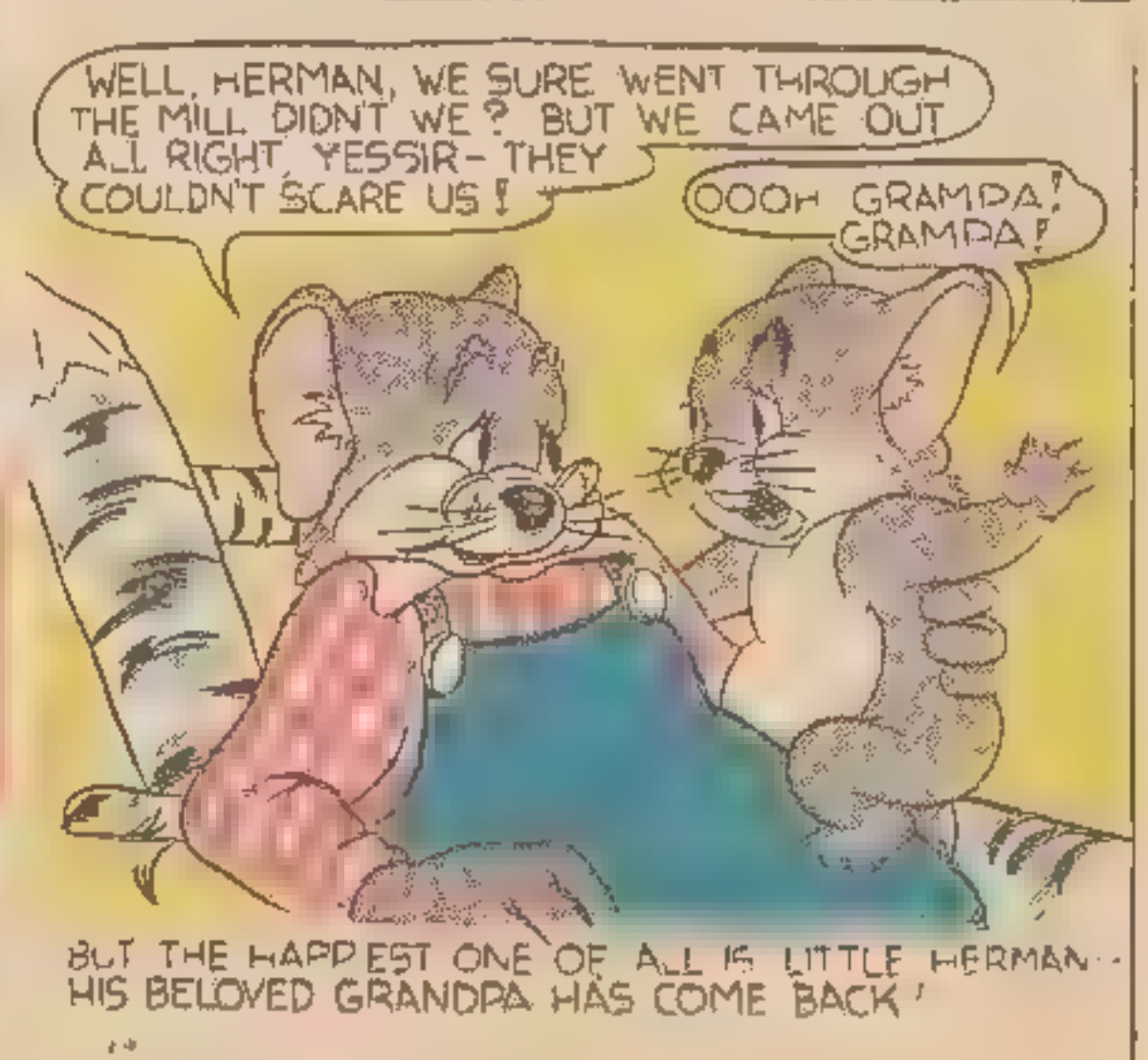
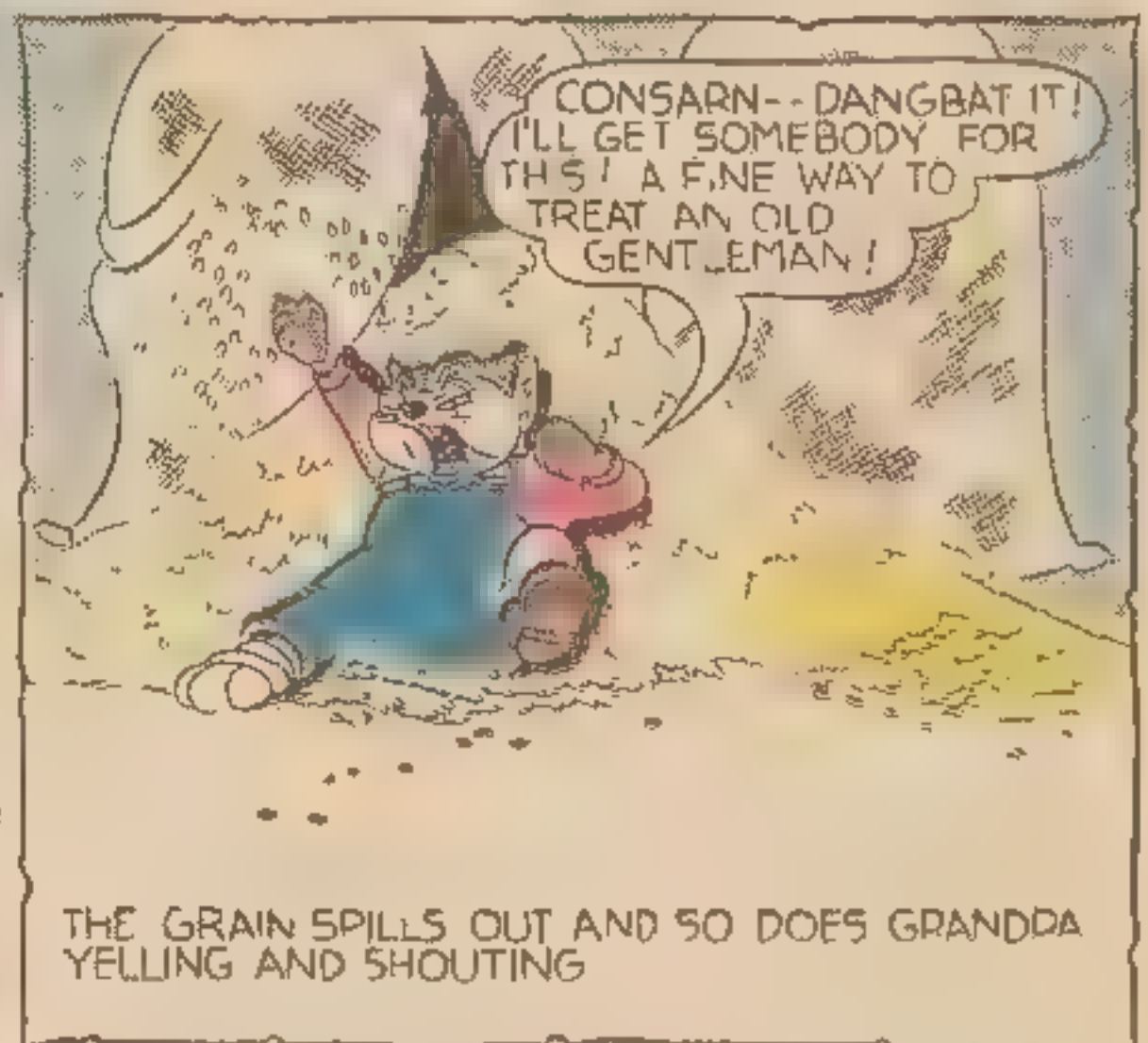
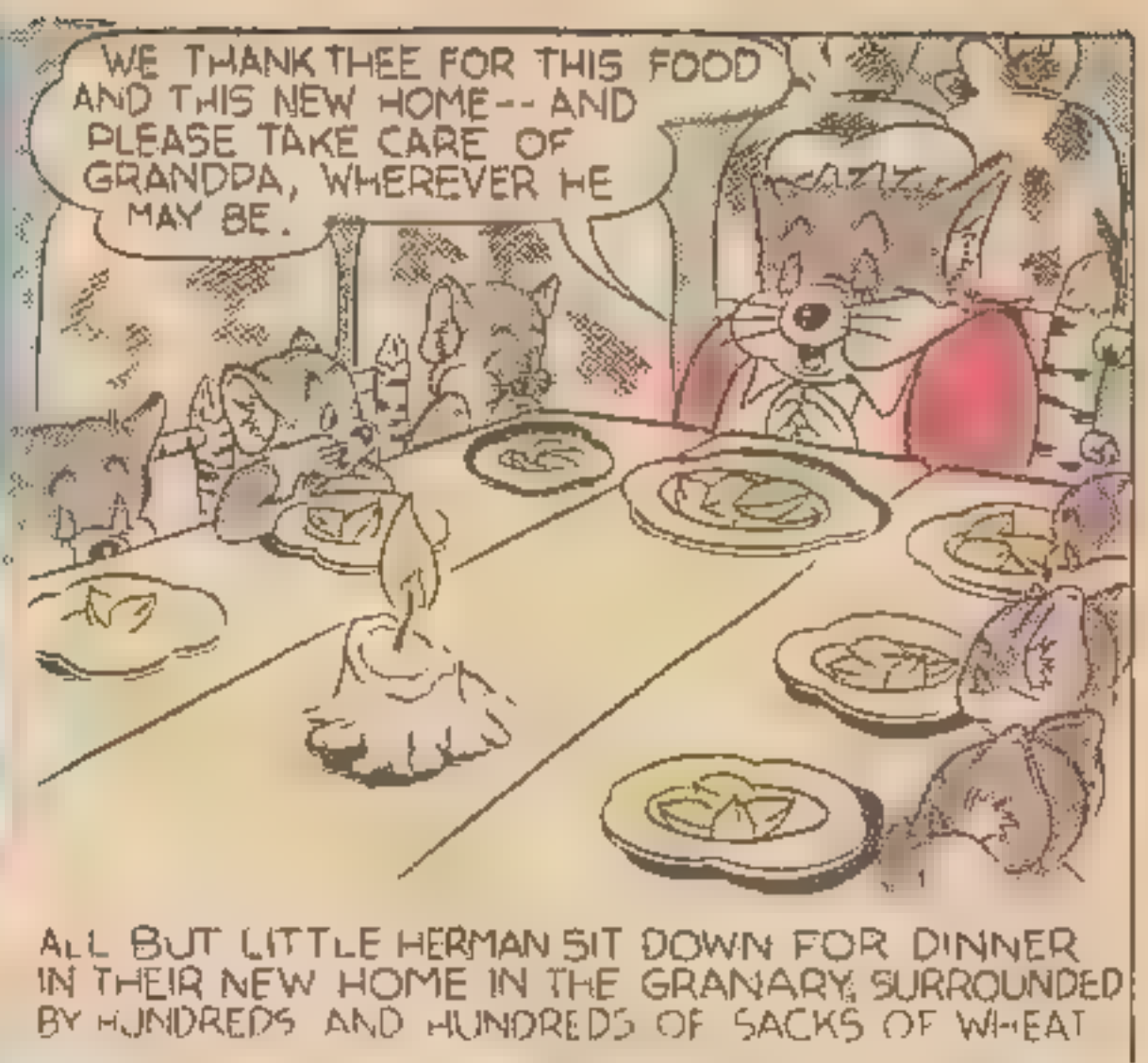
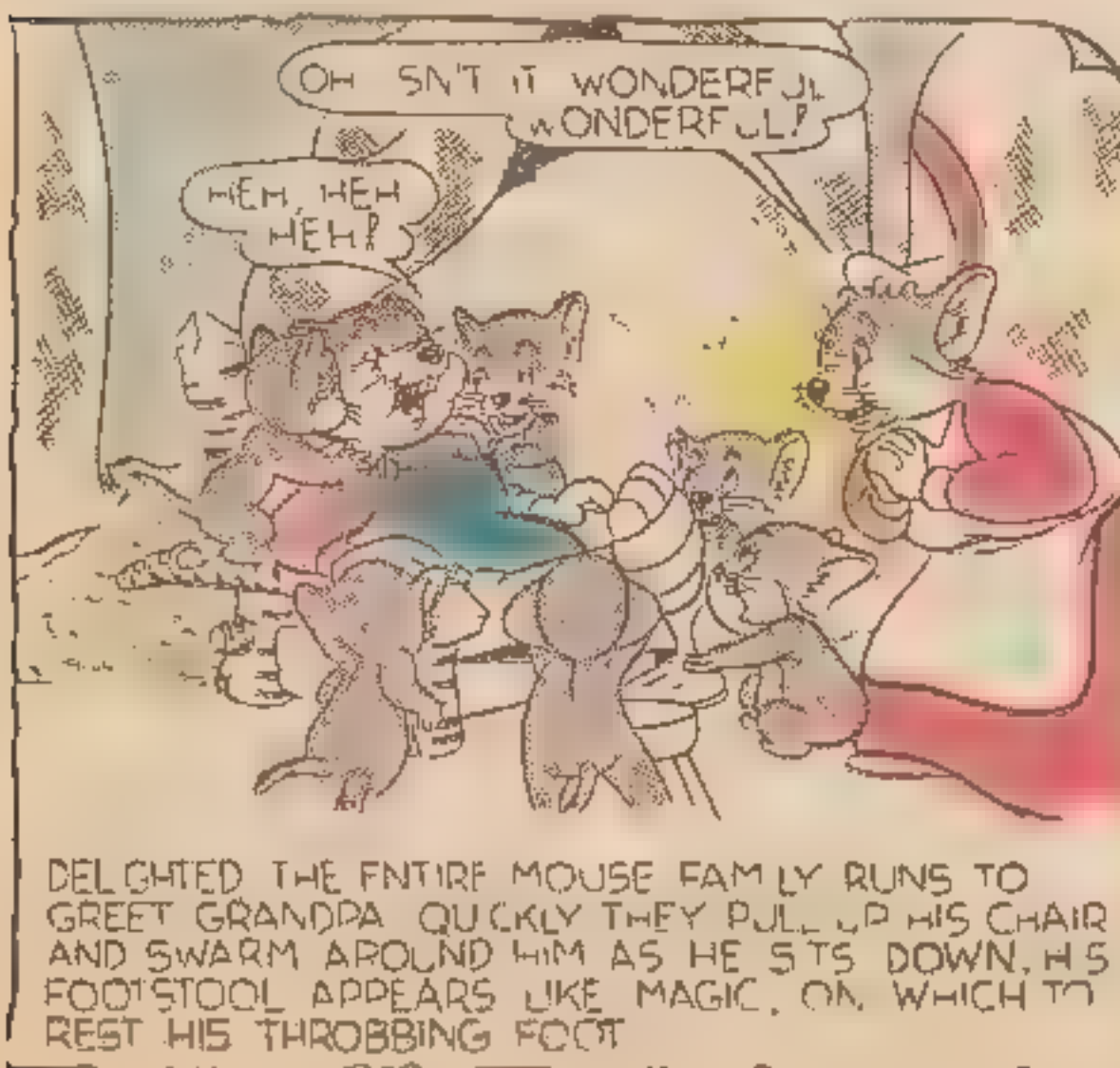
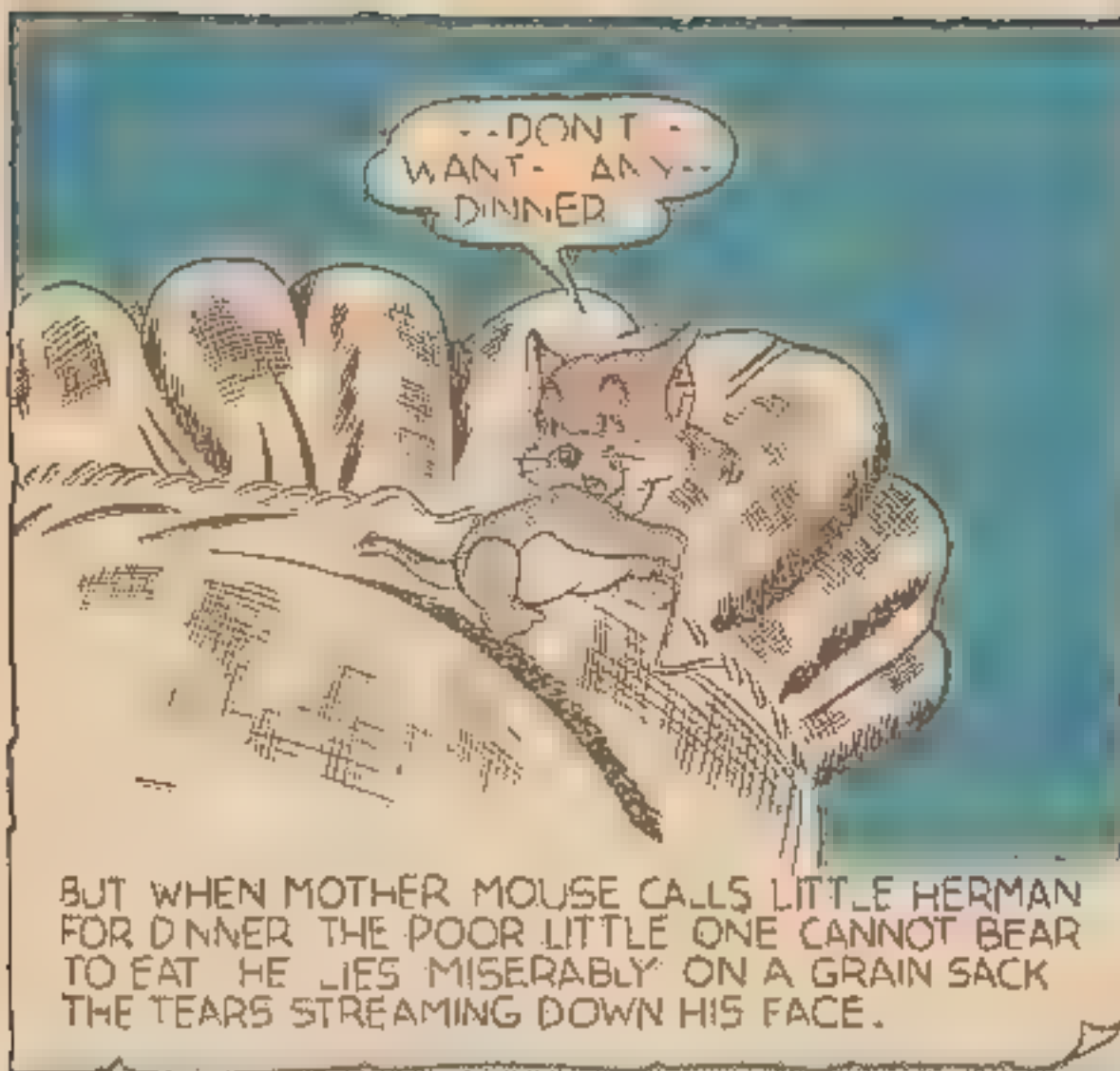


EARS, IT IS LITTLE HERMAN! HE HAS
FROM THE MONSTER SAFE AND SOUND
& WEeping BITT
'S GONE FOREV

THERE, THERE, HERMAN. DON'
CRY ANYMORE NOW. YOU'RE
COMING HOME AND HAVE A NICE
DINNER AND GO TO BED



MOTHER MOUSE PICKS UP HER SMALL SON AND
CUDDLES HIM COMFORTINGLY.



Friend Indeed

AS RETOLD FROM THE M-G-M PETE SMITH SPECIALTY

This is the story of two friends, a generous, heroic man and a brave, loyal dog.

The man was a doctor who lived in a small town. He was tireless and unselfish in his work, and he was very proud of the modern, two-story hospital which he had helped to build. But closest to his heart was the children's ward in that hospital. The doctor was never too tired and never too busy to stop to visit with the small, suffering patients in that ward.

Then, one night, tragedy fell on the hospital. Fire swept it from basement to roof. The doctor heard the alarm and reached the blazing building even before the firemen. With desperate strength he fought his way through the flames to the children's ward and helped in the rescue of the small patients.

The doctor was stumbling through the smoke-choked halls to make sure that all the patients had been rescued, when, suddenly, there was a shattering explosion in front of him. Searing flames leaped into his face, driving him backward.

Those flames blinded the doctor. Firemen found him and led him to safety. But the doctor never again saw the faces of the youngsters whom he had saved. His body finally recovered from the burns and bruises of that night, but his wise, kind eyes were blind forever.

So, overnight, the doctor was changed from a busy, active, untiring worker into a helpless, unhappy invalid. As the weeks passed, he grew morose and moody and irritable. He did not dare venture out on the street, and even in the house he was constantly bruising his body on the tables and chairs when he tried to move around.

The gray-haired housekeeper, who took care of him, tried to find ways to brighten his life. But nothing succeeded.

One day she read in a magazine the story of the seeing-eye dogs, those intelligent,

trained dogs who act as the eyes of their blind masters. Eagerly she read the story to the doctor and begged him to try a dog.

At first, in his bitter unhappiness, the doctor refused even to consider it. But, finally, he agreed to visit the institution where the dogs were trained.

As he sat in the waiting room of the institution, an attendant opened the door and led into the room a magnificent gray police dog.

"This is Sparky, Doctor," the attendant told him.

He lifted the doctor's hand and placed it on Sparky's head. The dog looked up at the doctor and his intelligent eyes seemed to be speaking his silent sympathy.

But the doctor could not read the message in Sparky's eyes. He slowly drew his hand away from the dog's head and shook his own head sadly. He could not place his complete faith and dependence in a dog.

But the doctor reckoned without Sparky. The handsome dog looked at him in bewildered wonder. Why wouldn't this kindly-faced man make friends with him? Gently Sparky licked the doctor's hand and moved closer to him, resting his head on the doctor's knee.

Gradually, as he sensed the affectionate friendliness of the dog, the doctor's hand moved slowly toward Sparky's head and patted him.

At last the doctor reluctantly agreed to enter upon the course of instruction and training necessary for both man and dog. He still did not have complete confidence in the abilities of the dog.

At last came the day of their first walk on the public streets. The doctor's steps were faltering as, firmly grasping Sparky's harness, he ventured forth into the dark, frightening world. All went well until they were walking down a tree-shaded street. A

low-hanging tree branch grazed the doctor's head. Sparky paused, quietly studying the doctor's tall height and the limb. After that he never again led the doctor under a too-low branch, but always guided him safely around any menacing tree limbs.

The first walk was followed by many others.

One day, as they were crossing the street in a busy section of the town, a wildly careening automobile swooped down upon them. Sparky saw it coming. With a flashing speed he jumped on the doctor, pushing him back to safety. But the loyal, brave Sparky fell beneath the wheels of the car.

For long, worried days the doctor tirelessly nursed the injured Sparky. And, as he cared for the dog, who had risked his own life to save his master's, the doctor knew that he had found a friend, indeed.

At last Sparky was well again and, with his recovery, the last trace of the doctor's hopelessness and despair disappeared. His faith and confidence in Sparky were complete and he was like a new man.

Then, one day, the doctor received a letter from the American Society for Recognition of Valor. The Society had awarded the doctor a medal for his courage and valor in rescuing the children from the burning hospital and requested that the doctor be present at the presentation ceremonies in Washington, D. C.

The doctor did not hesitate to accept the invitation. He knew that he could go anywhere in safety with Sparky at his side.

It was a happy day for the doctor when he and Sparky boarded the train for Washington. They shared a seat in the coach.

But their happiness was short-lived. When the conductor came through the coach to collect the tickets, he demanded that Sparky be sent to the baggage car. The doctor explained that he was helpless without the dog, that the dog was his eyes. The conductor was sorry, but it was a rule of the company that all dogs must ride in the baggage car.

So the doctor went with Sparky to the baggage car. There, huddled together among the boxes and crates and trunks, the man and dog rode to Washington.

The reception committee of the Amer-

ican Society for Recognition of Valor was waiting at the station for the doctor. Their eyes widened with surprise when they saw him stepping down from the baggage car. Quietly the doctor explained what had happened. One of the members of the committee was a congressman and he promised to bring the matter to the attention of the proper authorities.

The congressman kept his promise, and a bill, requiring railroads to permit blind men's dogs to ride with them on trains, was presented to a committee of the Interstate Commerce Commission. The doctor was called as a witness.

With Sparky lying quietly on the floor beside him, the doctor told his story to the committee. But the committee did not seem interested in the doctor's plea and it looked as if the bill had a very small chance of being passed.

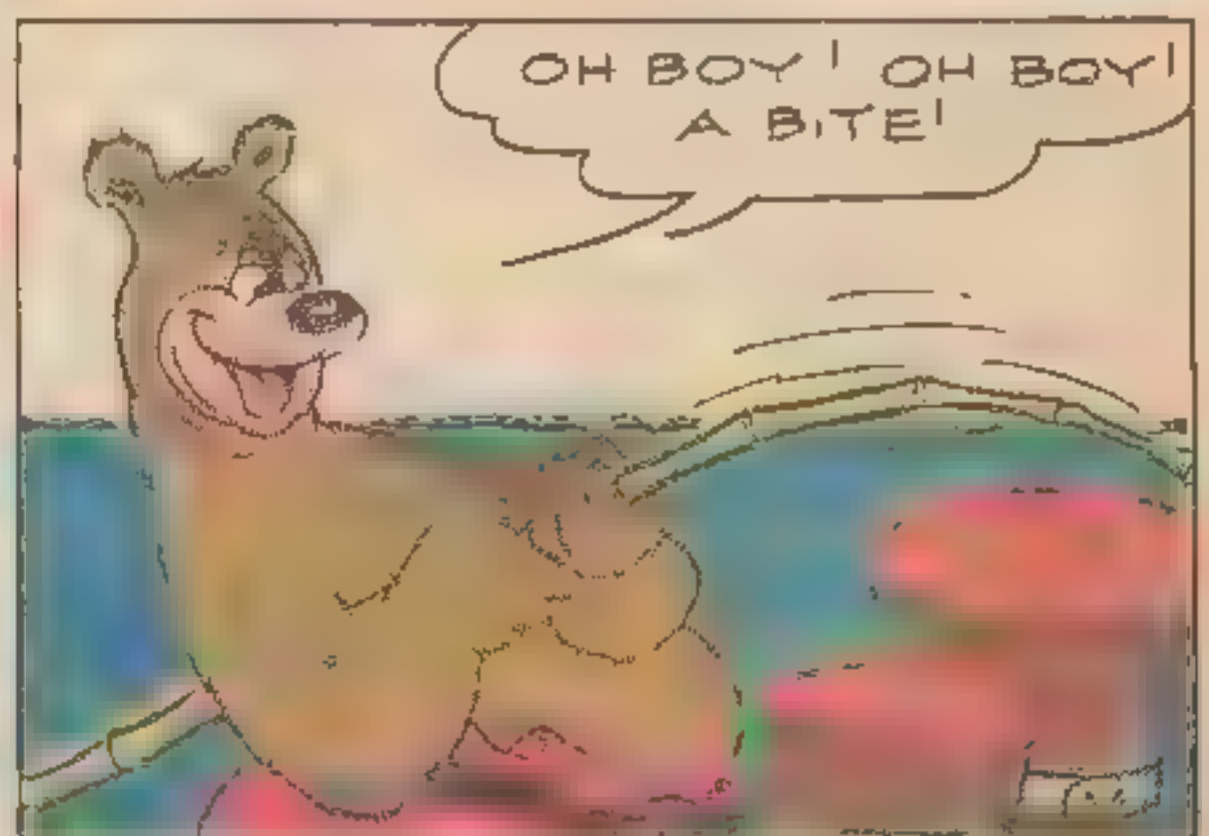
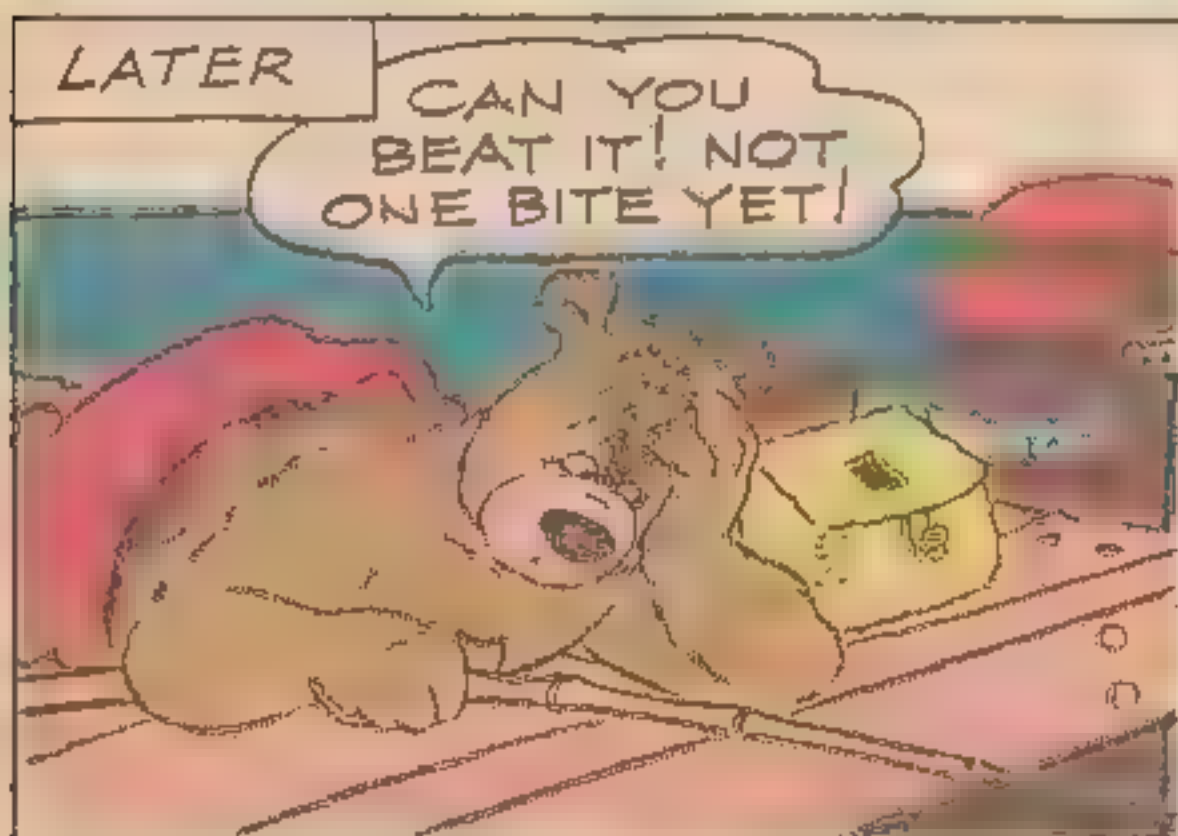
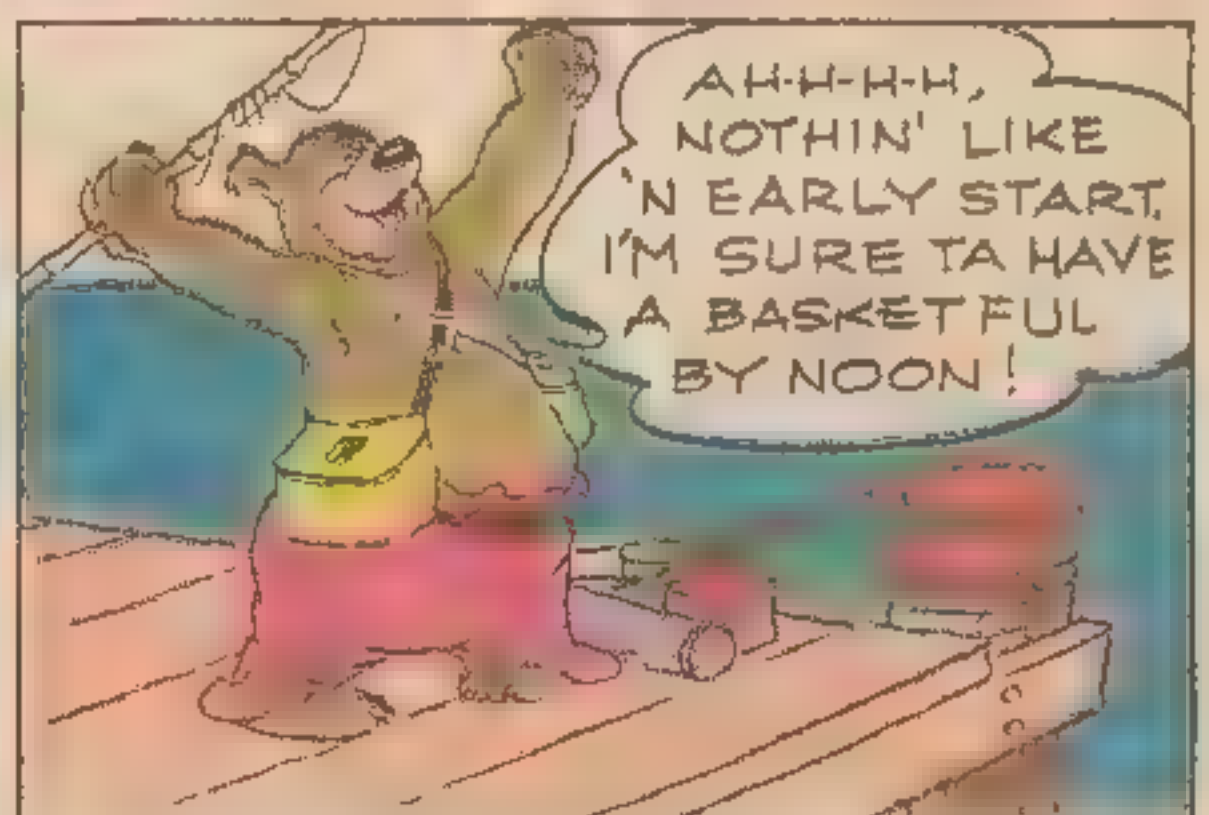
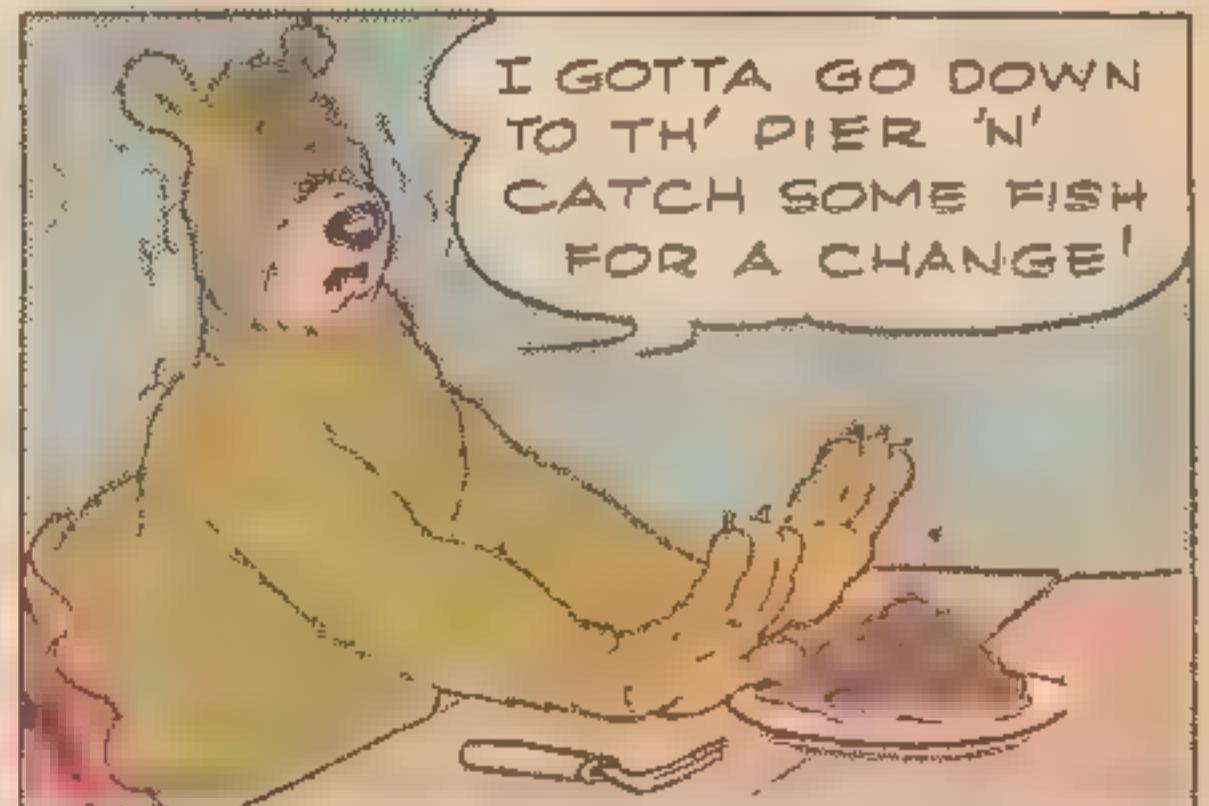
Sparky seemed to sense that things were not going as his master wished. He looked at the grim, unsmiling faces of the committee members and decided to do something to help. If the doctor couldn't win them over, maybe Sparky could.

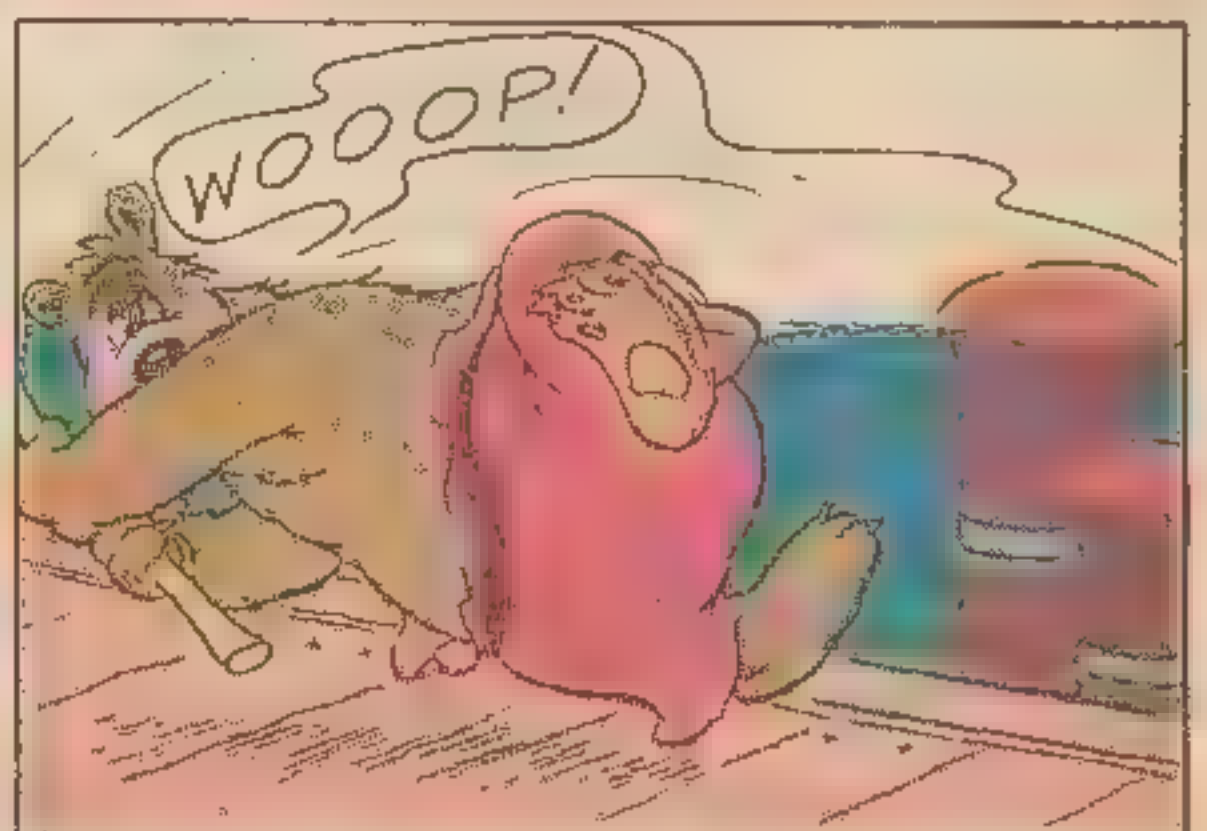
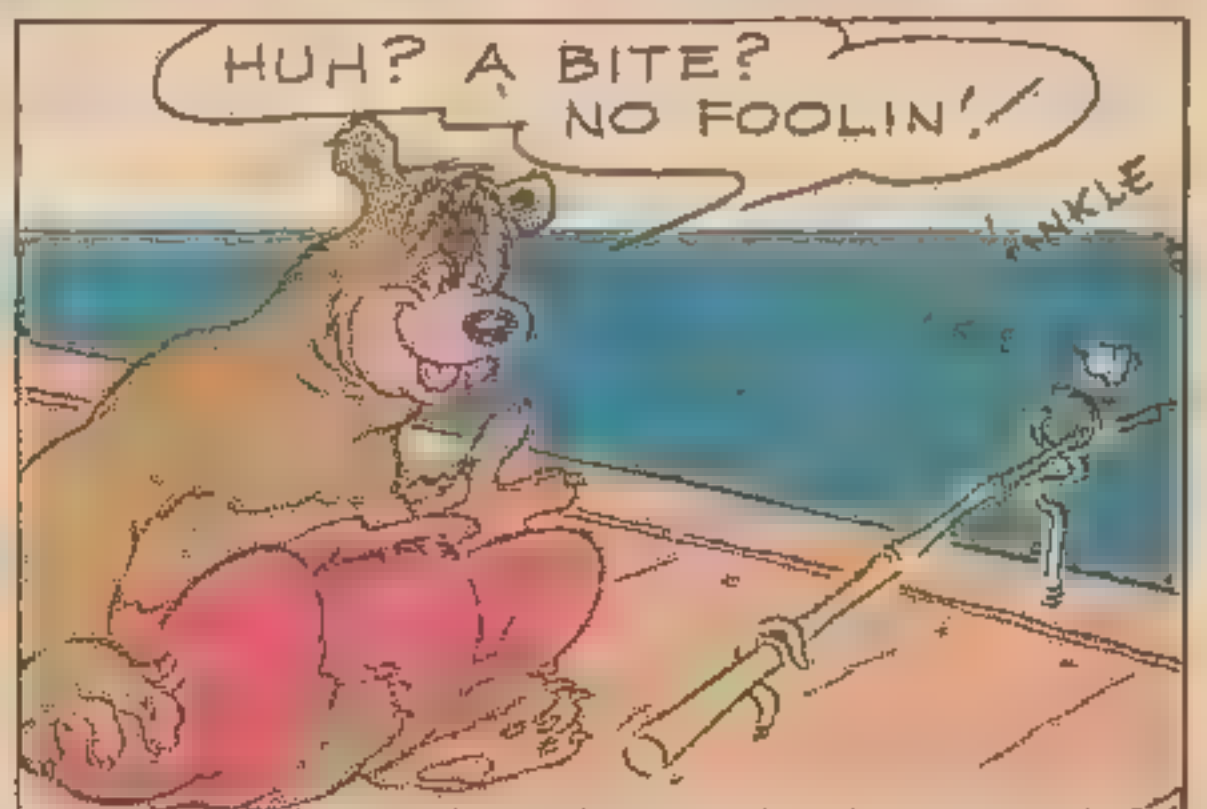
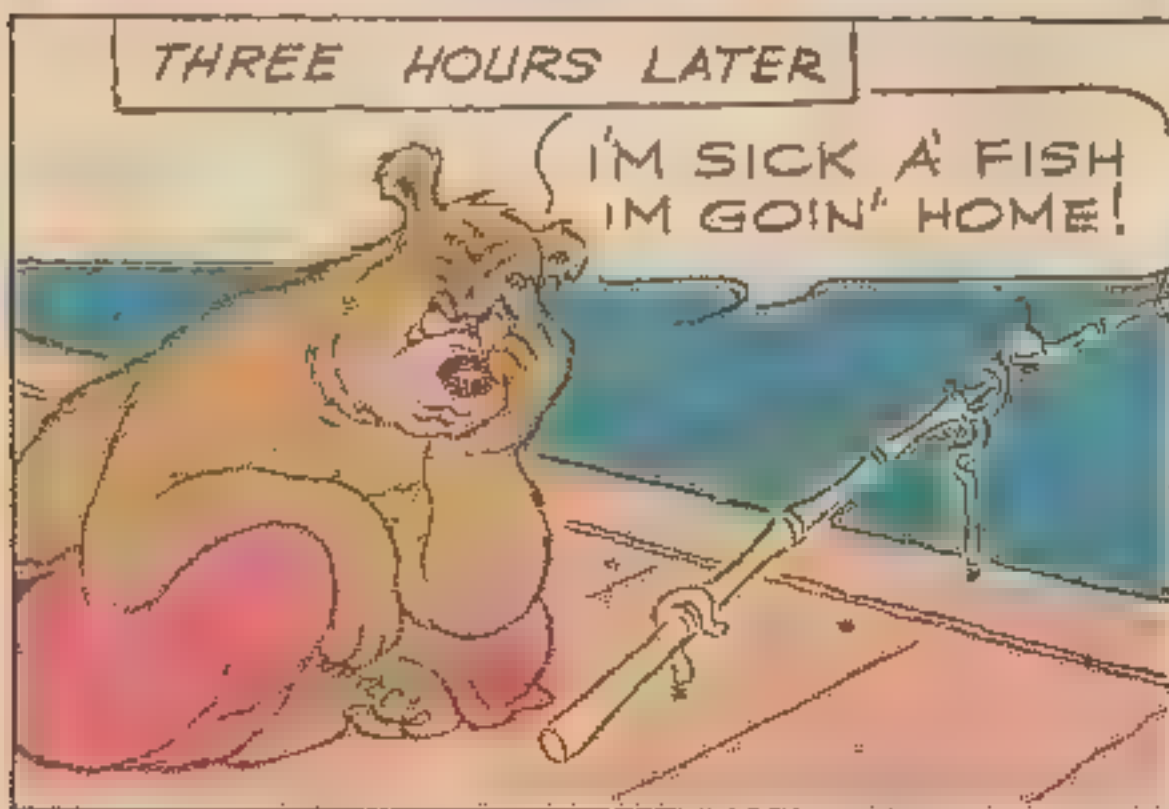
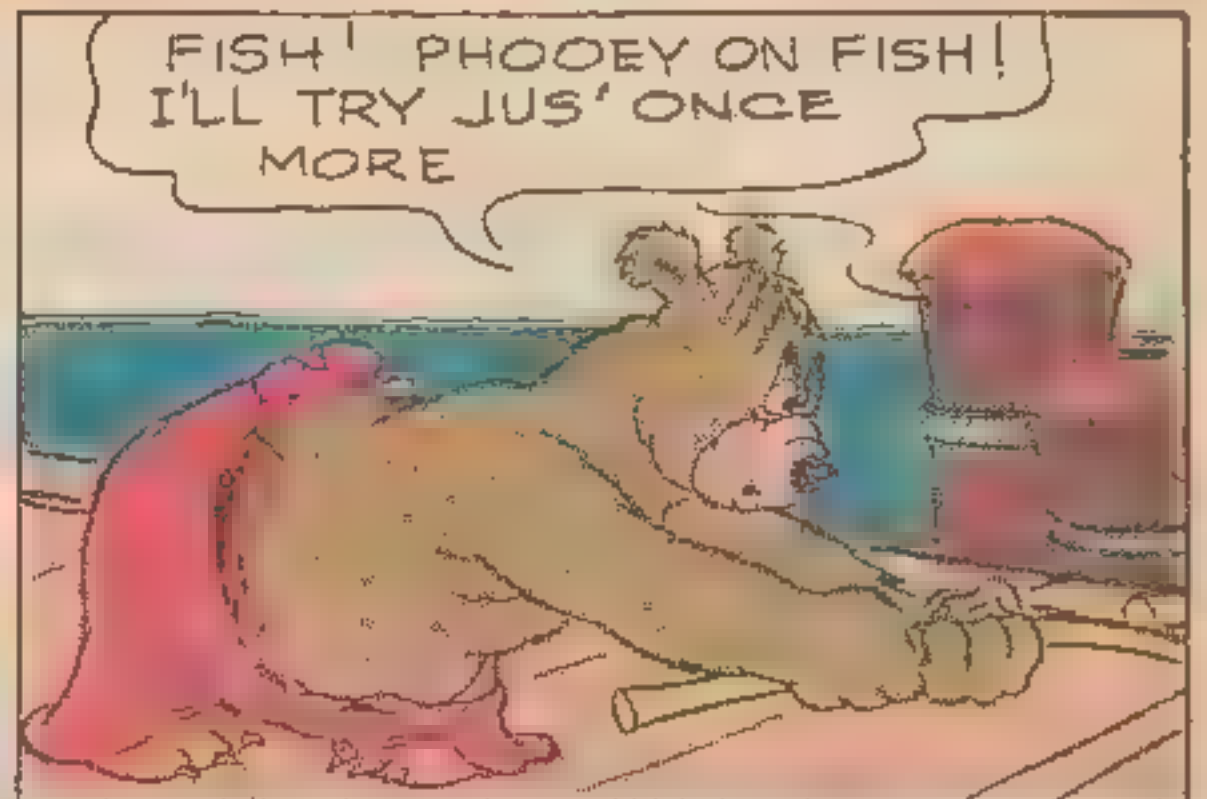
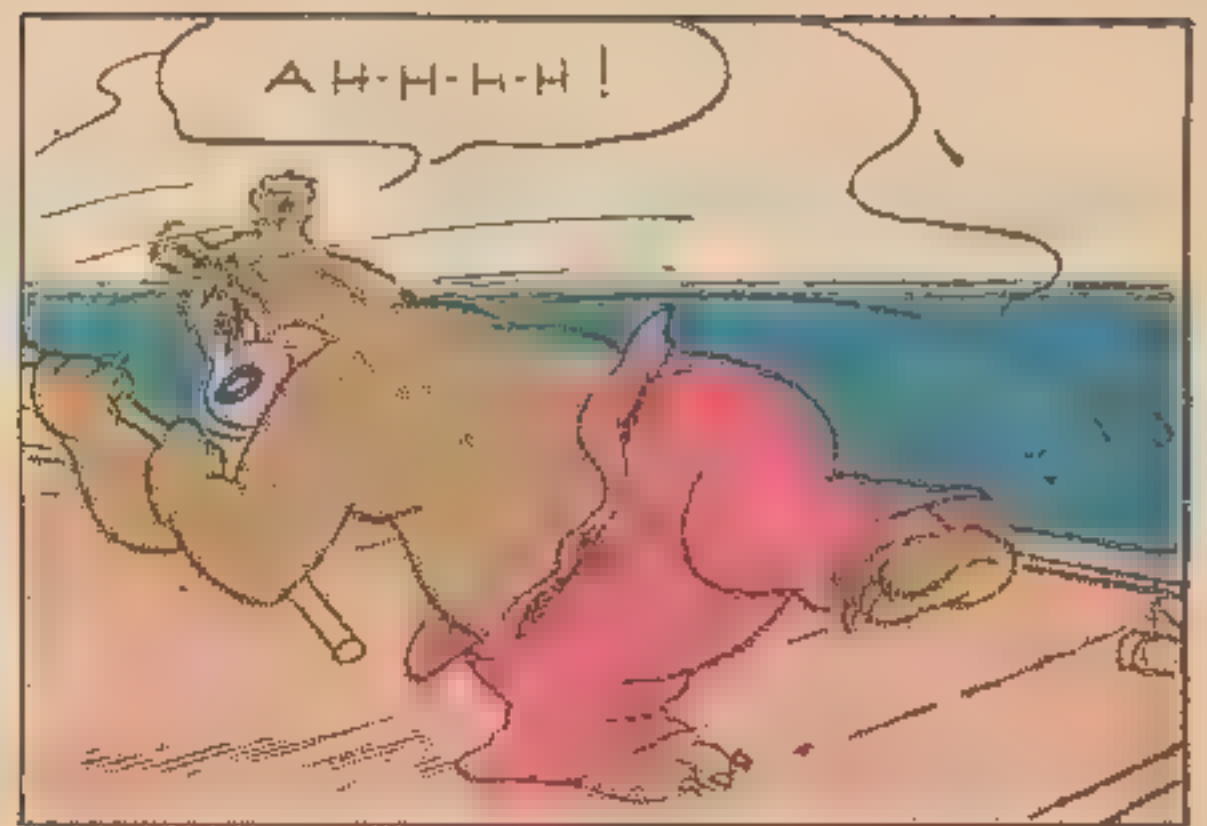
So Sparky went into action. He sat up, cocked his head toward the committee and smiled from ear to ear. Then he rolled over on the rug, waving his paws and swishing his tail. The stern faces of the watching men broke into smiles. Encouraged, Sparky jumped to his feet and walked solemnly from one to the other, holding out his paw to shake hands. Finally all, except one especially grouchy member, were smiling at the friendly dog. Sparky bounded to this one man, put his paws on his knees and gently licked his face. That was the finishing touch. The grouch, too, was conquered by the handsome Sparky's friendliness.

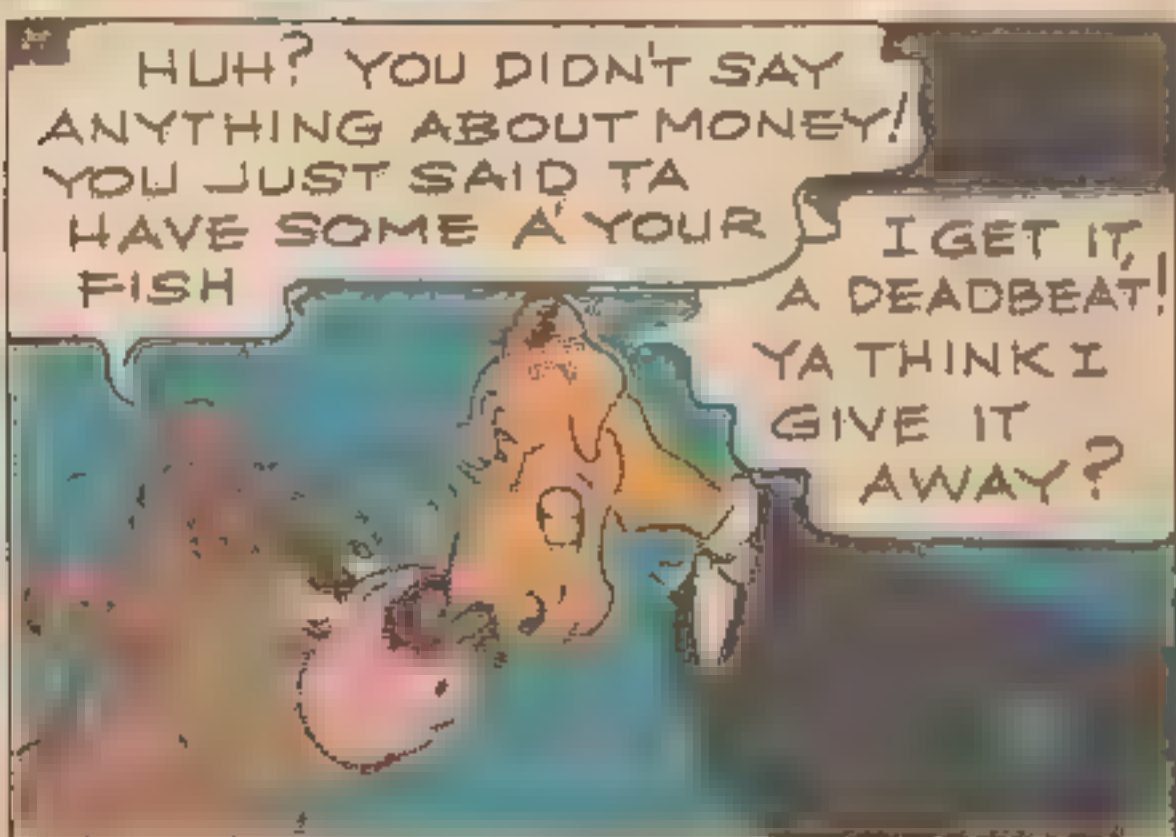
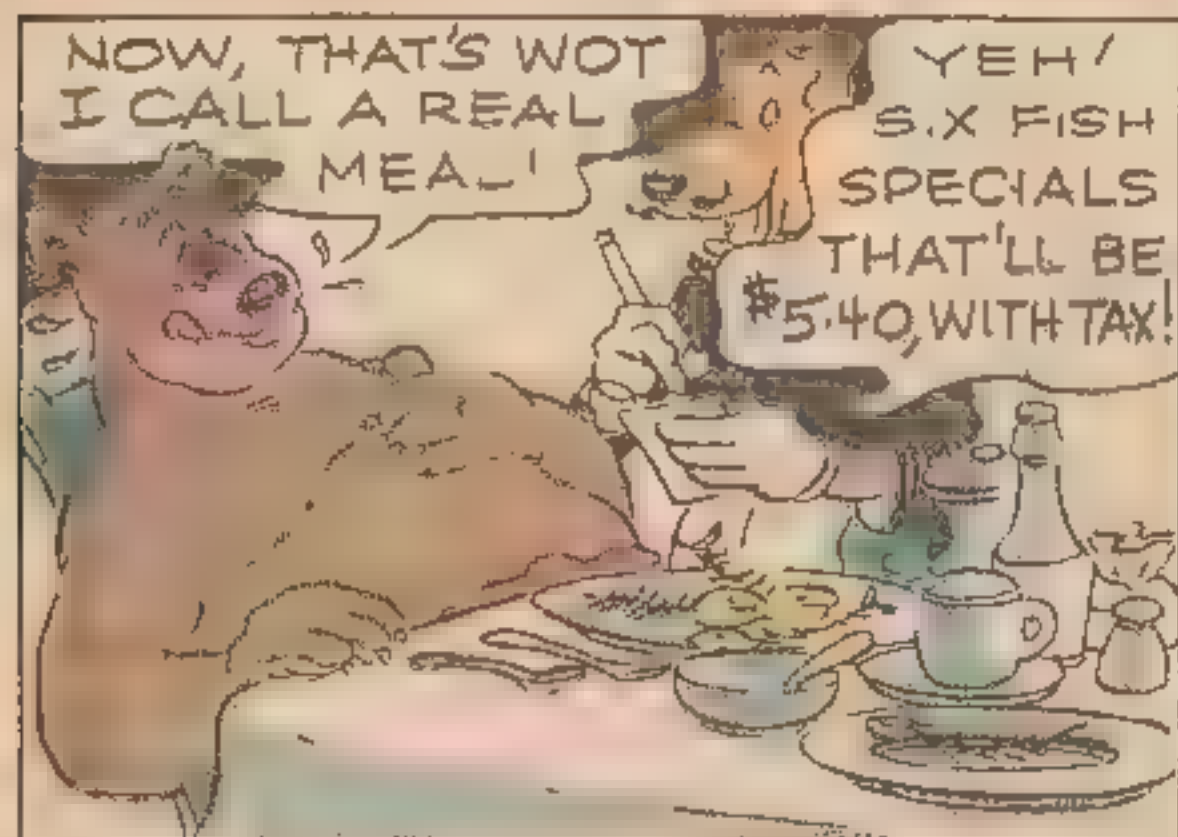
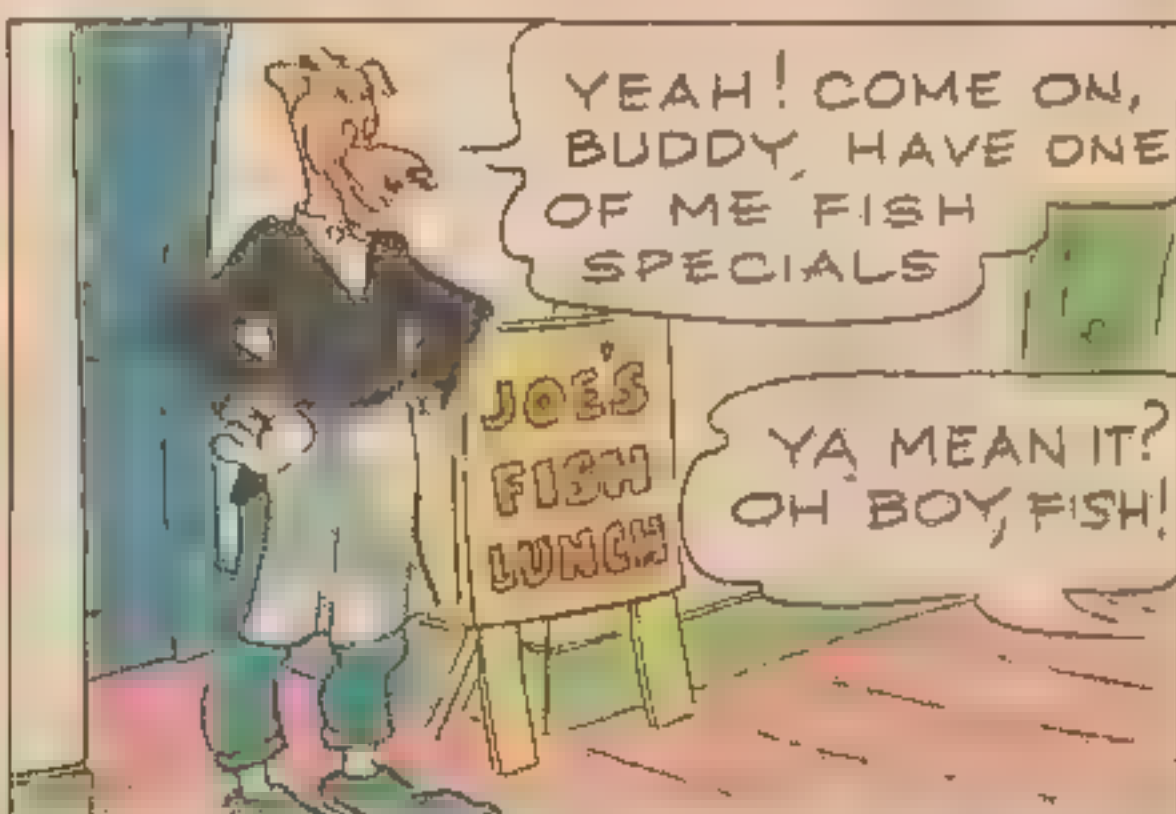
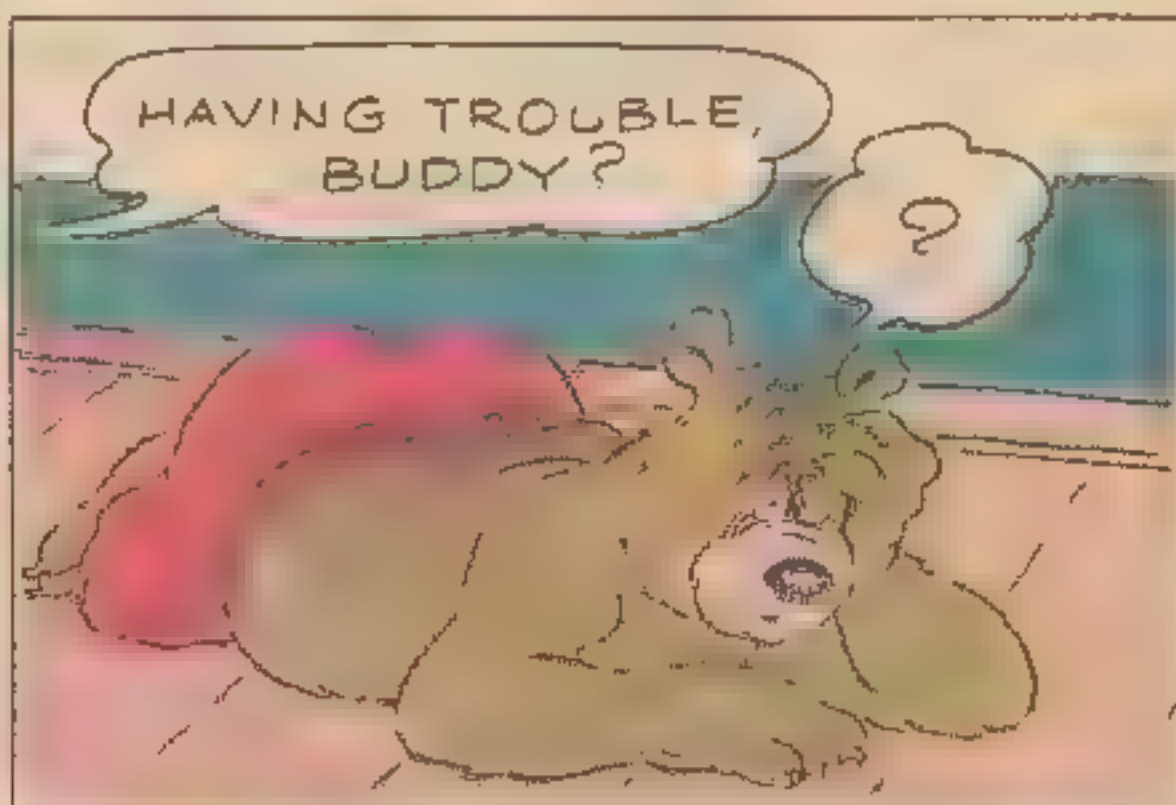
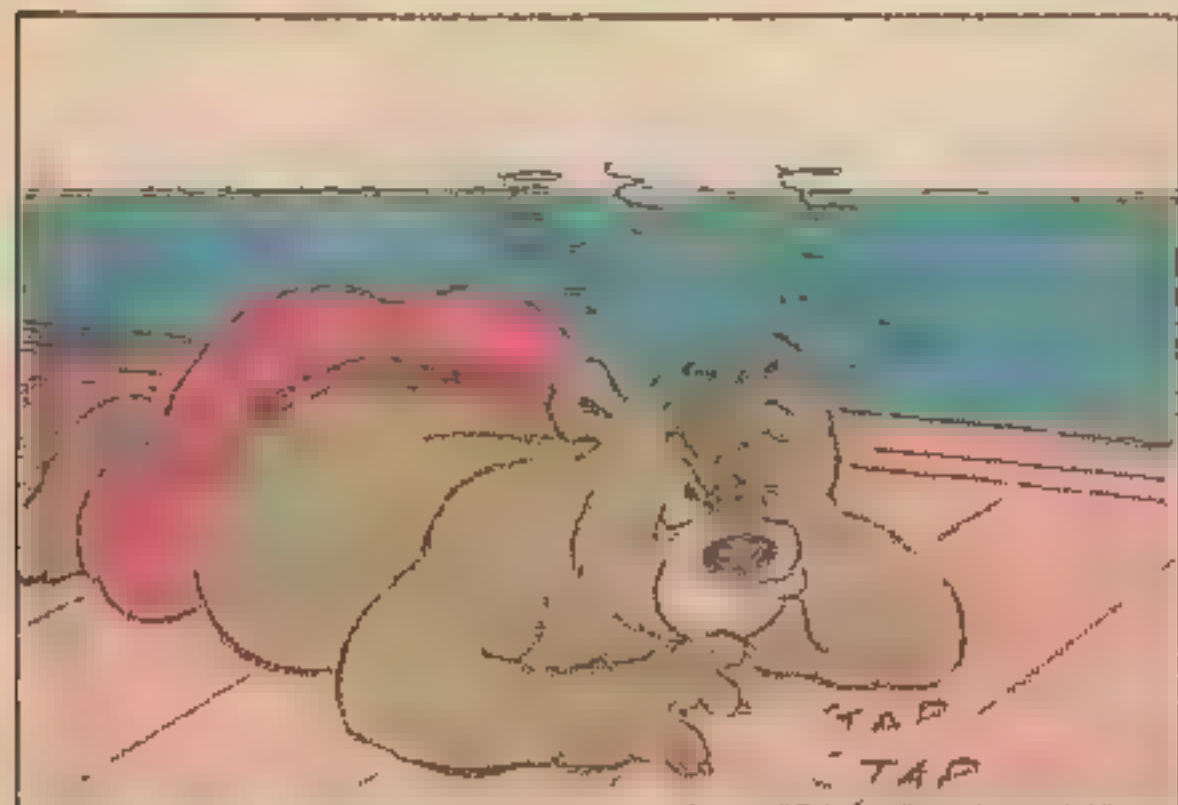
The room rang with the laughter and voices of the men as they patted and admired the clever dog. Sparky had helped his master win the battle.

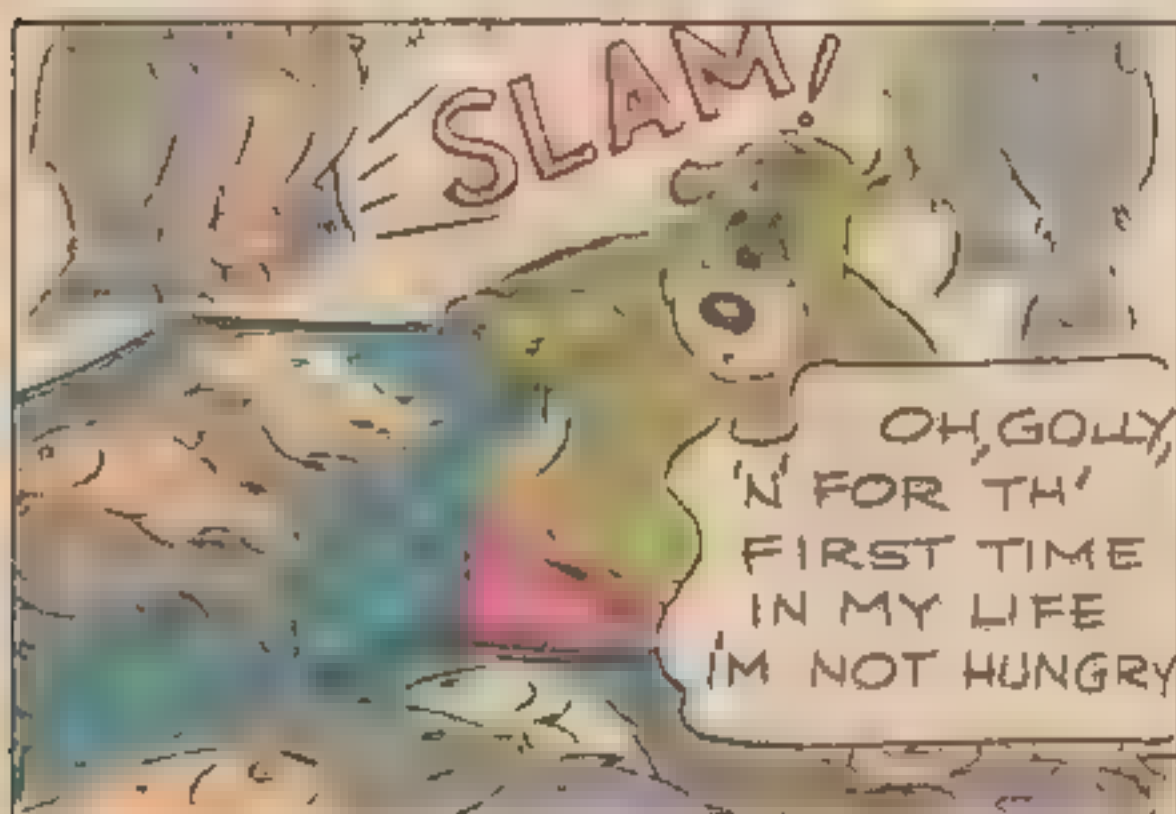
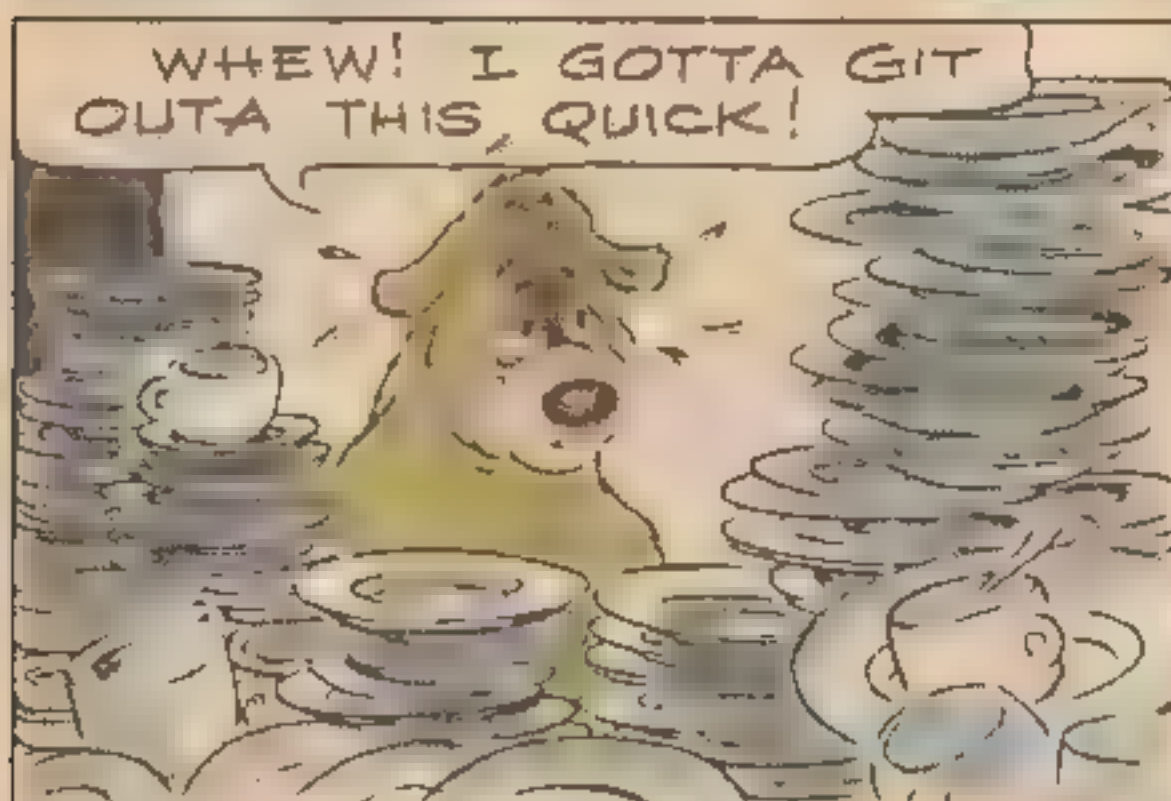
The bill was passed, and later, when Sparky and the doctor traveled, Sparky could ride in the coach with the man who depended so utterly upon him.

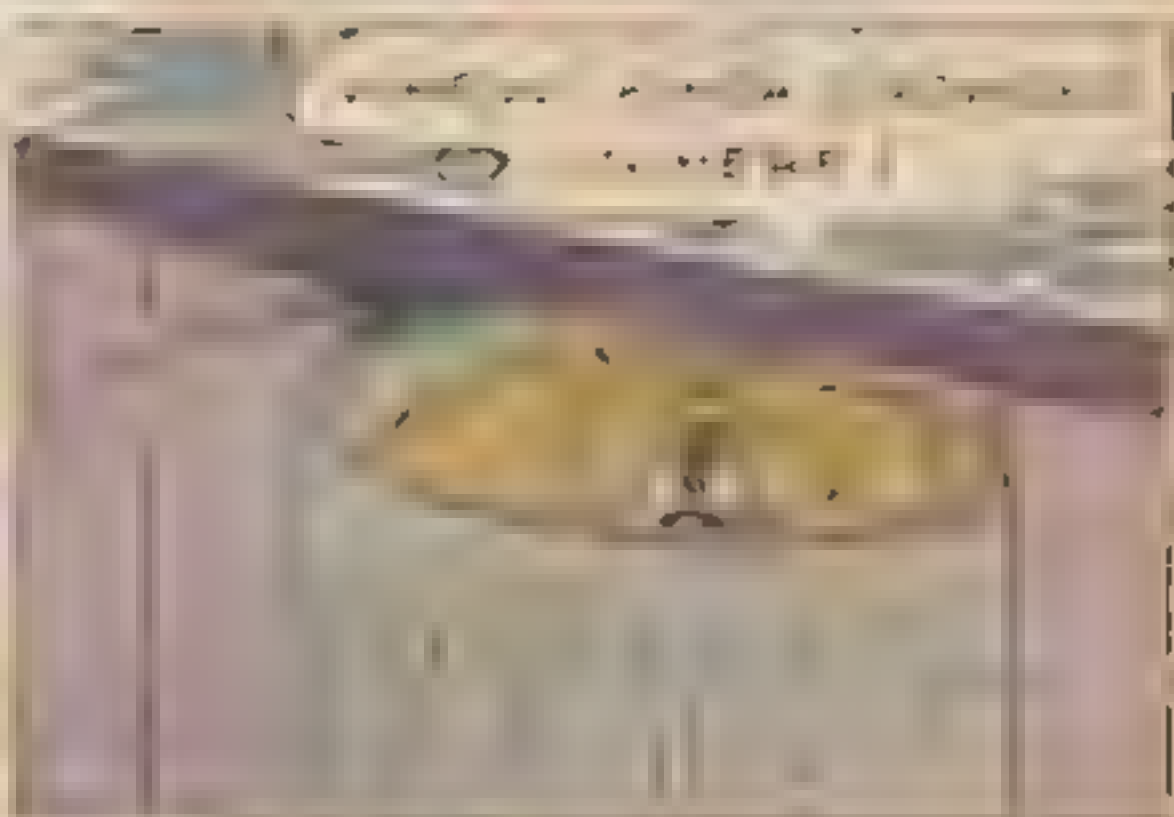
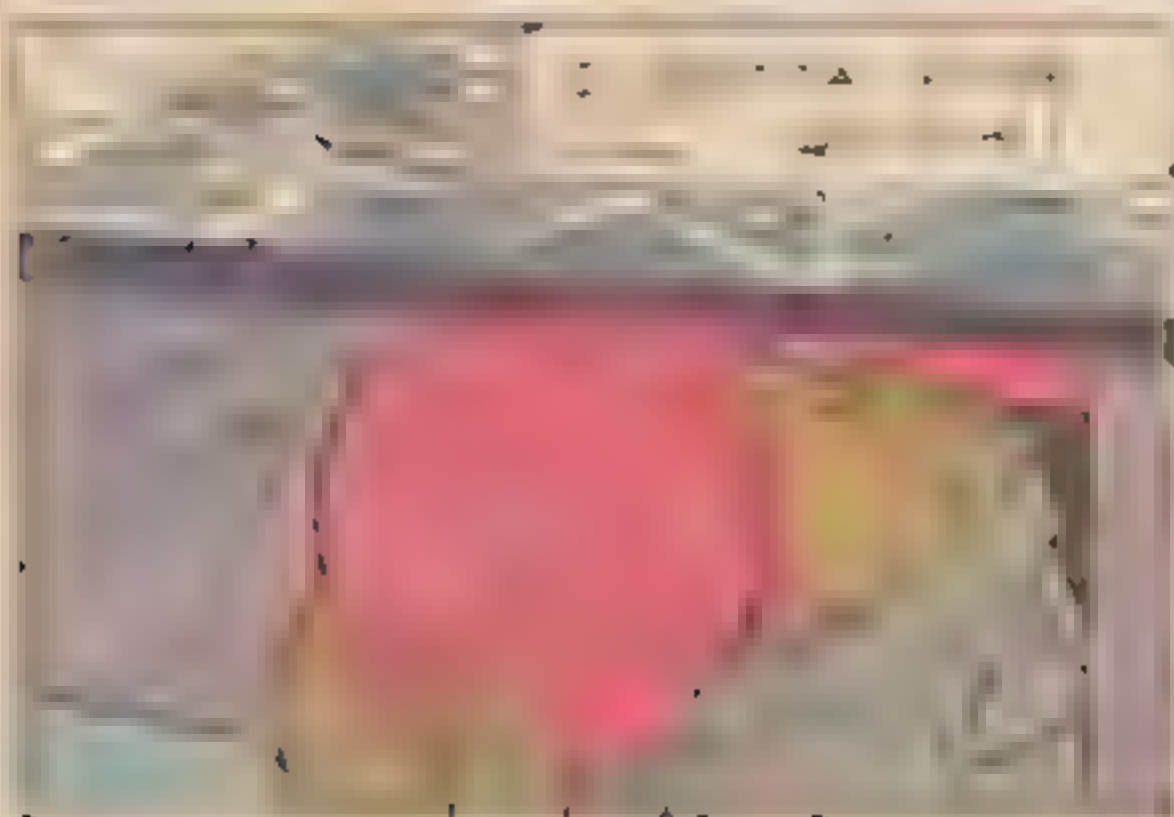
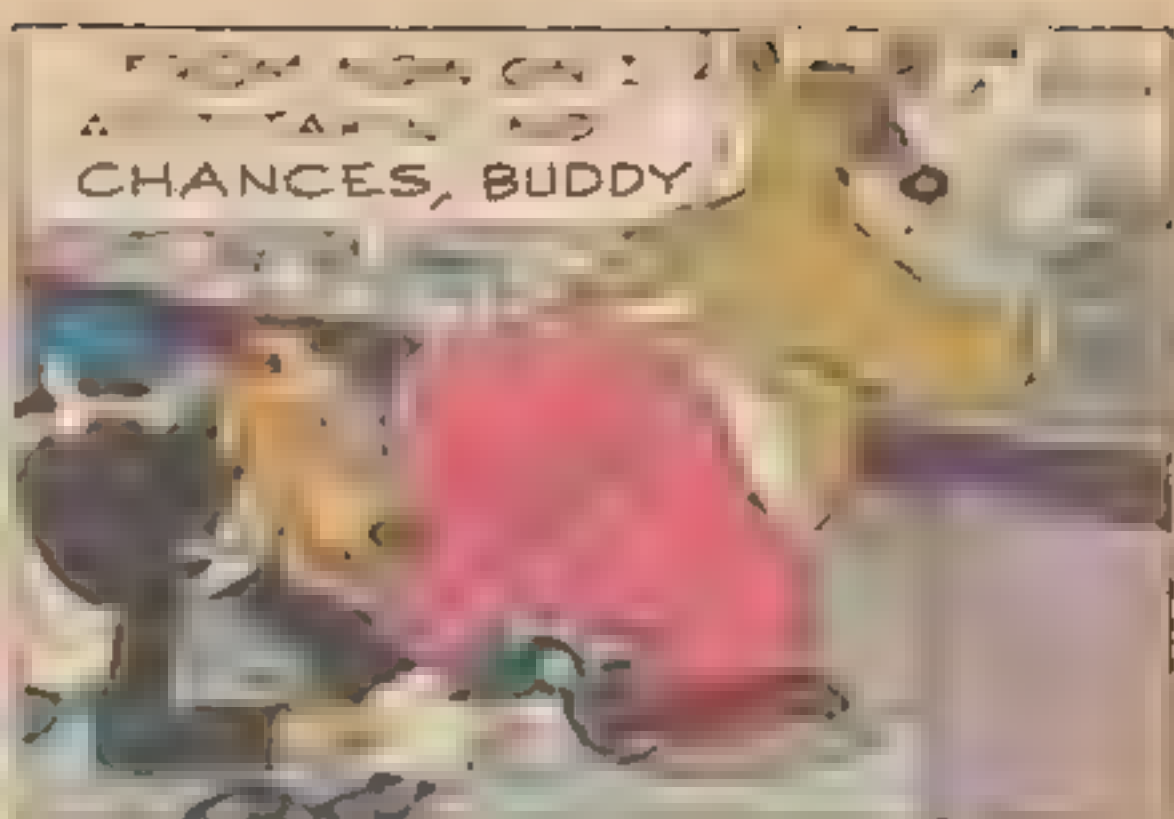
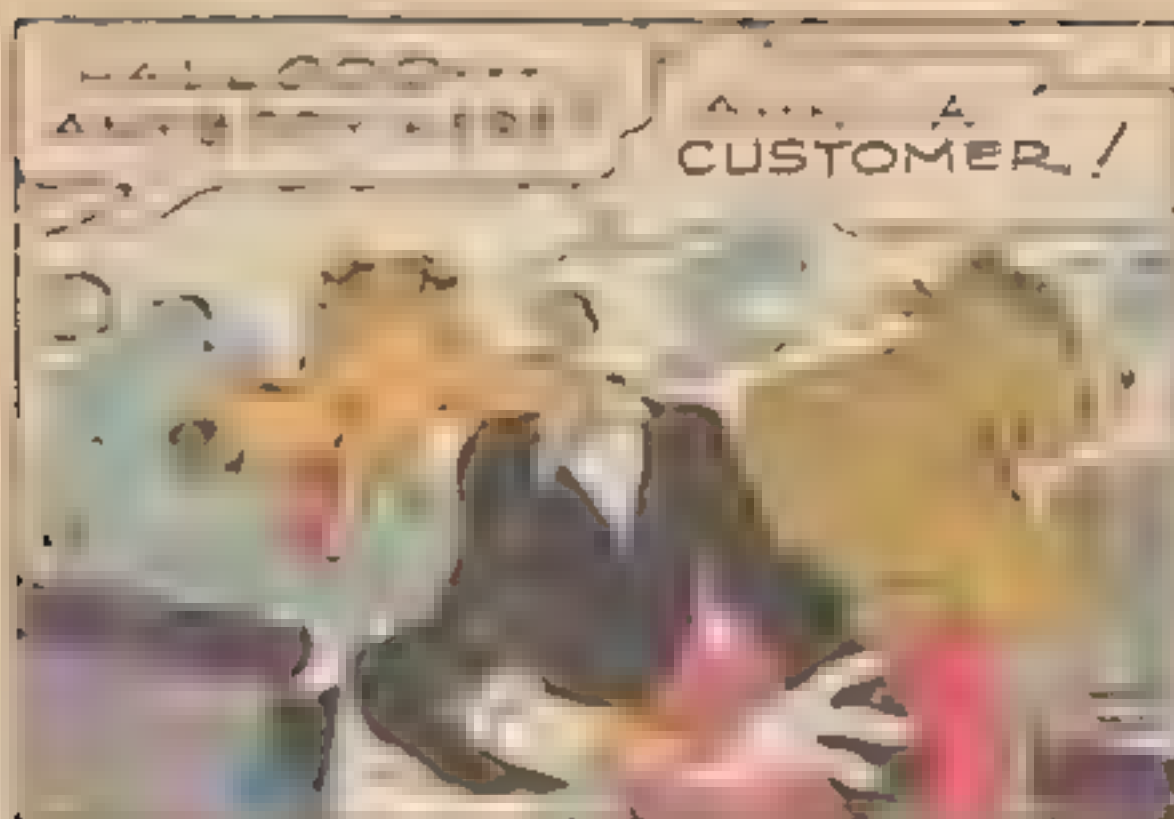
So life became full of interest and happiness again for the doctor, guarded always by his friend, Sparky.

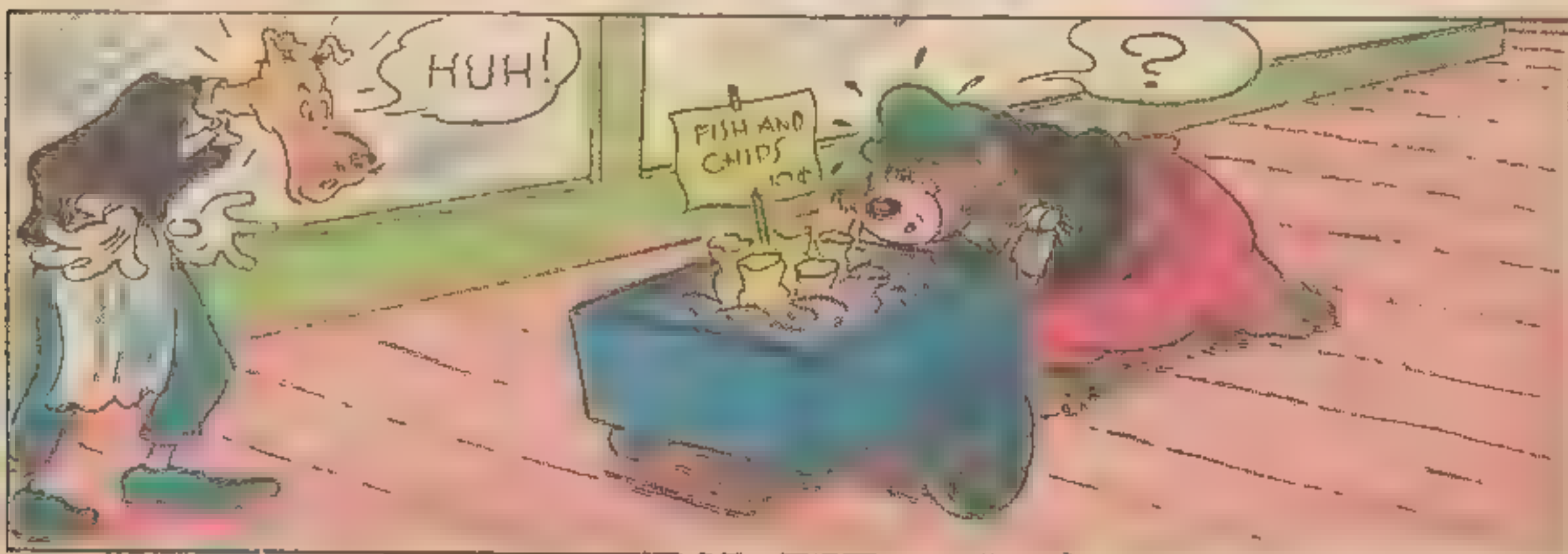
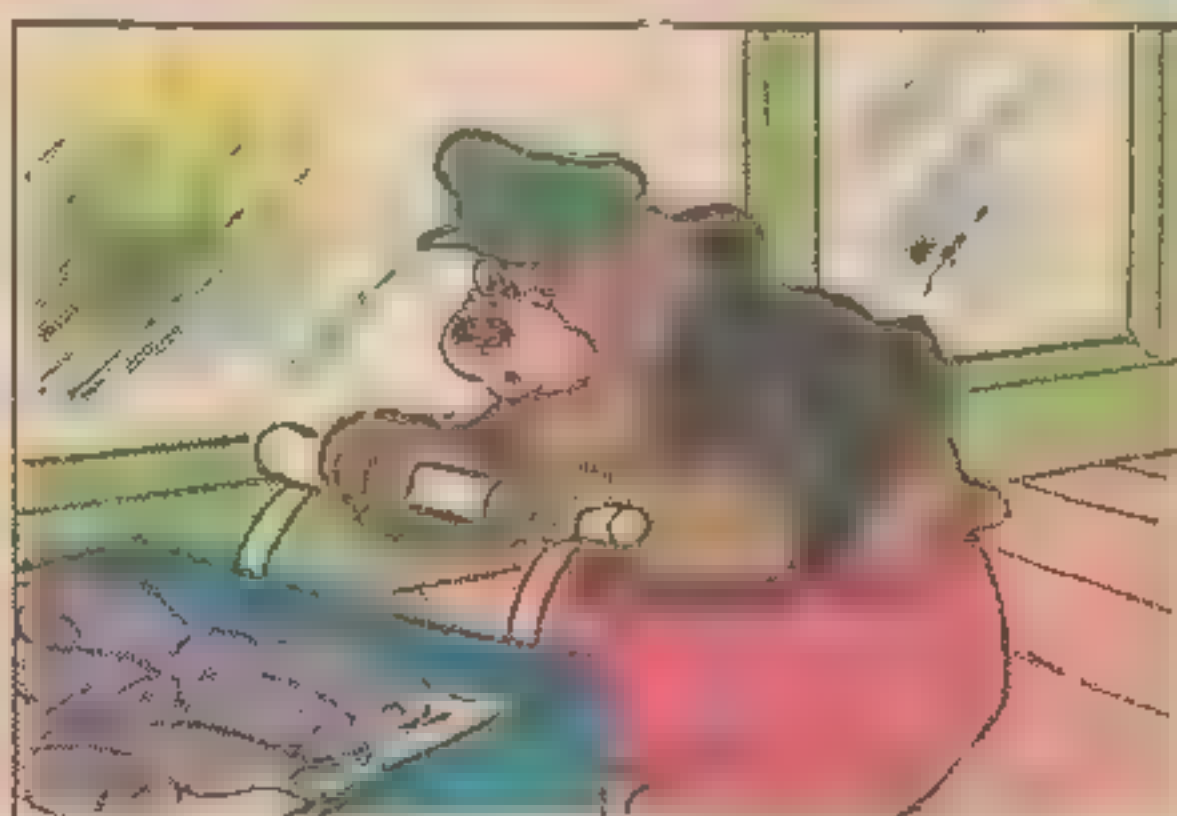
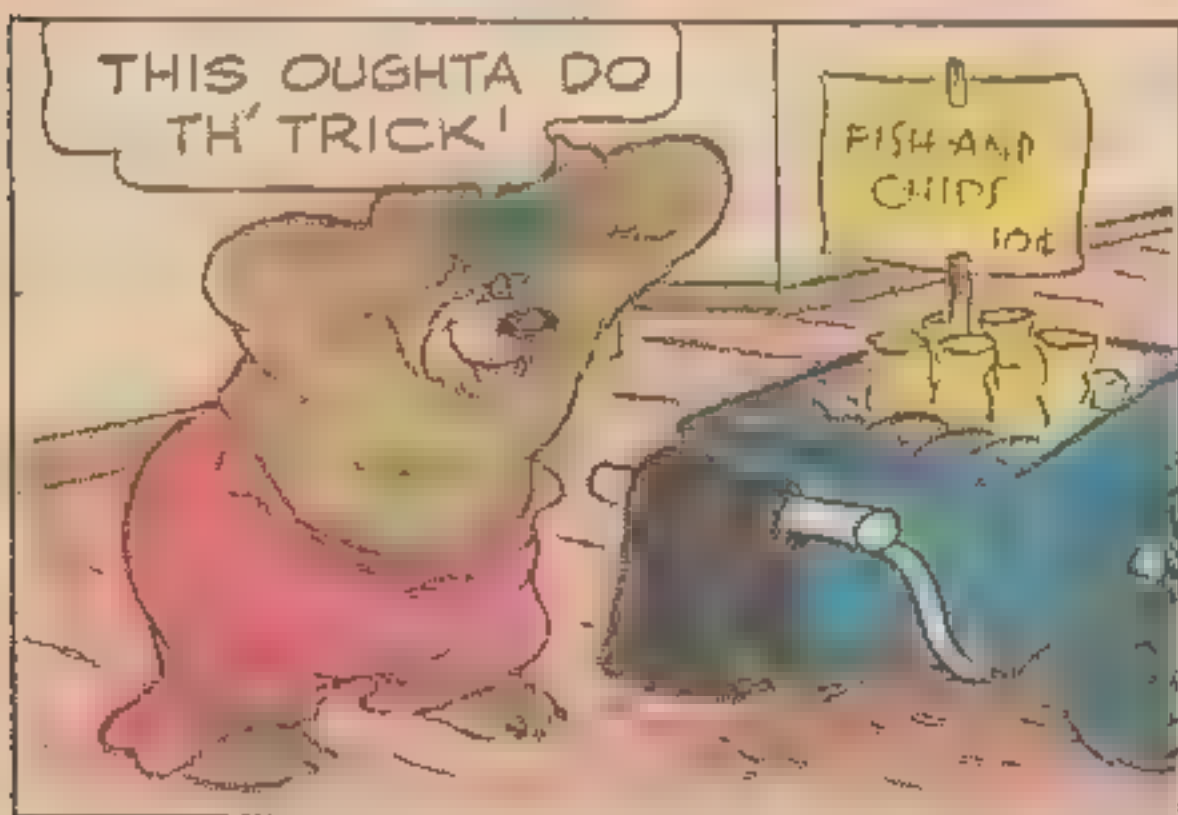
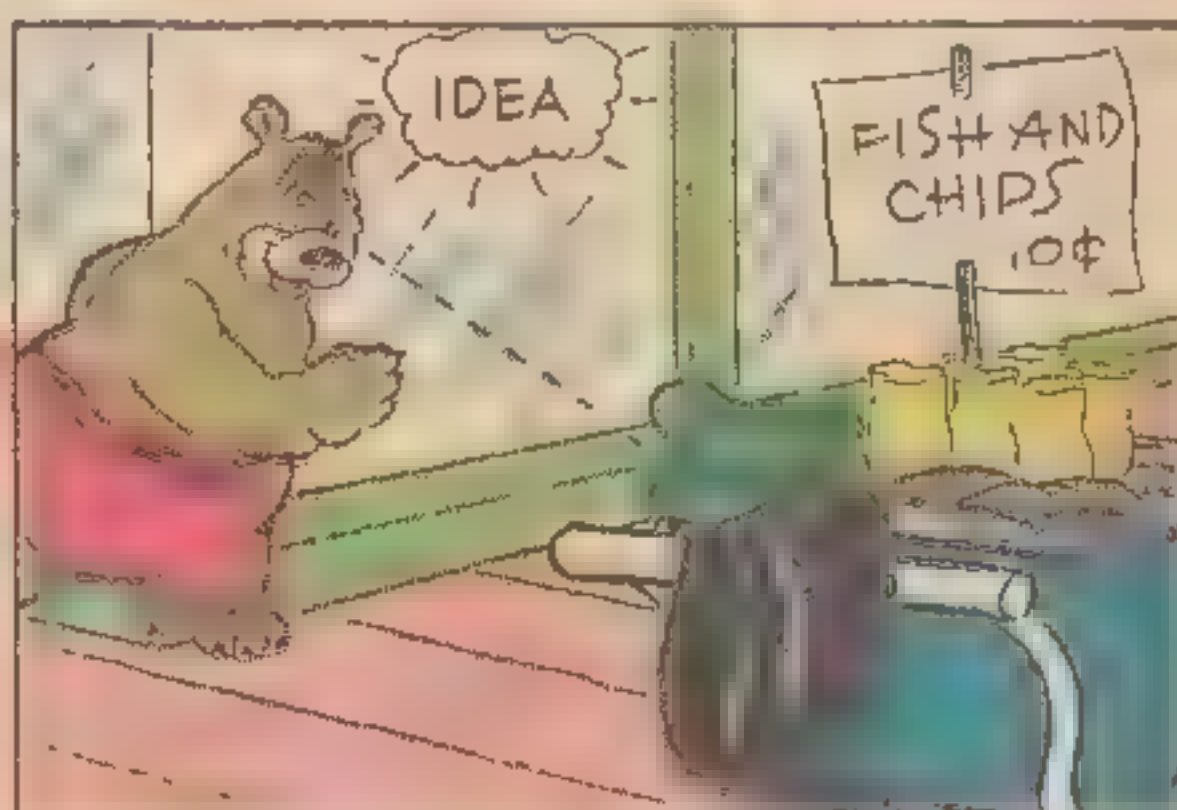
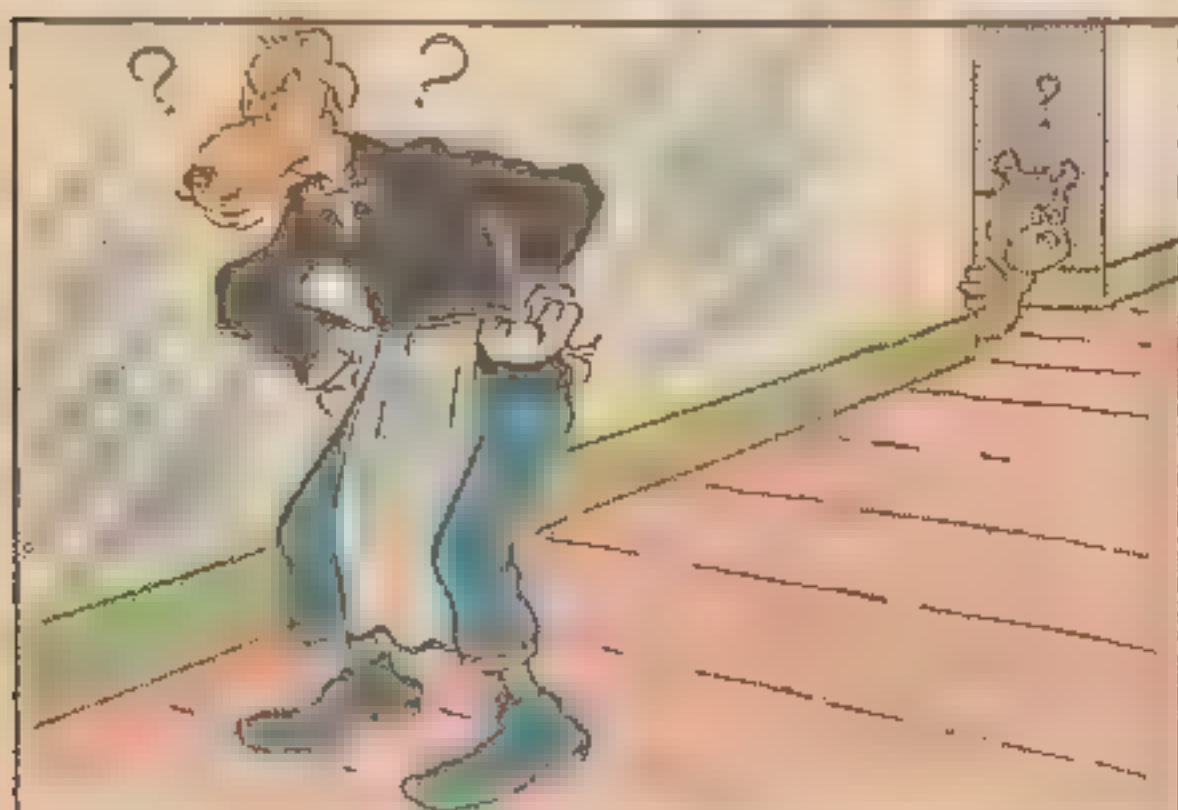
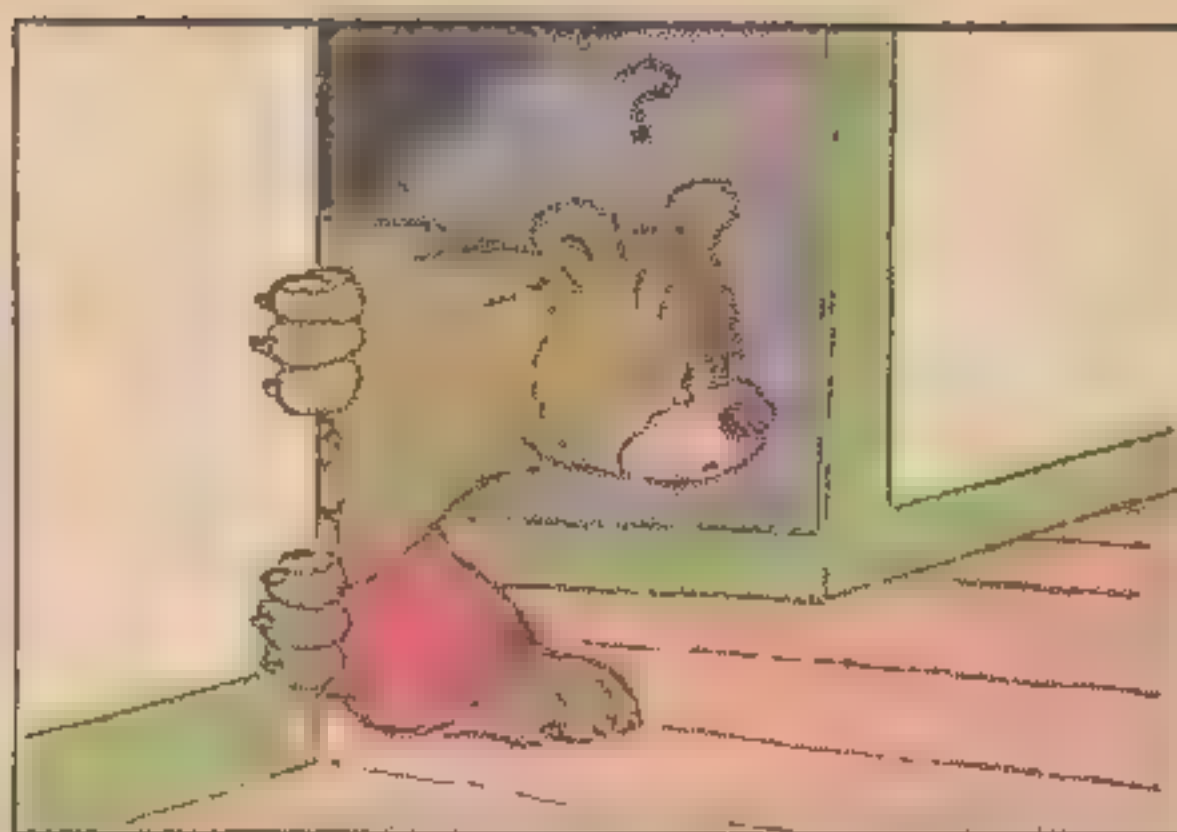


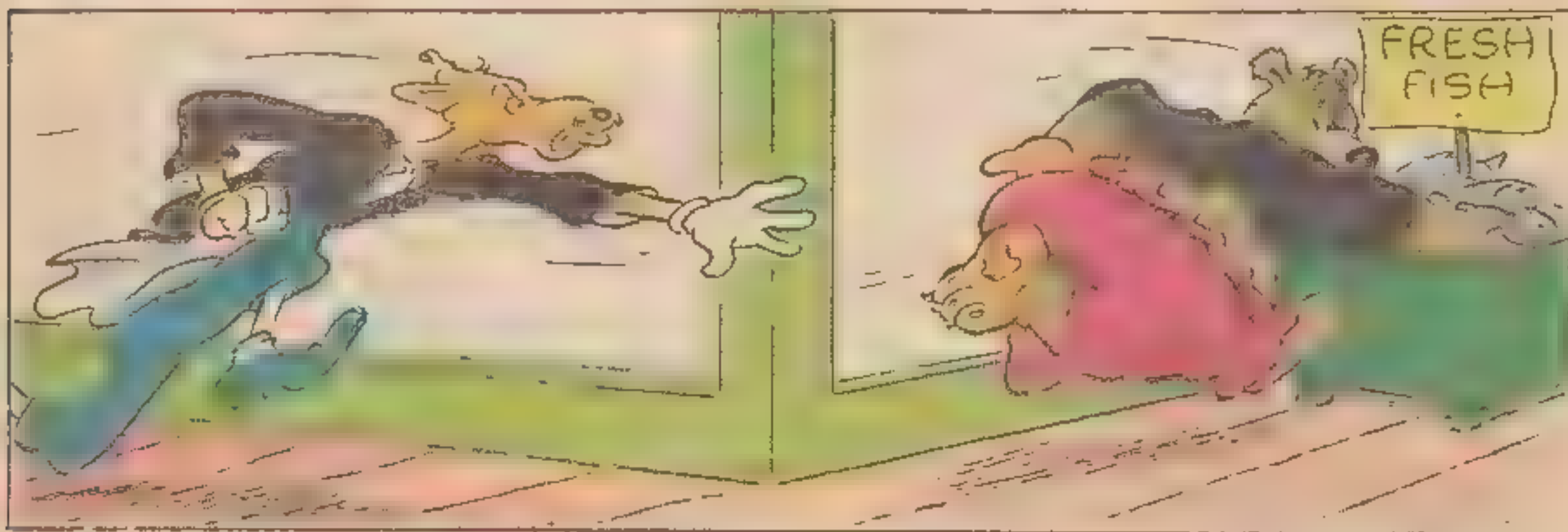
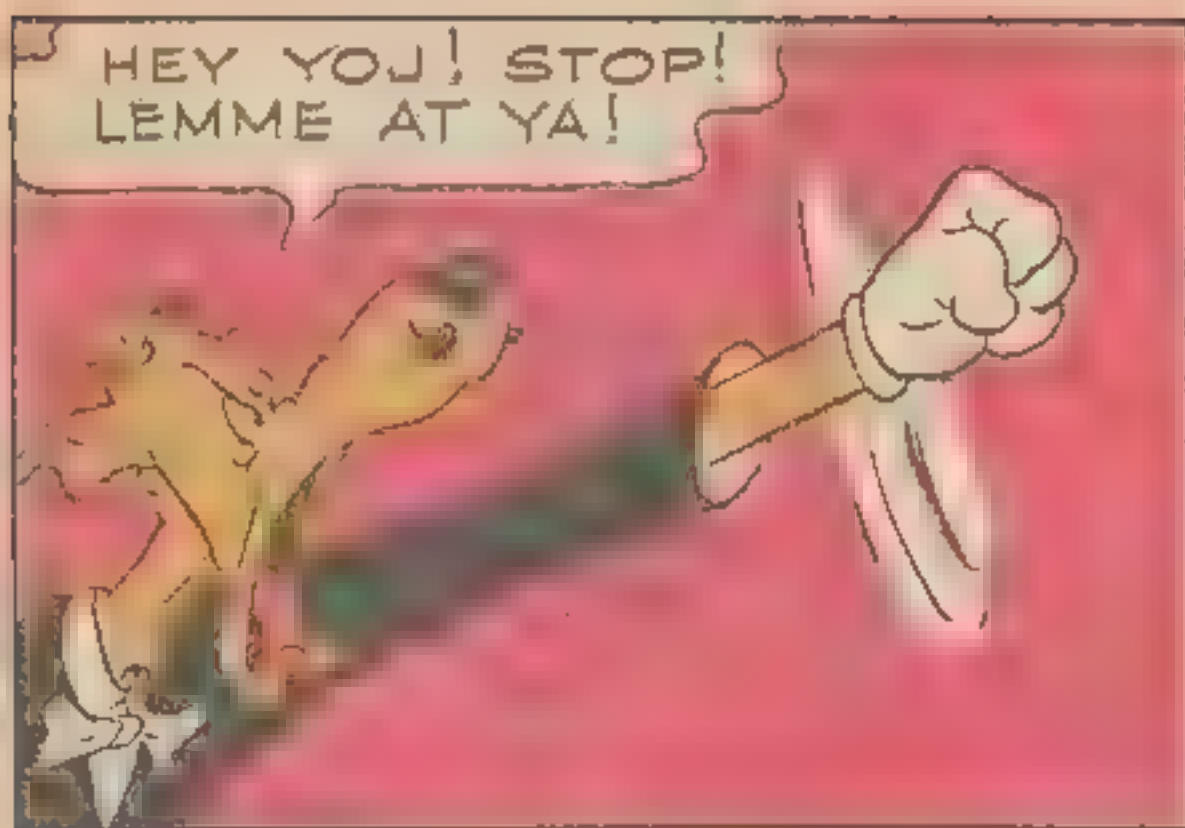


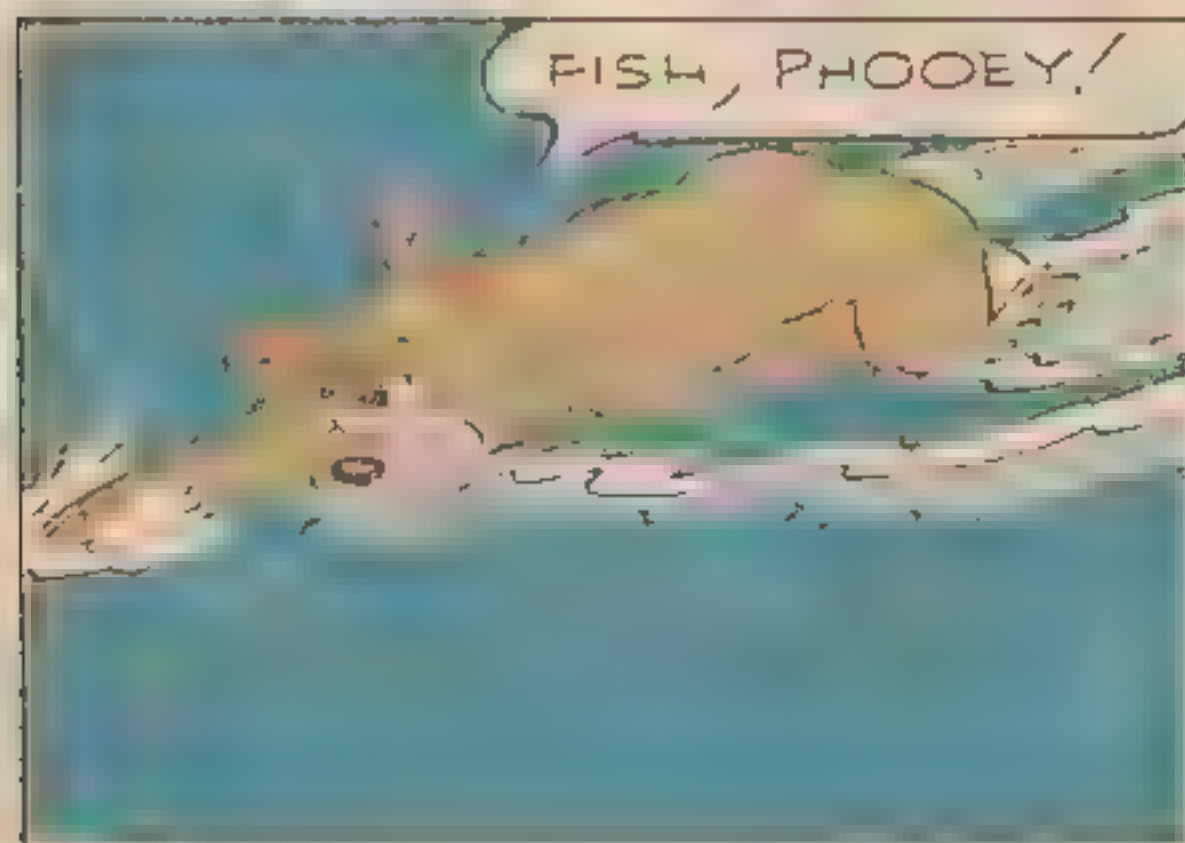
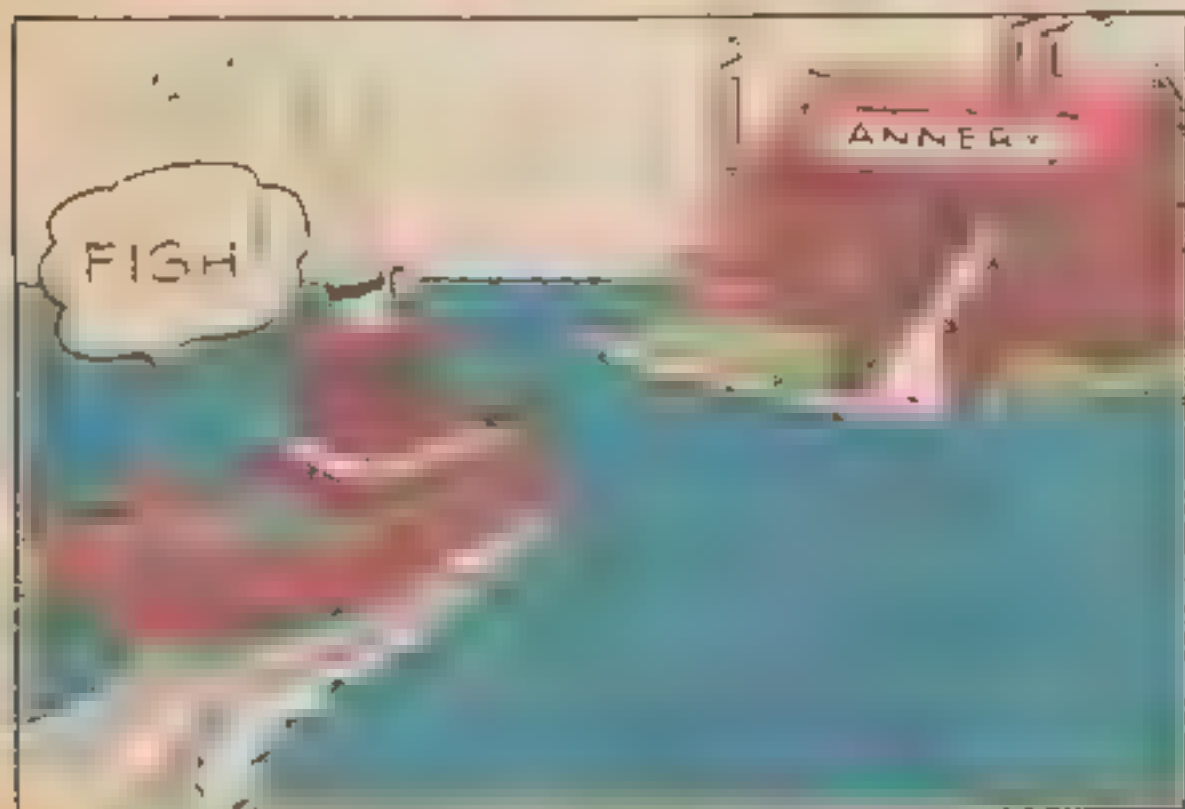
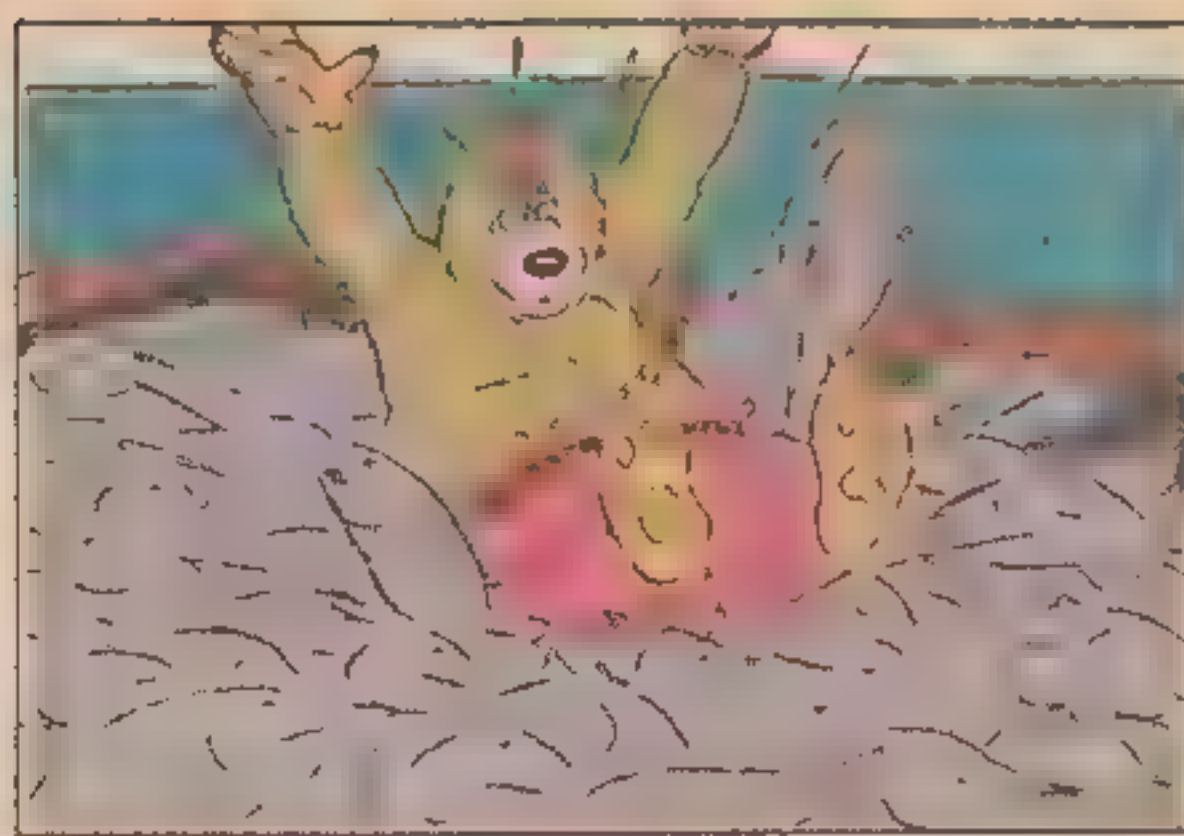








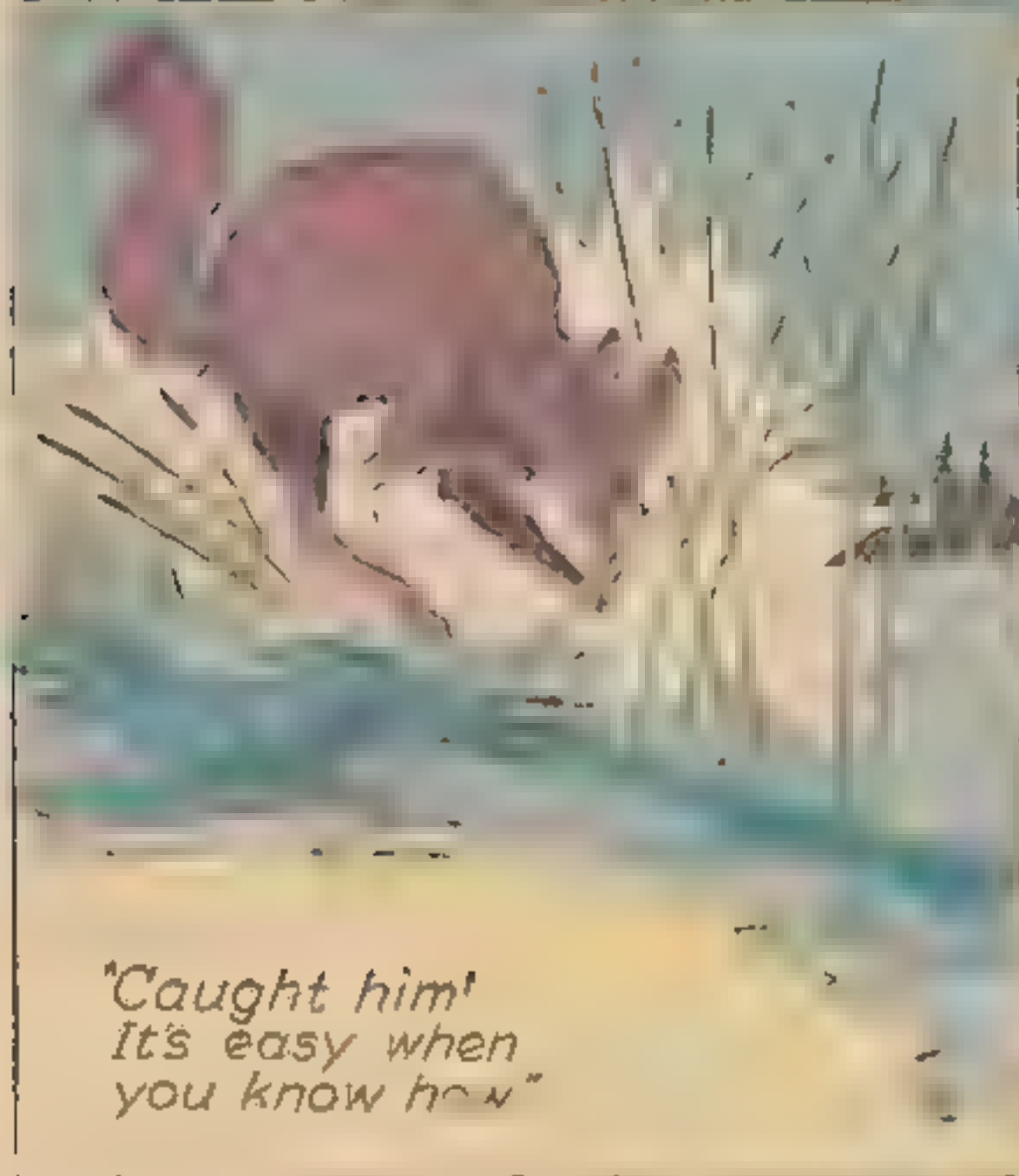




KING



Recovered from the bear's mauling, King learned from Saucy, the young she-wolf, how to hunt for a living.



*"Caught him!"
It's easy when
you know how"*



*"Huh! I can
catch one too—
there's nothing
to it."*



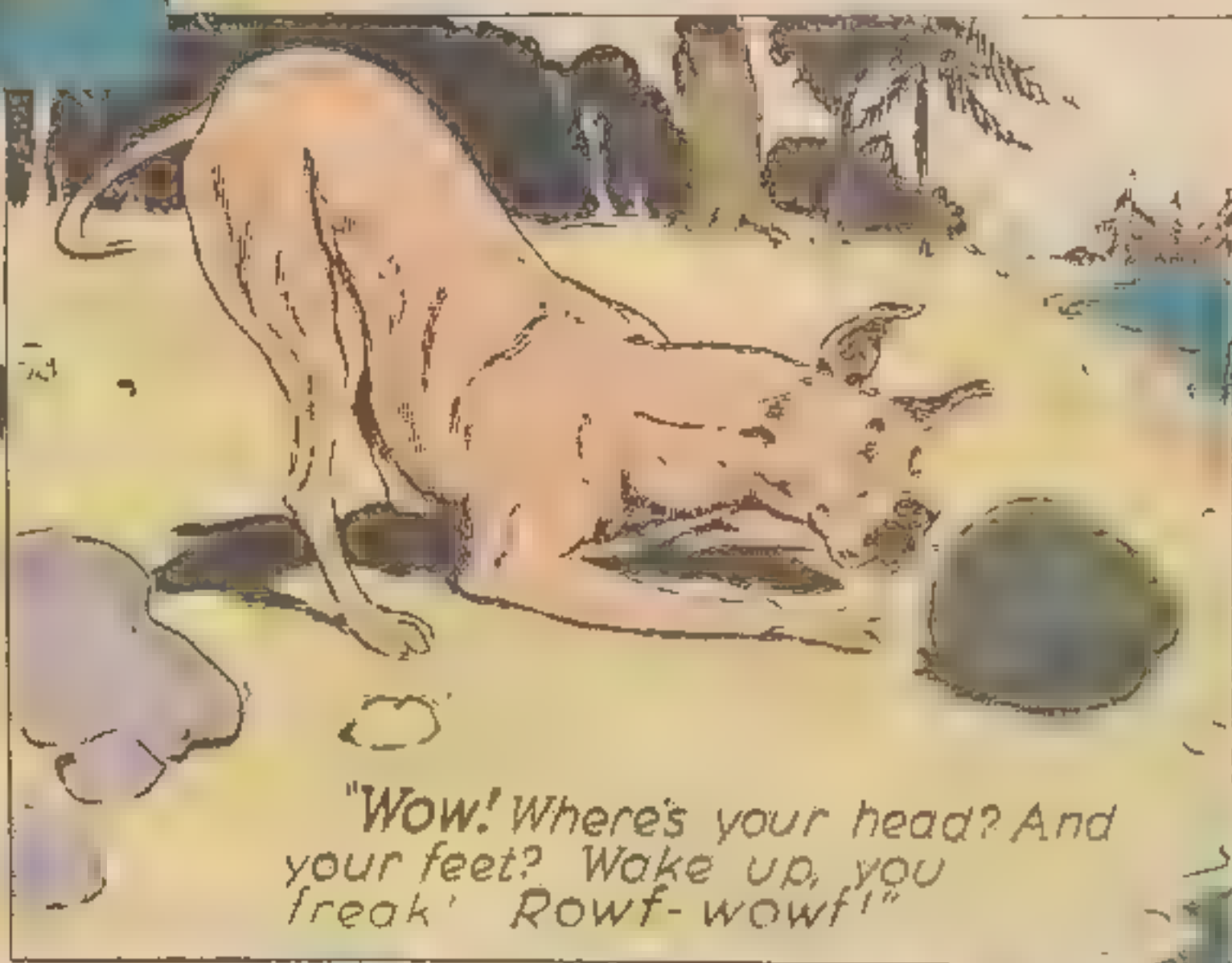
"Owf! Here's something better than a frog!"



Despite the big snapping turtle's hisses King grabbed him...



...pulling him high and dry.



"Wow! Where's your head? And your feet? Wake up, you freak! Rowf-wowf!"



"Hi, King! What's all the excitement?"



An audience was just what King wanted. He began clowning with the turtle while Saucy laughed



"Oh, shucks! Hasn't it got any life in it?"



*"Let's look for
some more frogs—
this old hardshell is too tame!"*



"Ee-yike!"



*Saucy
watched King's agonized
fight with deep disgust*



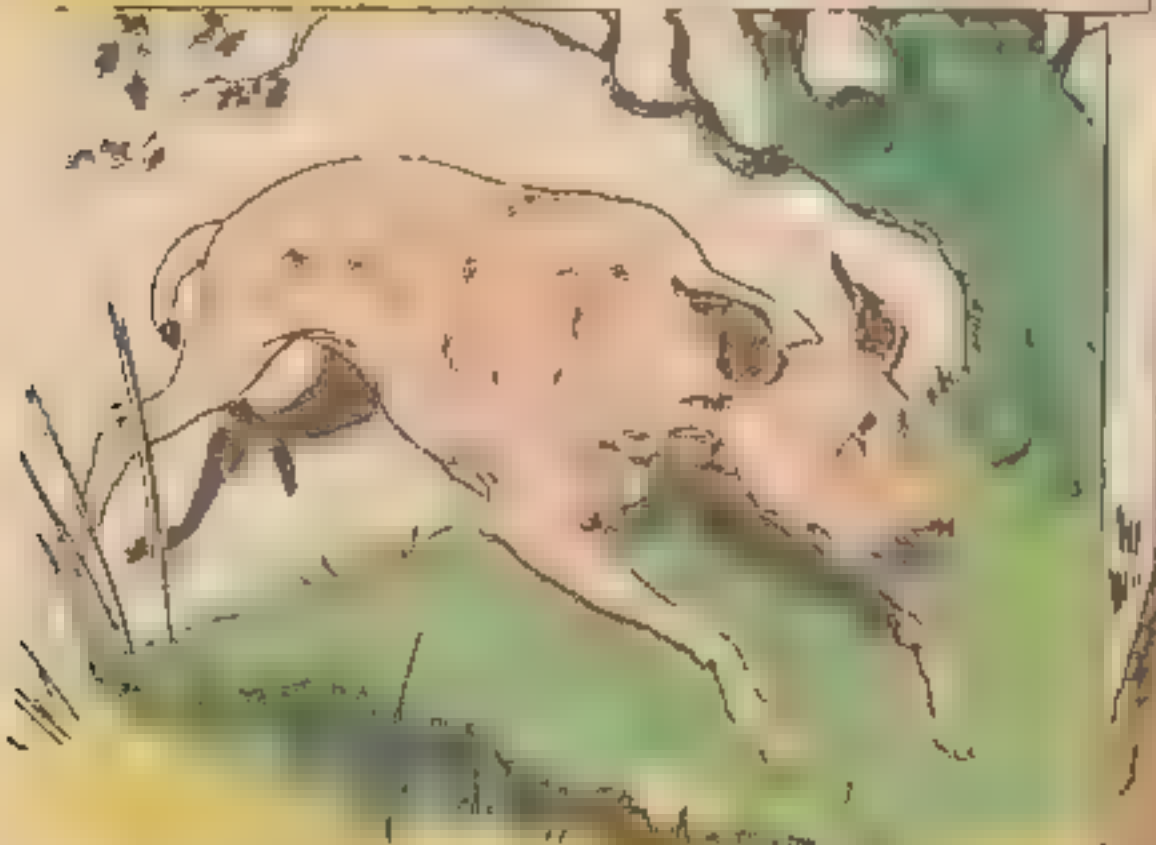
*A
rock
broke the
painful
attach-
ment.*



*but
King was
too scared
to know it*



*At last he
stopped and
tenderly
licked his
sore tail*



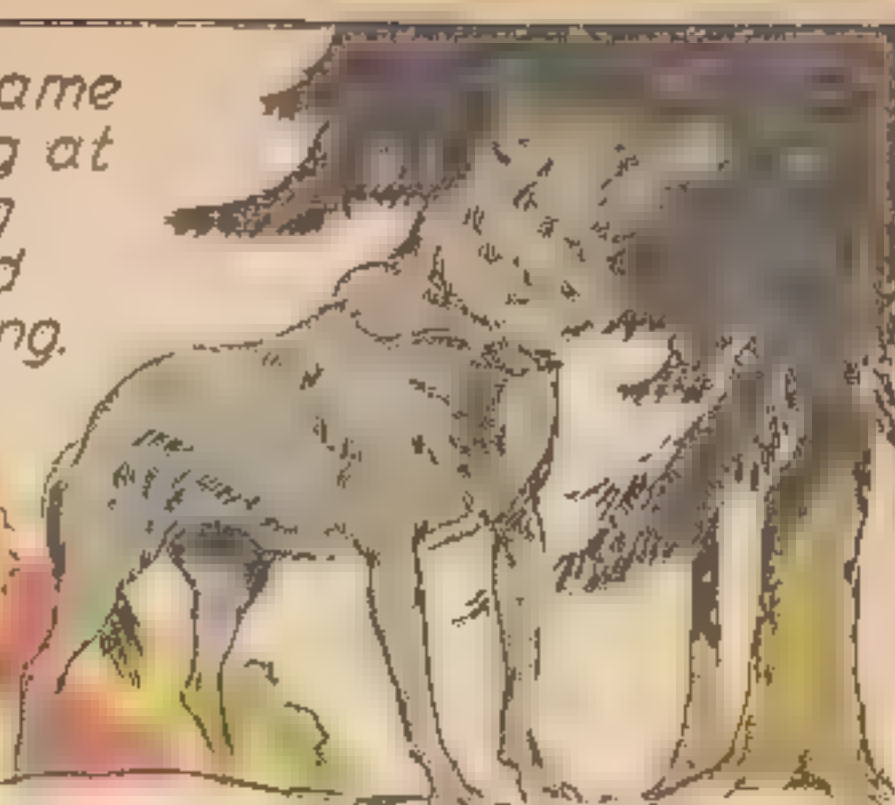
*A trifle
shamefaced
he hurried back
to find Saucy*



*But the little she-wolf
was nowhere in sight*



A mile away he came upon her—sniffing at a few large, falling snowflakes...She did not even look at King.



After a few moments' hunt he found her trail-scent and followed it



"Leave me alone, you cowardly fool—I'm through with you!"



Crushed and bewildered, King watched her whisk away

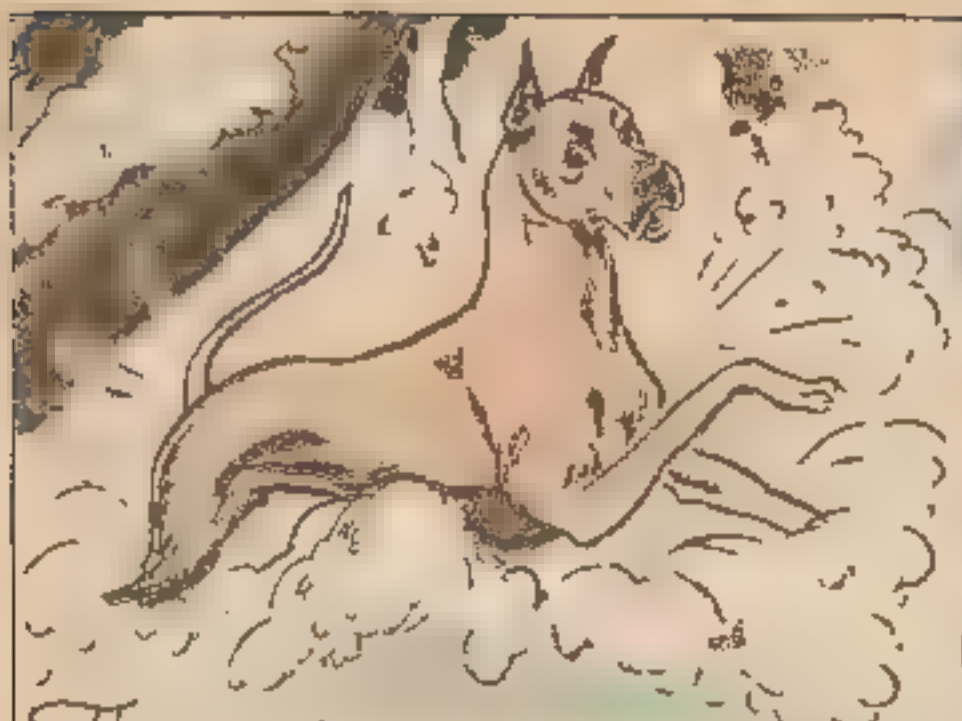
Heartbroken by Saucy's fickleness, King never noticed the change in the clear, fall weather



Too miserable to return to the old wolf-den, he made himself a nest under a fallen tree..



...and shivered himself to sleep



The next morning, a terrified young dog burst from beneath his white blanket—the first snow he had ever seen.



—It had no smell, but the dry, powdery flakes got up his nose.



He sneezed violently

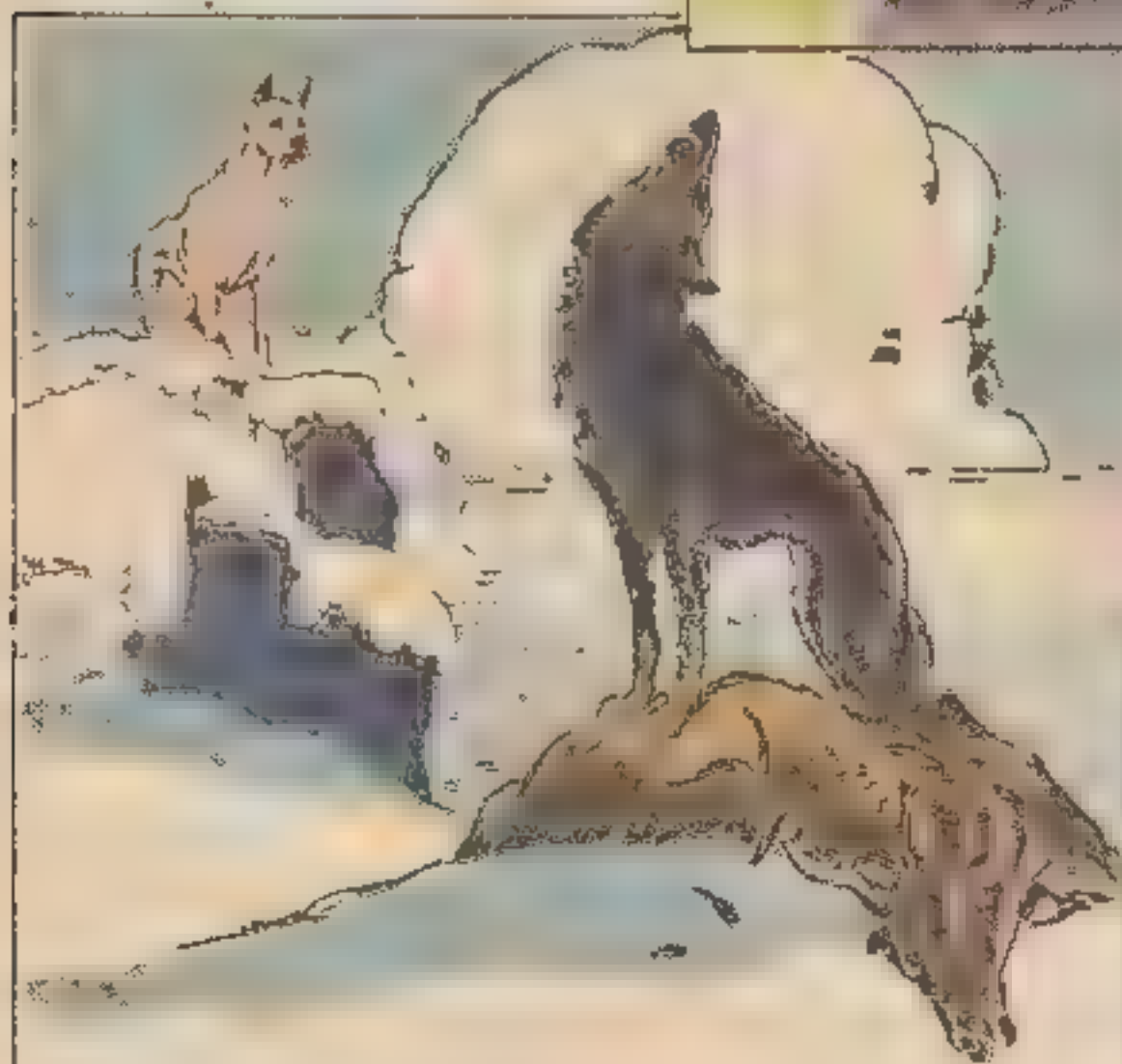


Then he walked through it daintily, like a cat—shaking the snow from each foot.

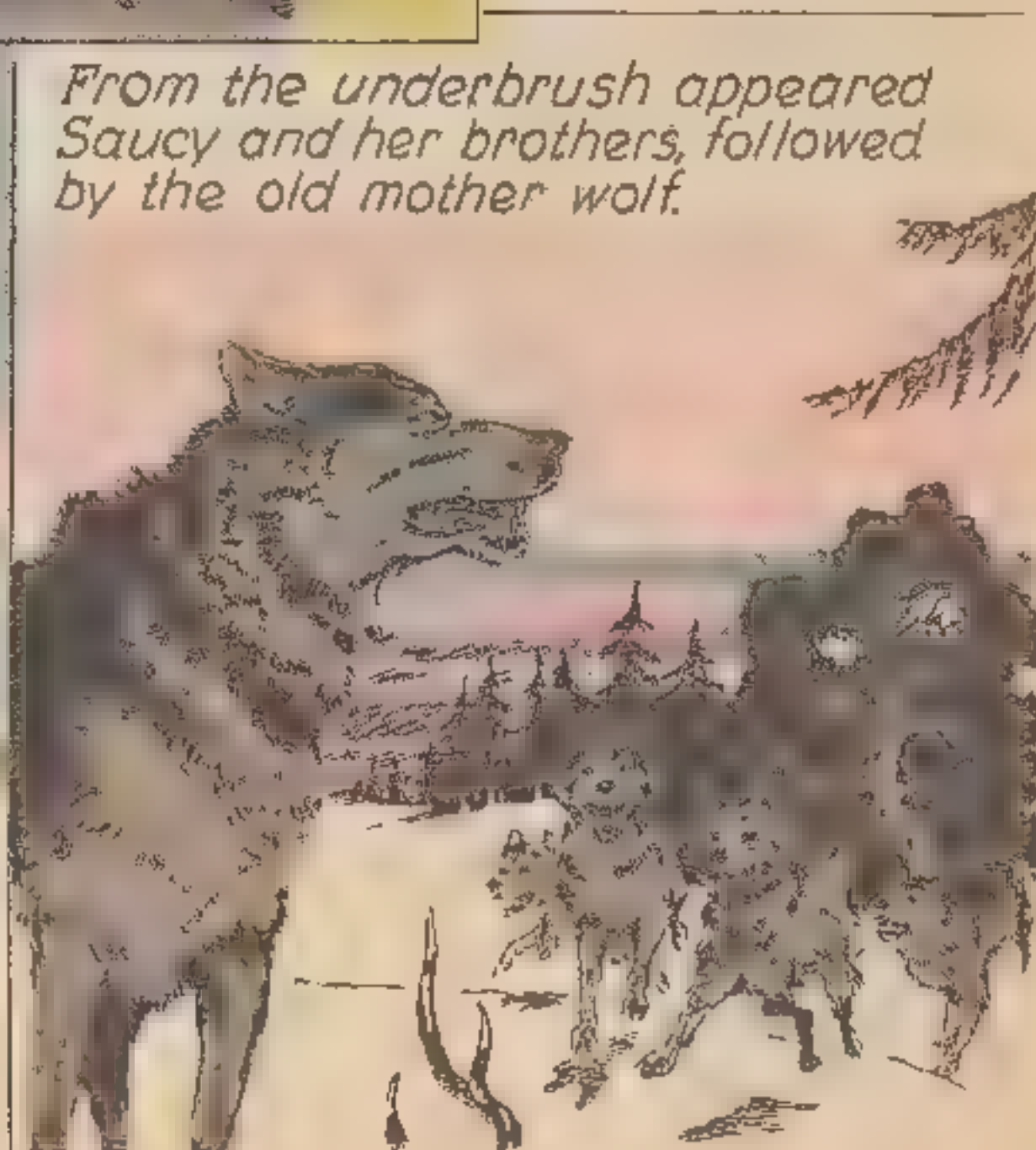
Through the still, cold air rose a wolf's rallying call.



King stopped to listen—a sudden, fierce loneliness filling his breast.

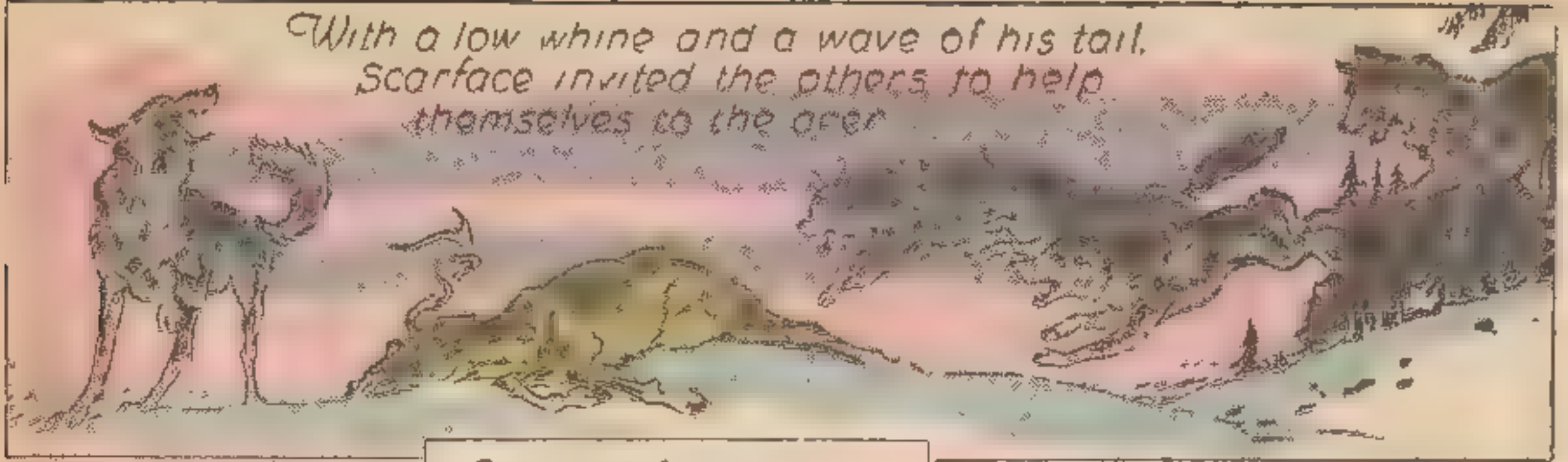


From a high ledge, he saw the big male timber wolf—standing over his kill.



From the underbrush appeared Saucy and her brothers, followed by the old mother wolf.

With a low whine and a wave of his tail,
Scarface invited the others to help
themselves to the deer



But Scarface greeted
the young dog's ap-
proach with a savage
snarl.



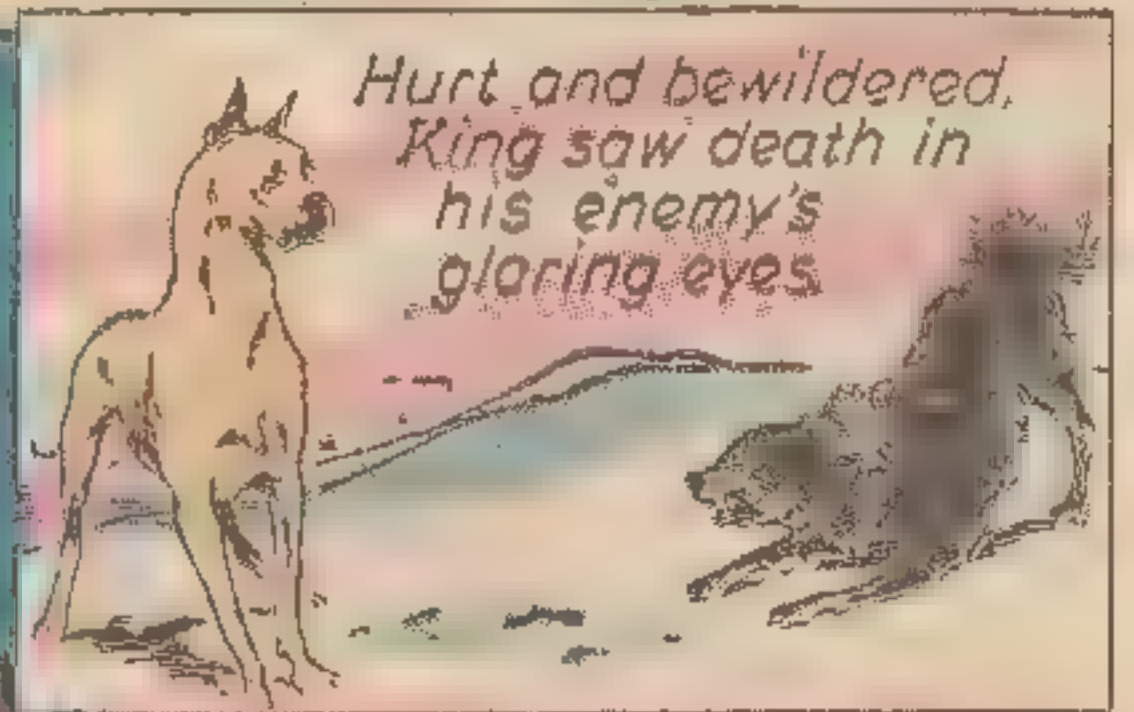
Hunger -
both of heart
and of stomach -
urged King
to join them.



King halted,
in shocked surprise,
too late to dodge the attack



The
wolf's
slashing
teeth cut
his shoulder
to the bone



Hurt and bewildered,
King saw death in
his enemy's
glaring eyes



As Scarface
leaped, King
dropped his
big head to
guard his throat



*His powerful
jaws closed
on the wolf's throat*

*With a yell of pain,
the lion fell to the ground*

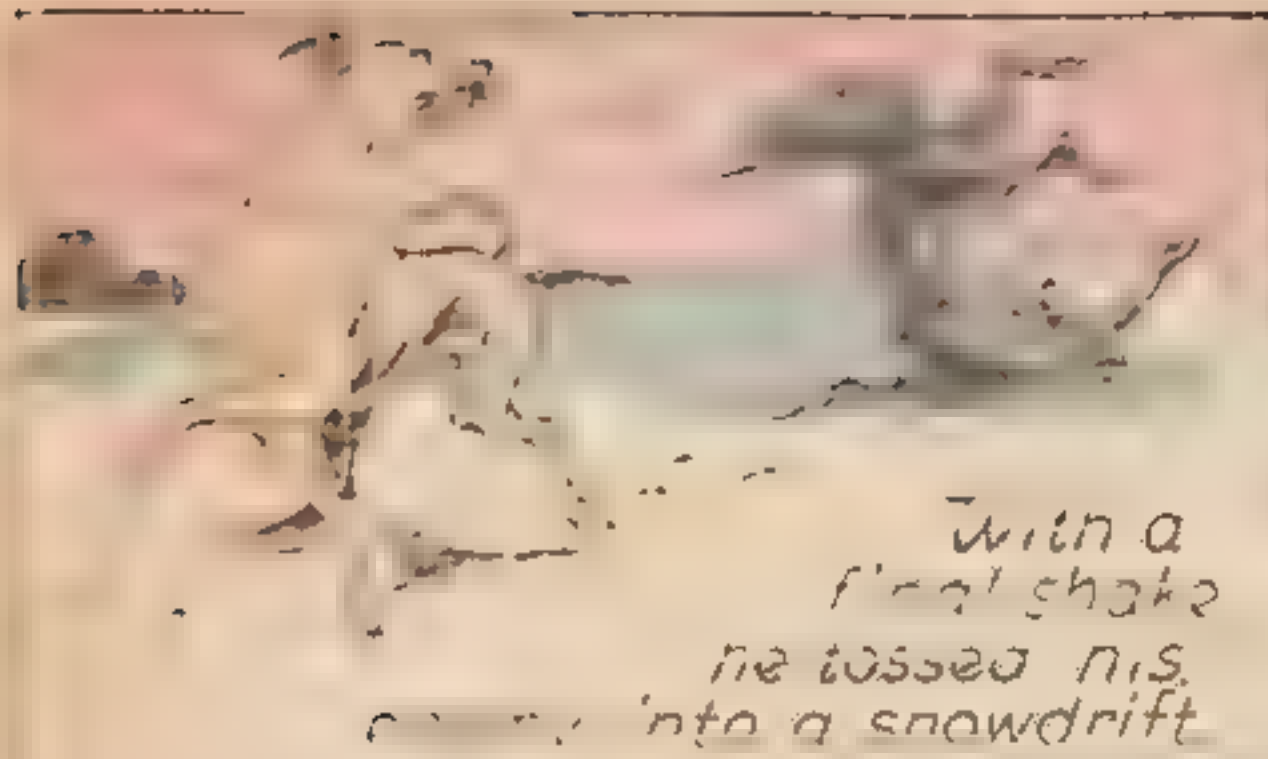
*But now, King's fury was roused—
he'd only begun
to fight.*



*Chest to chest,
the two savage beasts
spurred for a death grip.*



*Spurred
on by the
lioness's
yell, the
lion fell
to the
ground*



With a final shake
he tossed his
opponent into a snowdrift



Scarface was
no fool—he fled
on three legs
with King whooping
in victory at his feet

As Scarface fled,
King bounded back to
Saucy and her
thrilled, but doubtful,
opponent

“I guess I managed
for myself,” she
let bygones be
bygones?”



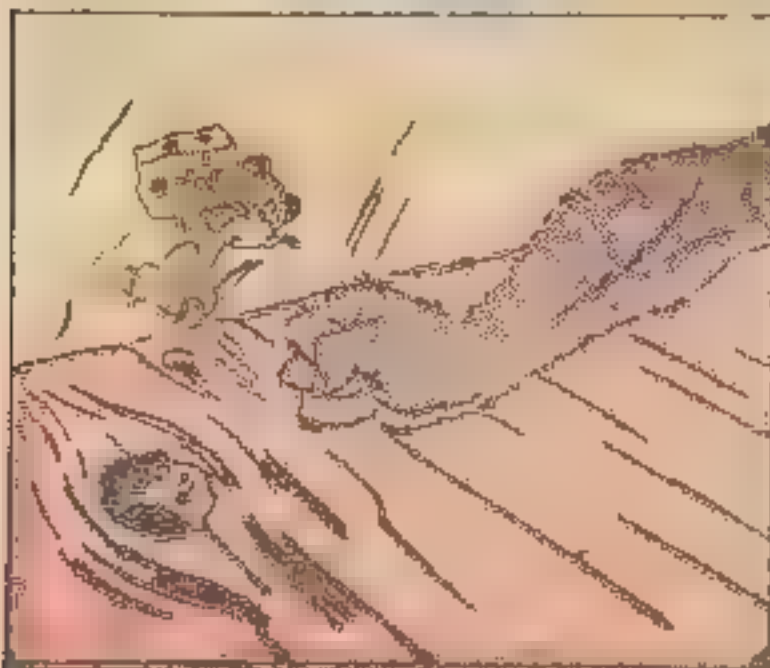
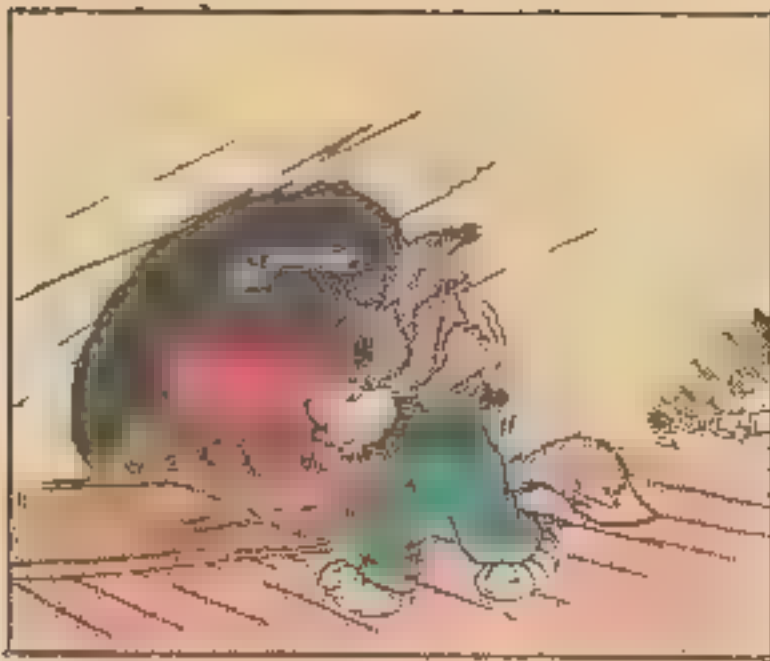
Wolf etiquette kept
the others back while
King stepped up to
claim his deer.



With their
stomachs full of food
the pack of the wolf family
looked up respectfully



“Let’s go home,” said King,
with an air of authority
And he led the way, a true
king now, by his own right.



The HUNGRY Wolf

Based on the M. G. M. Cartoon, Copyright, 1942, by Loew's, Inc

IT WAS a cold windy winter day but the Hungry Wolf hadn't yet lighted his fire. He was saving his wood to cook supper—if he could only think of how to get some supper to cook. He had eaten his shoes the day before. Now all he could think of was to tighten his belt another hole.

"I just can't stand it any longer!" he howled. "Perhaps there's a drop of shoe-leather soup left from yesterday."

He rushed to the pot and scraped the bottom but his spoon came out dry as a bone.

"Stung!" he gulped. "I'll take a last look in the cupboard."

There was nothing in the cupboard and nothing in the breadbox.

"Not even a crumb big enough to feed a mouse!" he groaned. "Not even—say! I FORGOT THE MOUSETRAP!"

With a howl of joy, he spotted the mousetrap lying behind a pile of empty tin cans. The bait hadn't been touched.

"CHEESE! A piece of real, tasty cheese!" gurgled the Hungry Wolf. "How could I ever have forgotten it?"

He lifted the trap carefully, as if it contained a solid gold nugget, instead of a morsel of mouse-bait. Very gently he seized the lump of cheese.

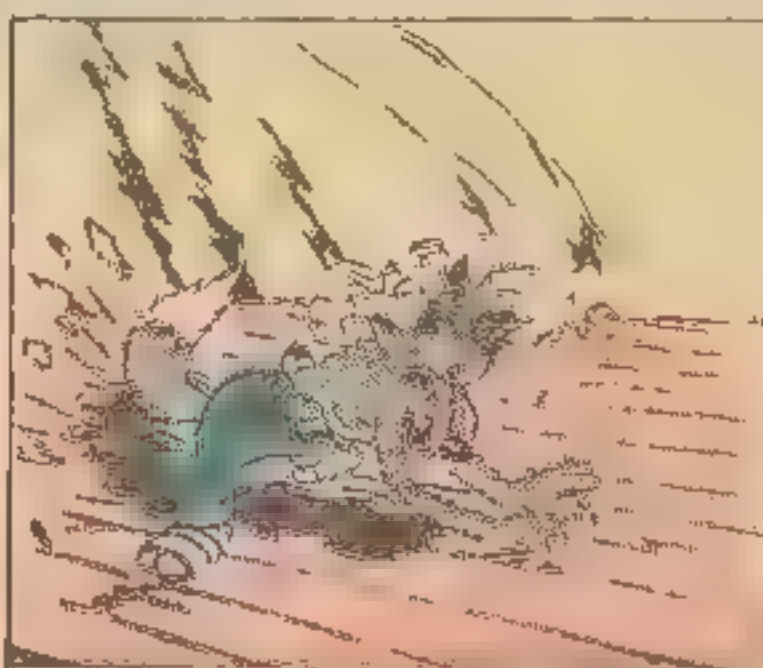
"SNAP!" went the trap on the Hungry Wolf's fingers—and the cheese jumped to the floor, right beside the mouse hole.

Like a flash, Milton Mouse reached out and grabbed it.

"POW!" the Hungry Wolf's hairy fist came down on the plank. Milton Mouse squeaked with fright—and a very close squeak it was. It would have been his last, if he hadn't dived quickly for the hole.

The Hungry Wolf yelled with rage and disappointment. He clawed up the floor, trying to reach Milton and the cheese, but the mouse had vanished.

With his poor, empty stomach grumbling and rumbling like a subway train, the Wolf sat down at his empty table and



stared at his empty pot.

"It isn't fair!" he snarled. "Now Milton Mouse has more than he can eat, and I haven't ANYTHING! If SOMETHING doesn't come along to fill that pot, I'll have to jump in and cook MYSELF!"

Just at that moment the door of the Wolf's den creaked open, letting in a swirl of snow.

"Hello!" a small voice said cheerfully. "May I come in and warm my ears?"

The Hungry Wolf looked up to see a teeny bunny-rabbit, all muffled up against the cold.

"Huh?" the Wolf grunted in great surprise. "Why, yes, come in! Come in, by all means. What are you waiting for?"

"Thanks, Mr. Wolf!" piped the little stranger. "My name is Berty Bunny, and it's only my ears that are cold. I hope I'm not disturbing you!"

The sight of such a plump, tender little rabbit made Mr. Wolf's mouth water with hunger, but he pretended to be very kind and sympathetic.

"Your ears DO look a trifle frostbitten, Berty," he said. "I know how they must feel, because I'm frostbitten all over. You see, if I light the wood to warm the house, I won't have any fire to cook supper with."

He sounded so sad and shivery that Berty Bunny forgot all about his frosted ears. He pulled off his warm, woolen muffler and tied it around the Hungry Wolf's neck before he could say Jack Robinson.

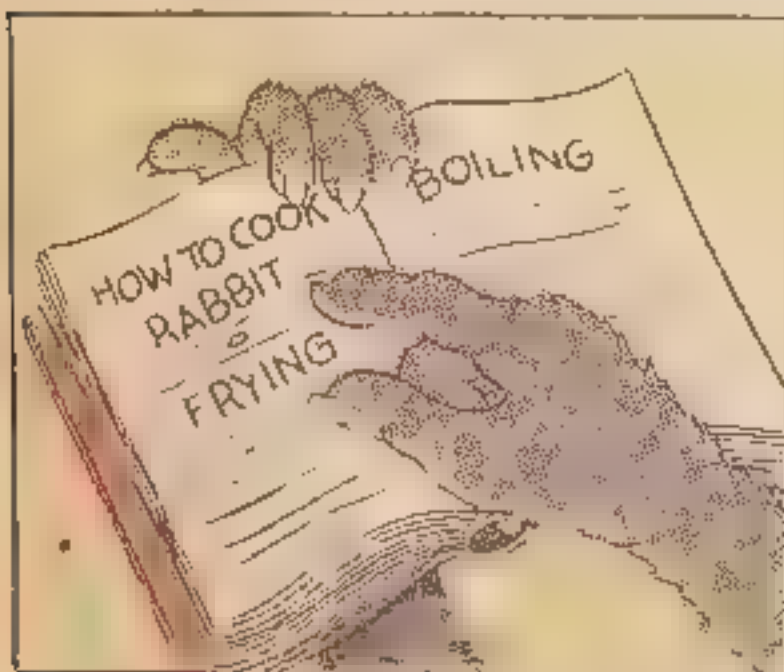
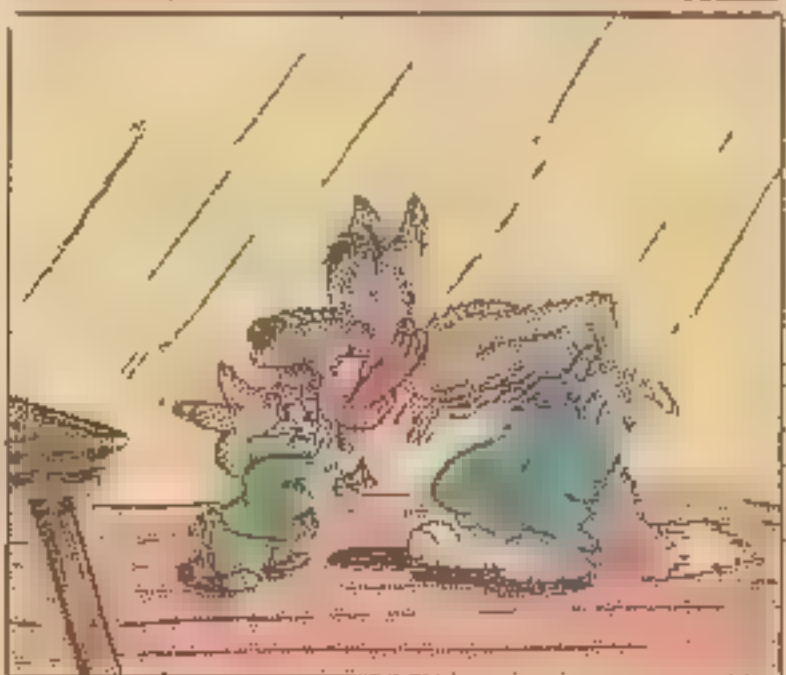
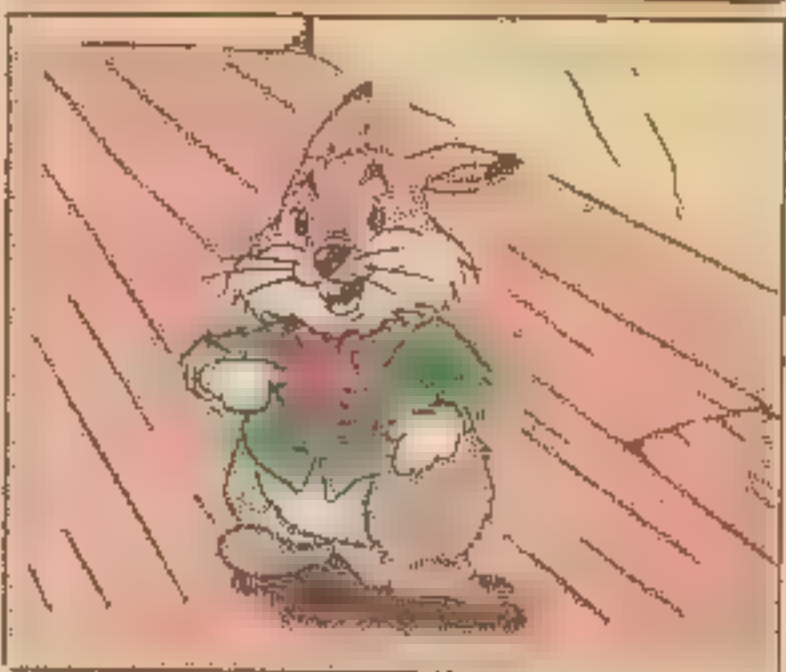
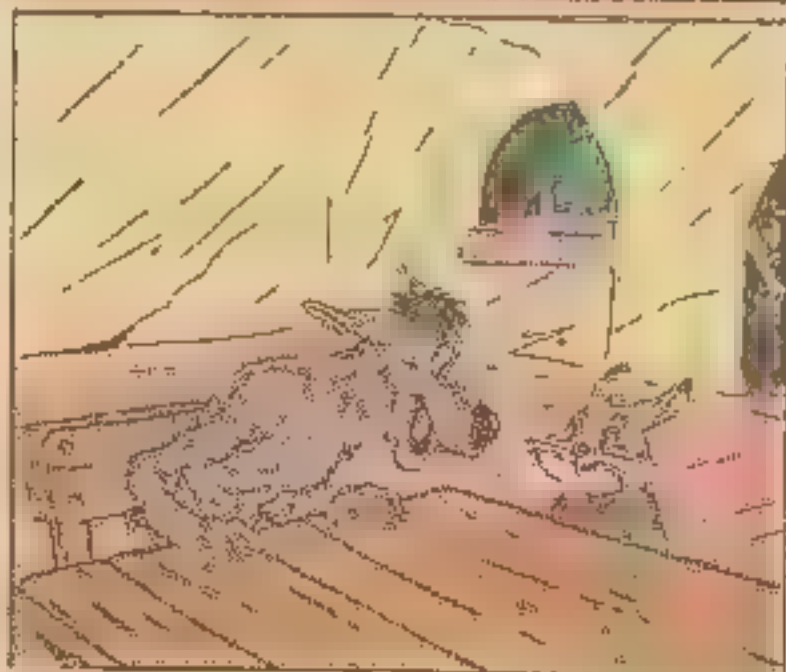
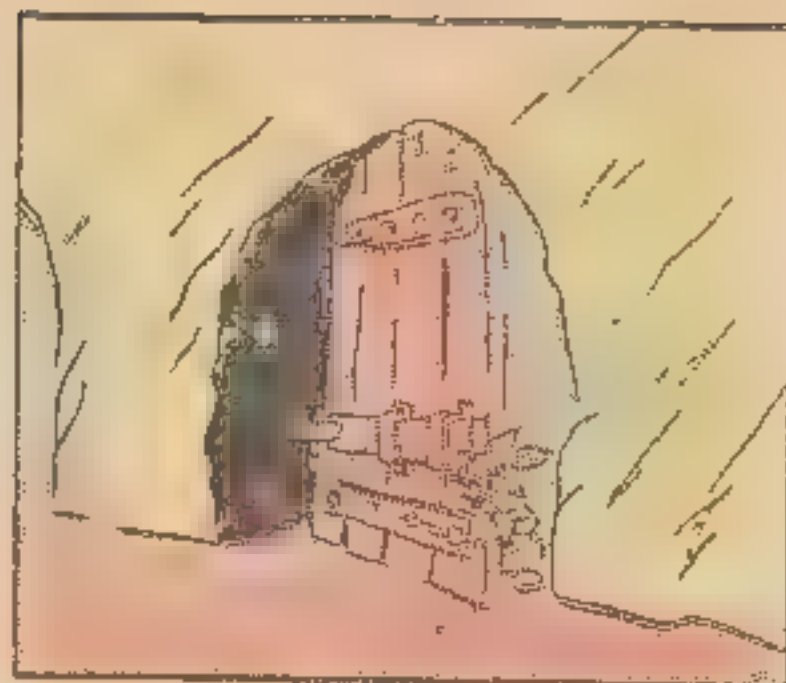
"There! That will HELP to make you warm, Mr. Wolf," he said. "And now I'll light the fire to make you feel warmer. It's almost suppertime now, so you really don't need to wait."

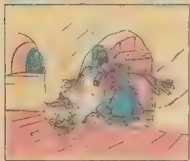
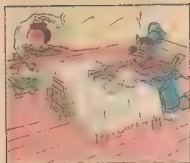
"But I haven't any—" the Hungry Wolf began and stopped short. It occurred to him that Berty Bunny would just fit nicely into the pot.

While Berty lighted the fire, the Wolf took out his cookbook.

"I mustn't let him know that my cupboard is empty," he thought to himself. "Berty is a smart little rabbit and he MIGHT be suspicious."

Aloud, he said, "That's fine, Berty; and I hope you'll join me for supper. I was just hoping that somebody like you would come along to—er—keep me company."





He wet his thumb in his mouth and flipped the pages until he came to the recipes for cooking rabbits.

"I could fry him or I could boil him," he growled under his breath. "But my pot is hot and my pan is not and if I boil him I'll have rabbit soup as well."

The very thought of soup made the Hungry Wolf's mouth drool so much that he nearly choked.

"Put a pailful of water in the pot, Berty Bunny," he said, "while I set the table. We'll have supper before you know it."

Clapping a tall cook's cap on his head, and tying an apron around his lean waist, the Wolf set out the dishes.

"THAT'S done," he said, turning to Berty. "And now, if the water's hot, we'll put the meat on to boil."

Berty Bunny's eyes opened wide, as he gazed at the table.

"Really, you're being terribly impolite, Mr. Wolf," he said. "You've invited me to supper, but you've set only one place! I think I'll go home."

"Go home? Oh, no, you won't," growled the Hungry Wolf, stepping quickly between Berty and the door. "I asked you to join me for supper, and you're not going to leave me in the lurch. Because YOU are my supper, Berty Bunny!"

"Uh—ME!" gasped the little rabbit, in sudden fright. "I never thought of joining you that way, Mr. Wolf. Please, PLEASE don't put me in the pot!"

Two great, big, round tears rolled down his nose. "Haven't you any pity in your heart, Mr. Wolf?" he pleaded. "Just think how my poor mother will feel when I don't come home..."

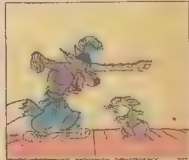
He broke off as two hairy paws seized him under the arms. "I won't listen to you!" snarled the Hungry Wolf. "I have a warm, tender heart. If you make it talk louder than my empty stomach, I won't be able to eat you at all!"

Berty Bunny saw the steaming pot just beneath him. He shut his eyes and tried one last argument.

"I gave you my nice warm muffler because you were cold," he sniffled. "And n-now you're going to thank me by b-boiling m-me alive. I don't see HOW you can be so HATEFUL!"

A loud sob answered him. He opened his eyes to see the Hungry Wolf in tears, too.

"You—you've done it now!" the Wolf cried bitterly. "I've lost all my appetite for boiled bunny. You've touched my tender heart and I can't even hear my stomach crying."



With a heartbroken groan he set Berty Bunny on his feet.

"Go, and never darken my door again!" he shouted. "Leave me—you've ruined all my hopes. I hope you're satisfied."

He slammed the door, leaving Berty Bunny out in the snow.

"Oh, dear!" wailed the little rabbit. "I'd almost rather be cooked than let that poor wolf die of hunger, but he's lost his appetite for bunny now, anyway."

He wiped his tears on his sleeve and trudged sadly home.

Inside his den the Hungry Wolf sat shivering at his bare table. He had put the unused dishes back in the closet.

"It's a cruel, cold world," he moaned. "If I don't die of hunger I'll freeze when the fire goes out. I'd like to have just ONE more big, hot, tasty, square meal, though . . ."

The thought of food brought back the Hungry Wolf's appetite with a rush. His hair rose upstanding, and so did he.

"I'M HUNGRY!" he howled, kicking back his chair. "I WANT RABBIT STEW—AND I'LL GET IT IF IT'S MY LAST ACT."

With a bound he reached the door and flung it open.

"There are Berty Bunny's tracks in the snow!" he cried. "I'll catch him, if I have to follow him from here to breakfast!"

Through the cold, snowy woods the Hungry Wolf bounded. The farther he went, the slower his steps became. Just a stone's throw from Berty Bunny's house he collapsed.

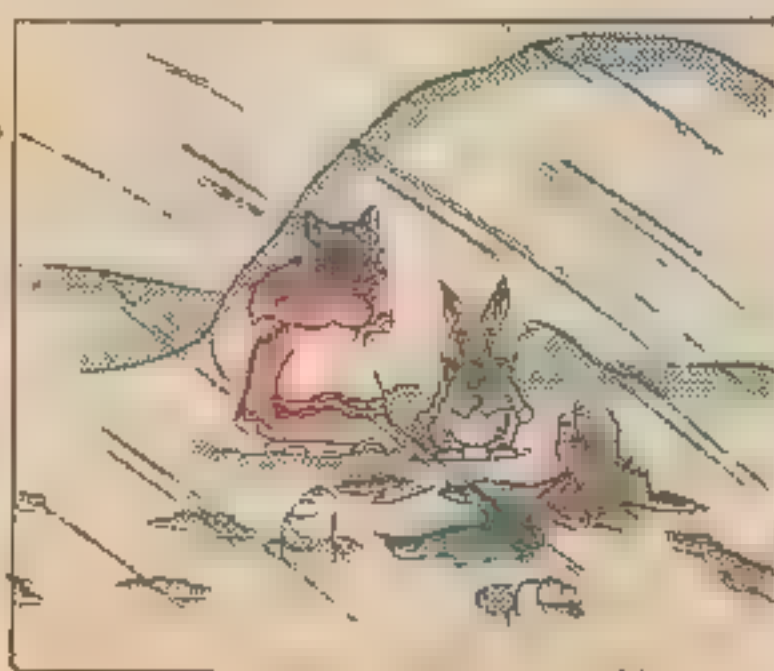
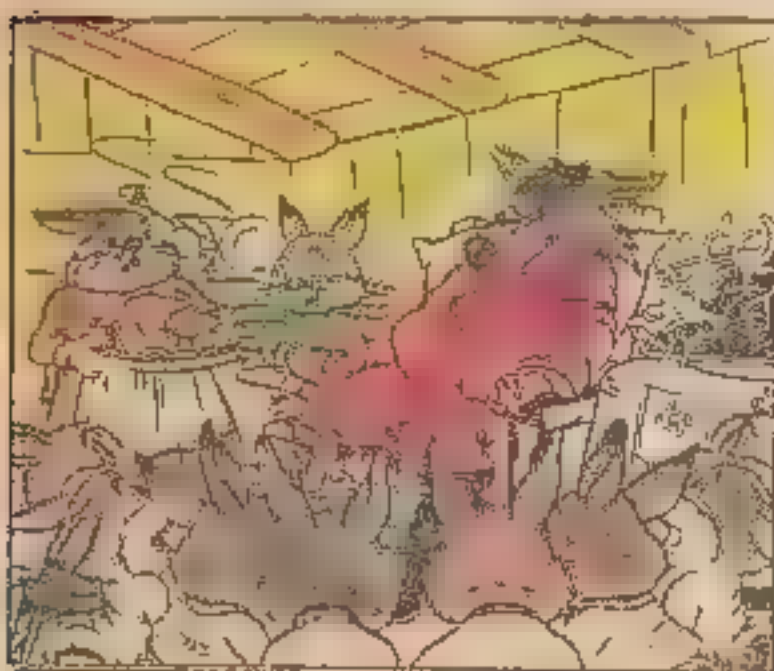
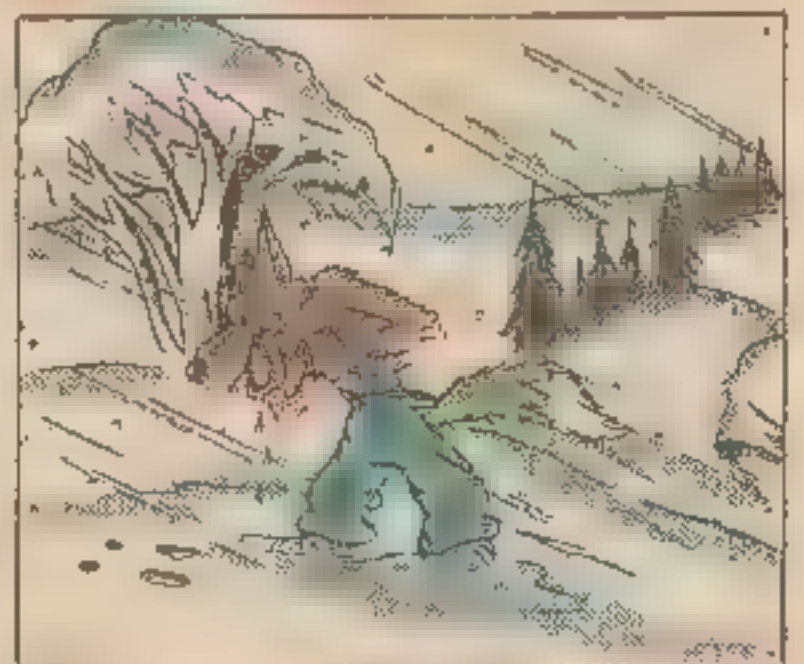
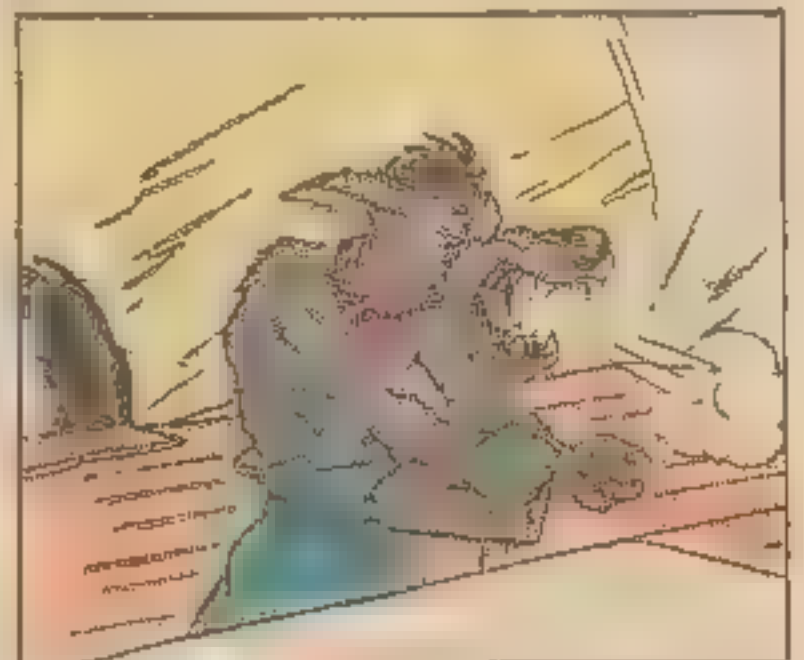
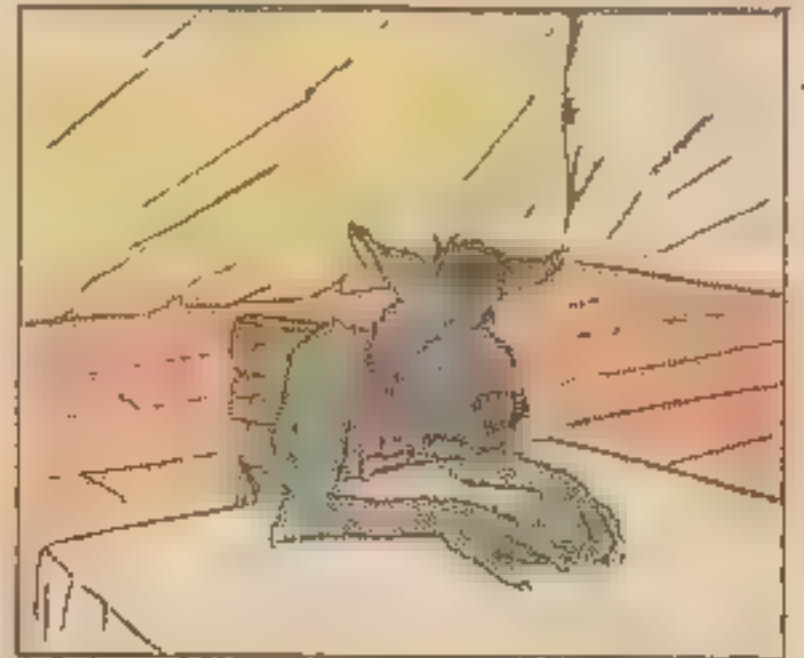
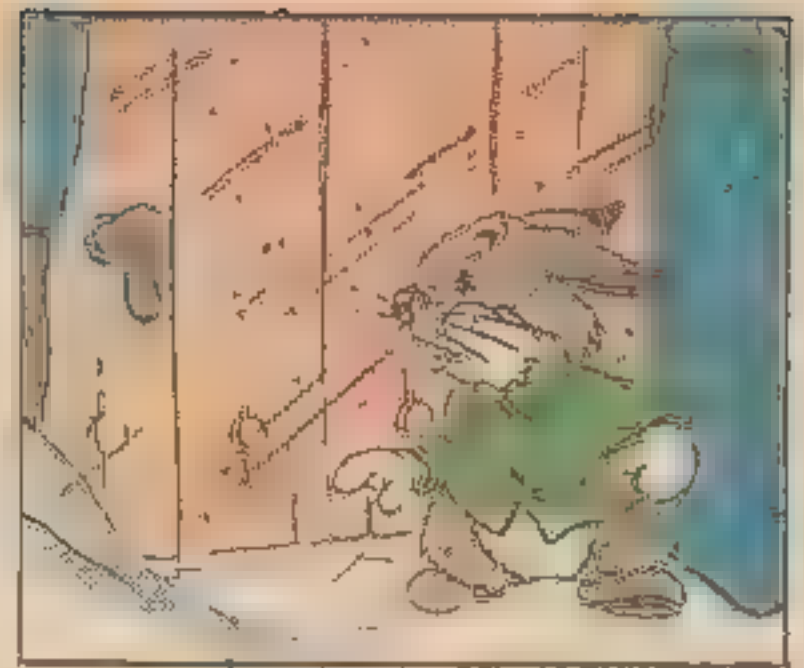
Berty's mother happened to be looking out of the window, when the wolf went down in a snowdrift.

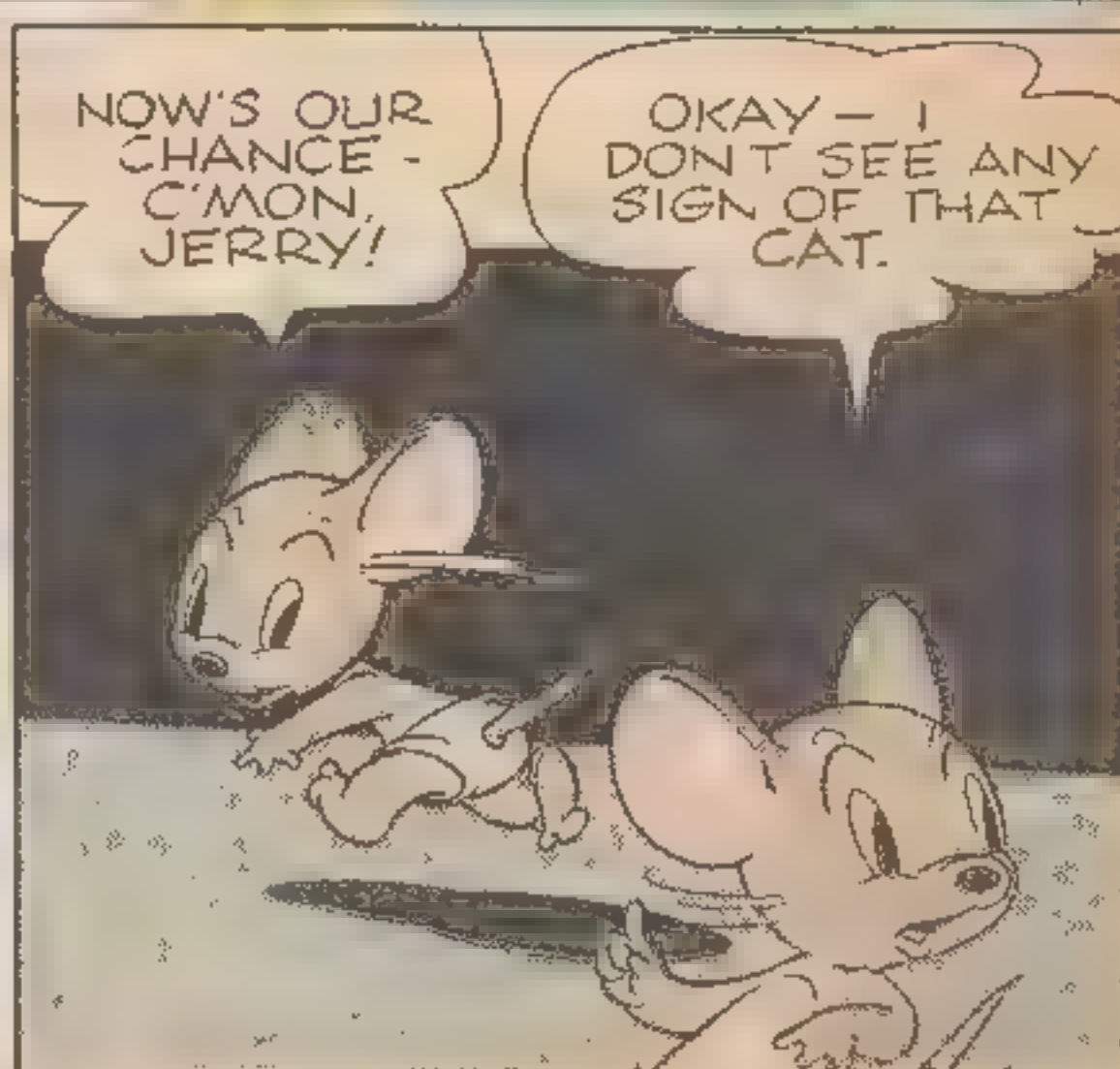
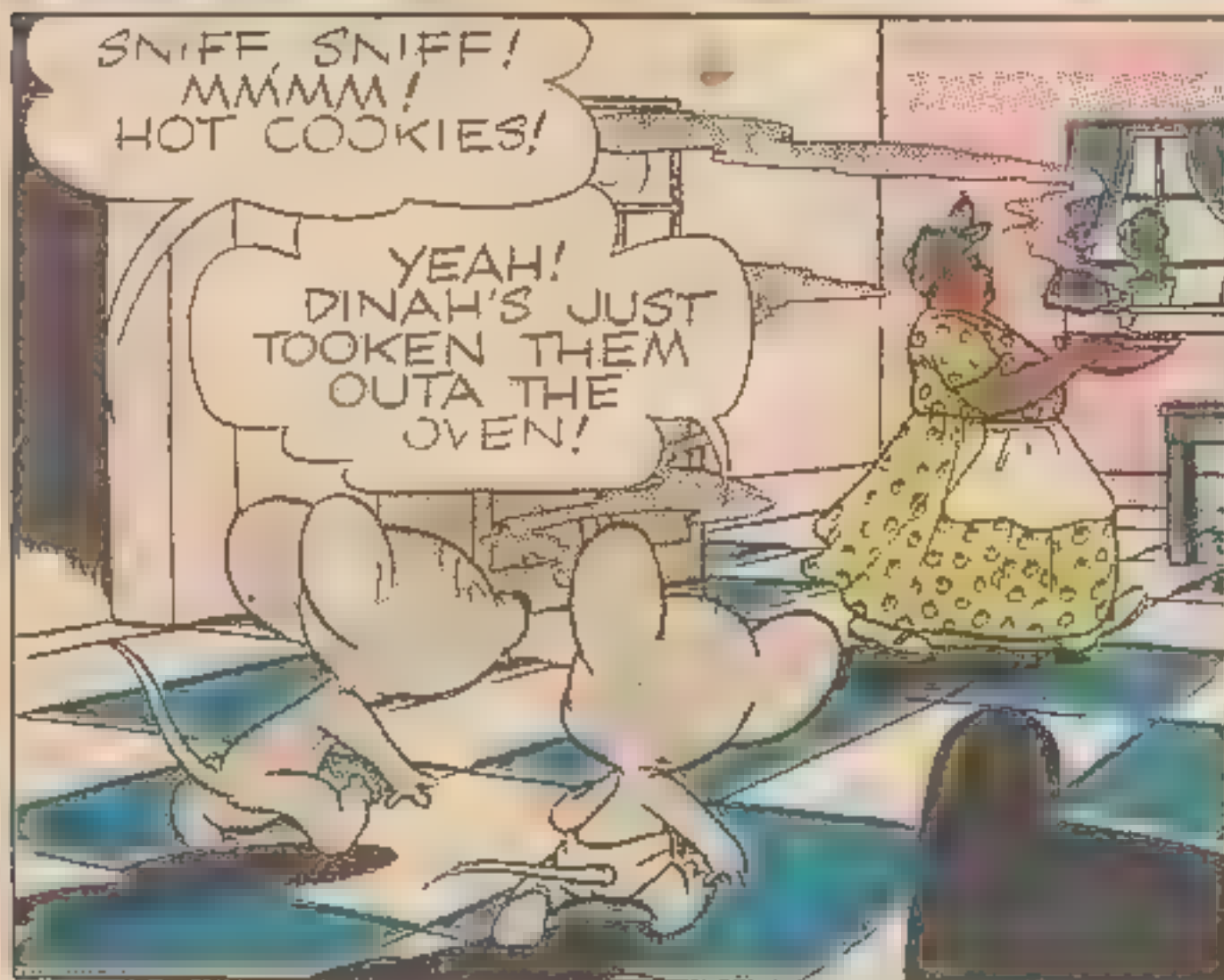
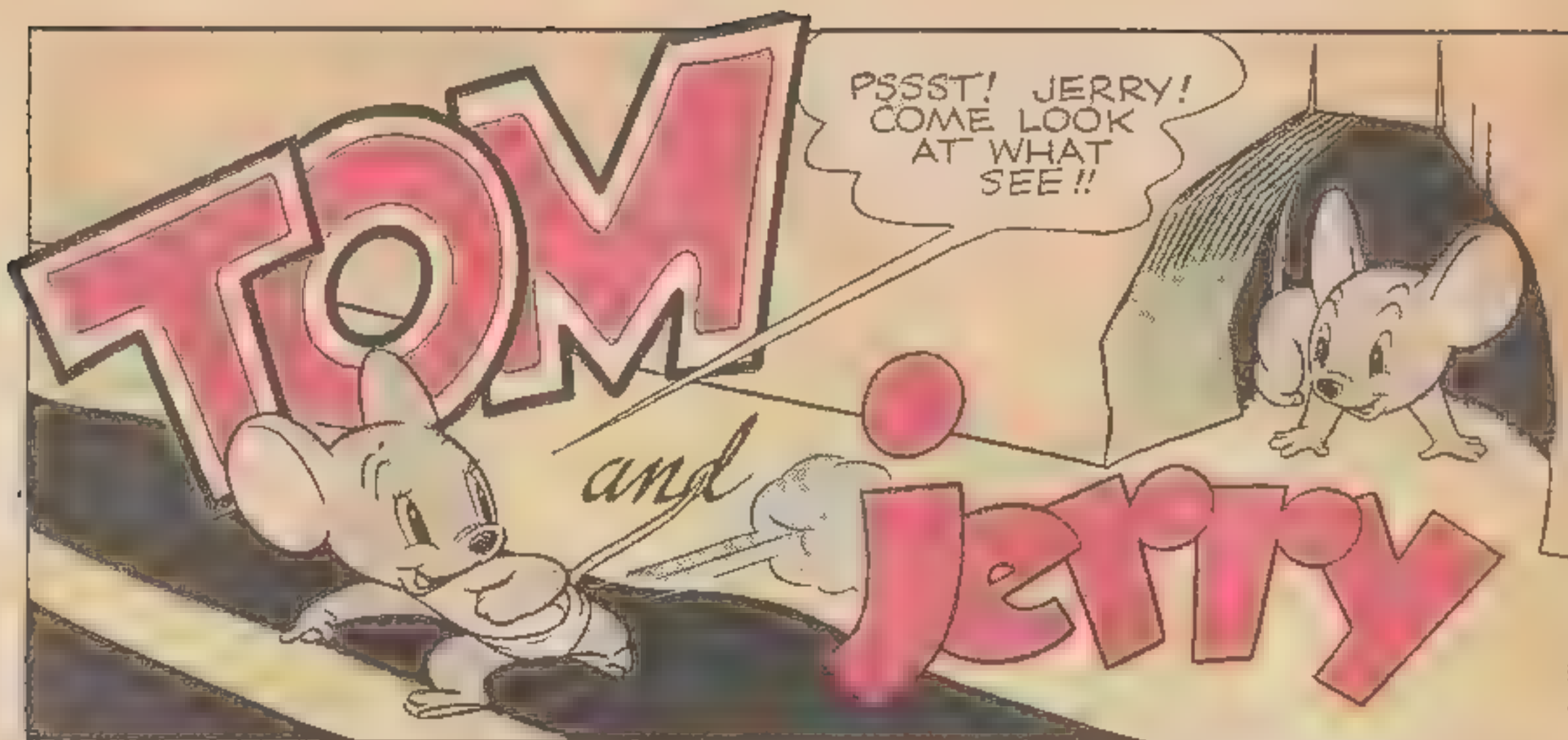
"That must be the very wolf you told me about!" she exclaimed. "The poor thing will freeze if we don't help him."

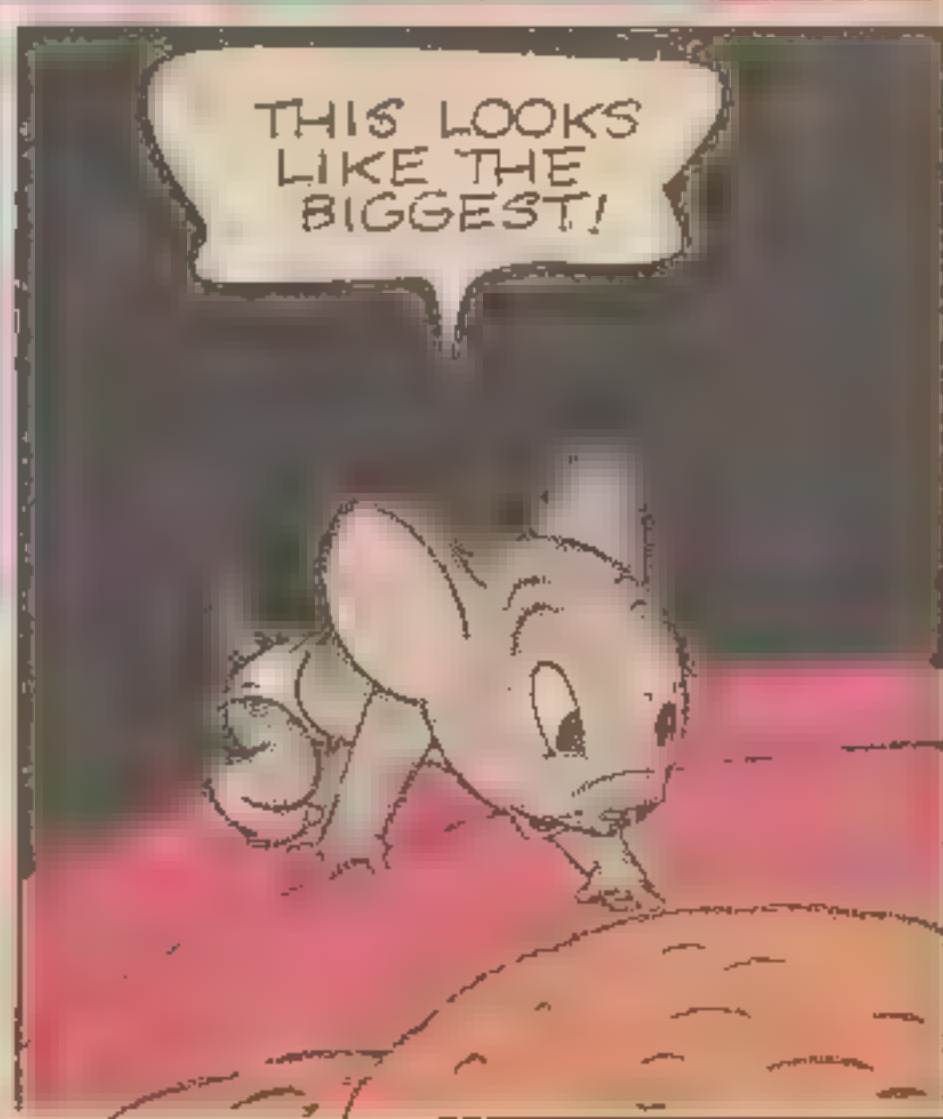
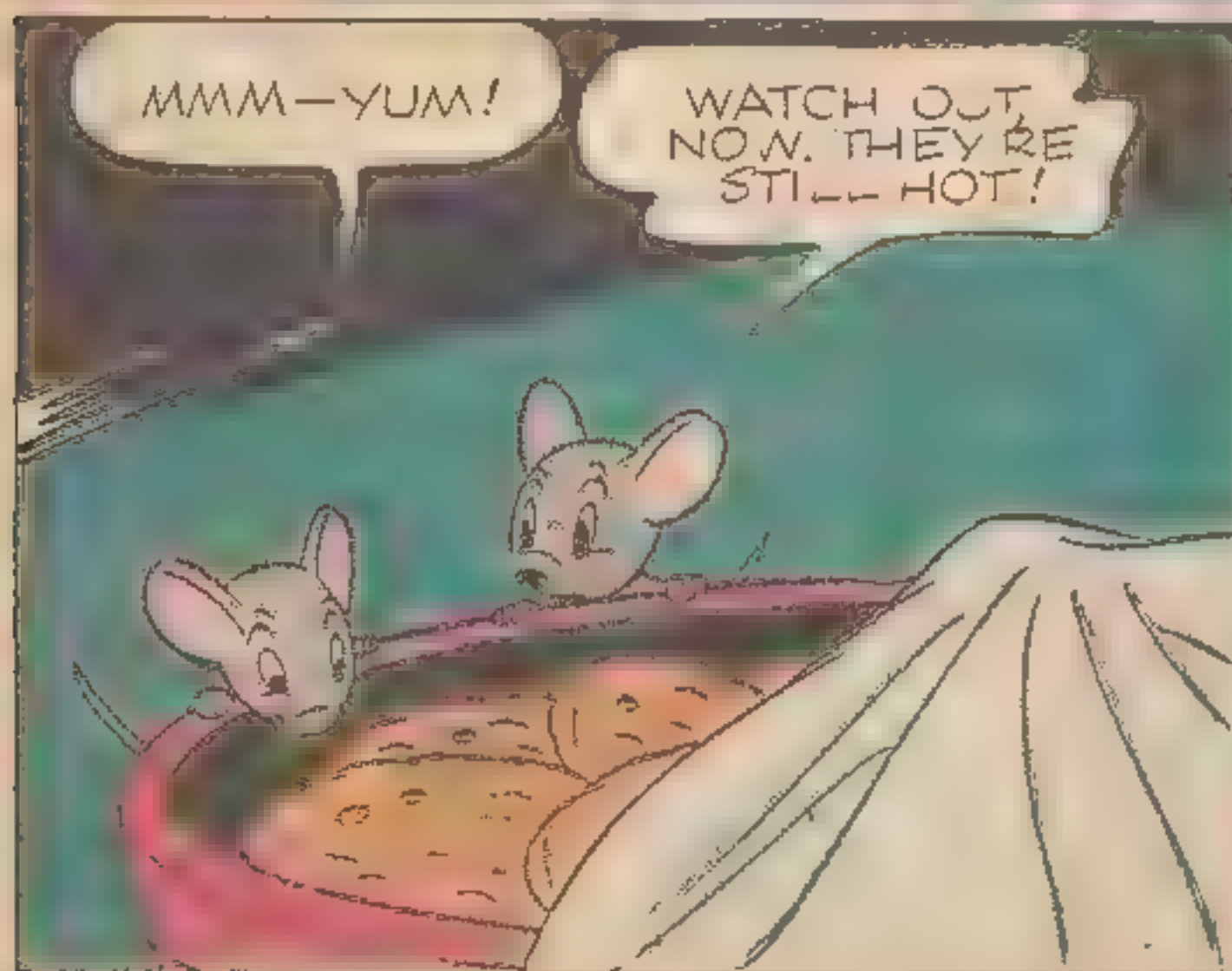
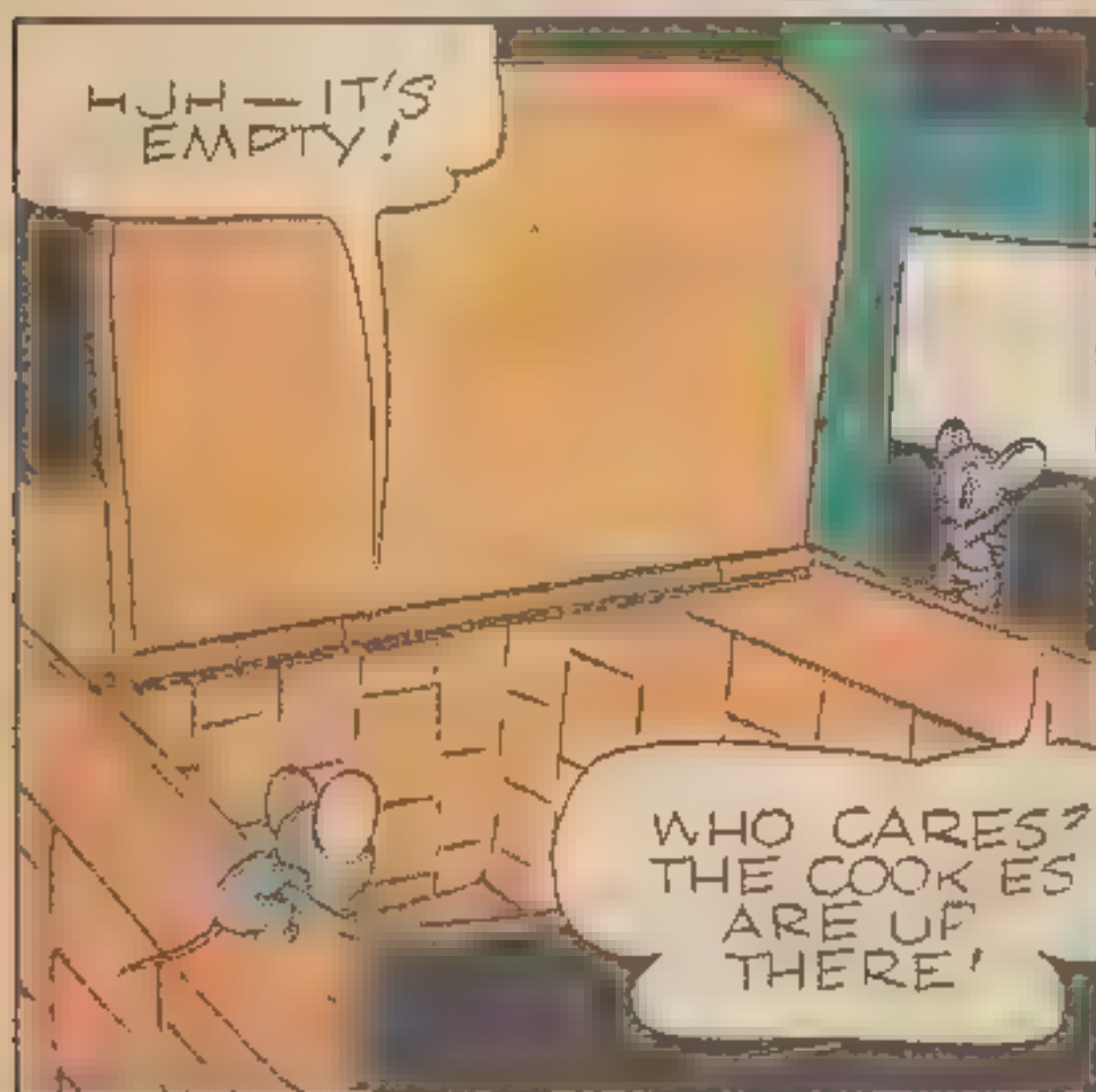
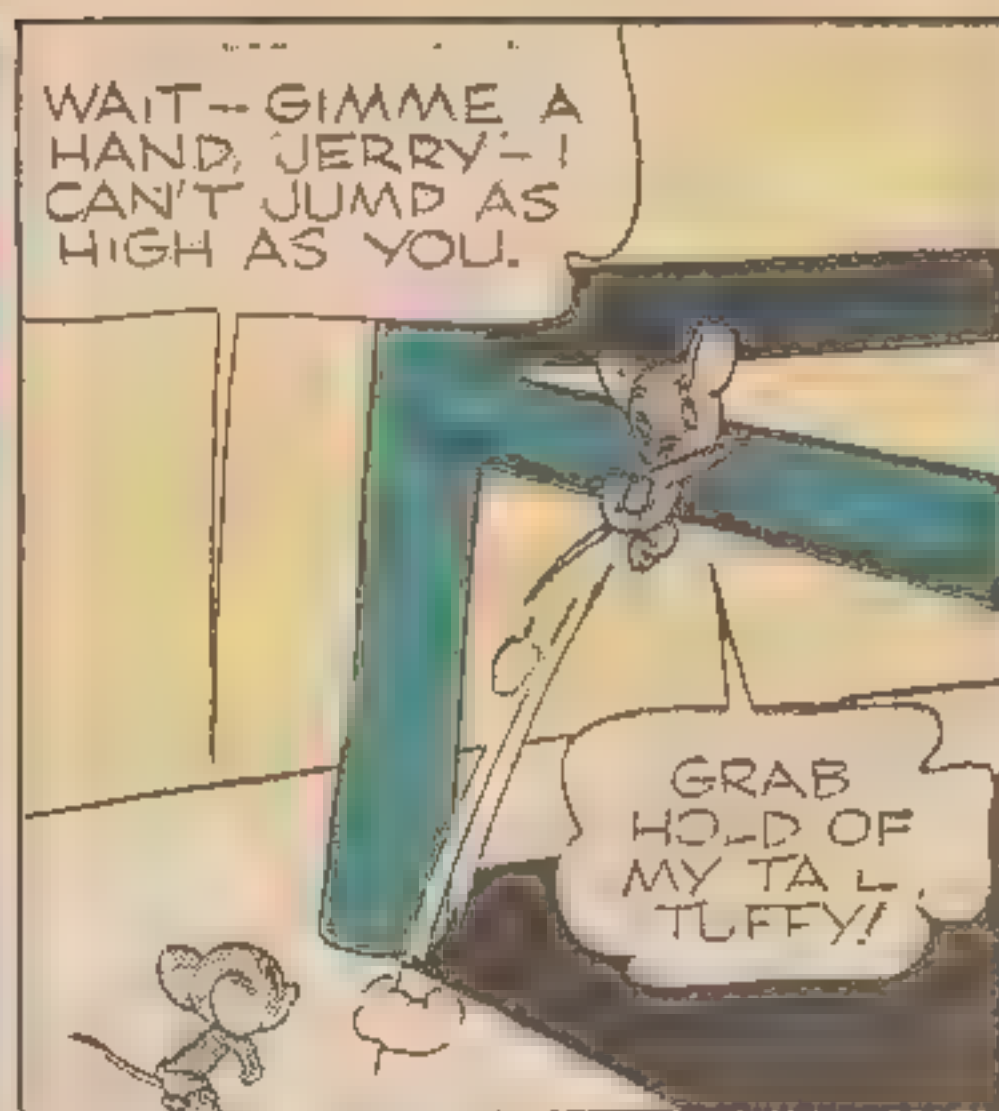
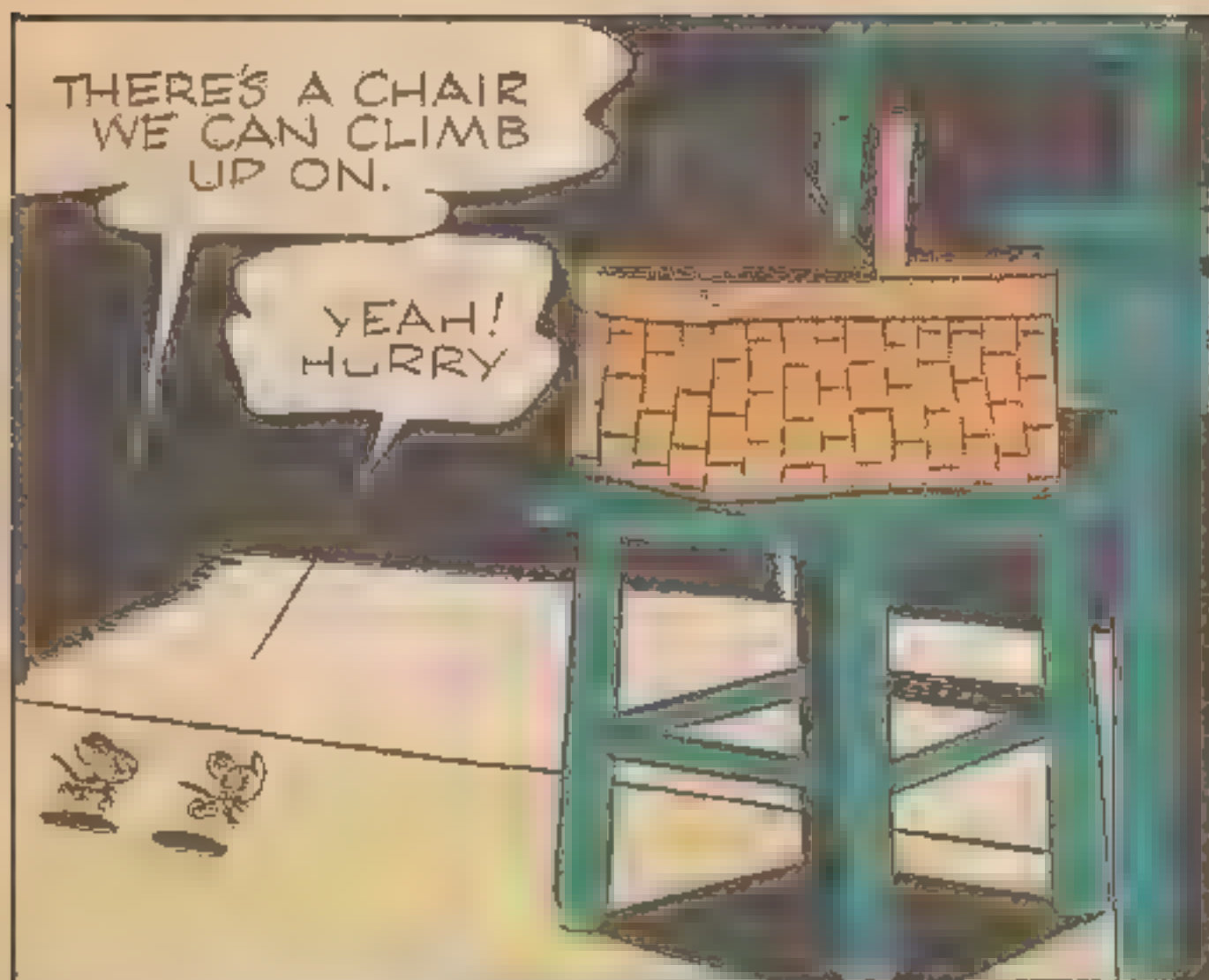
Berty Bunny was outside before his mother could put on her hood. They found the Hungry Wolf lying unconscious with snow all over his face. He was so thin and light from hunger that they carried him quite easily to the house.

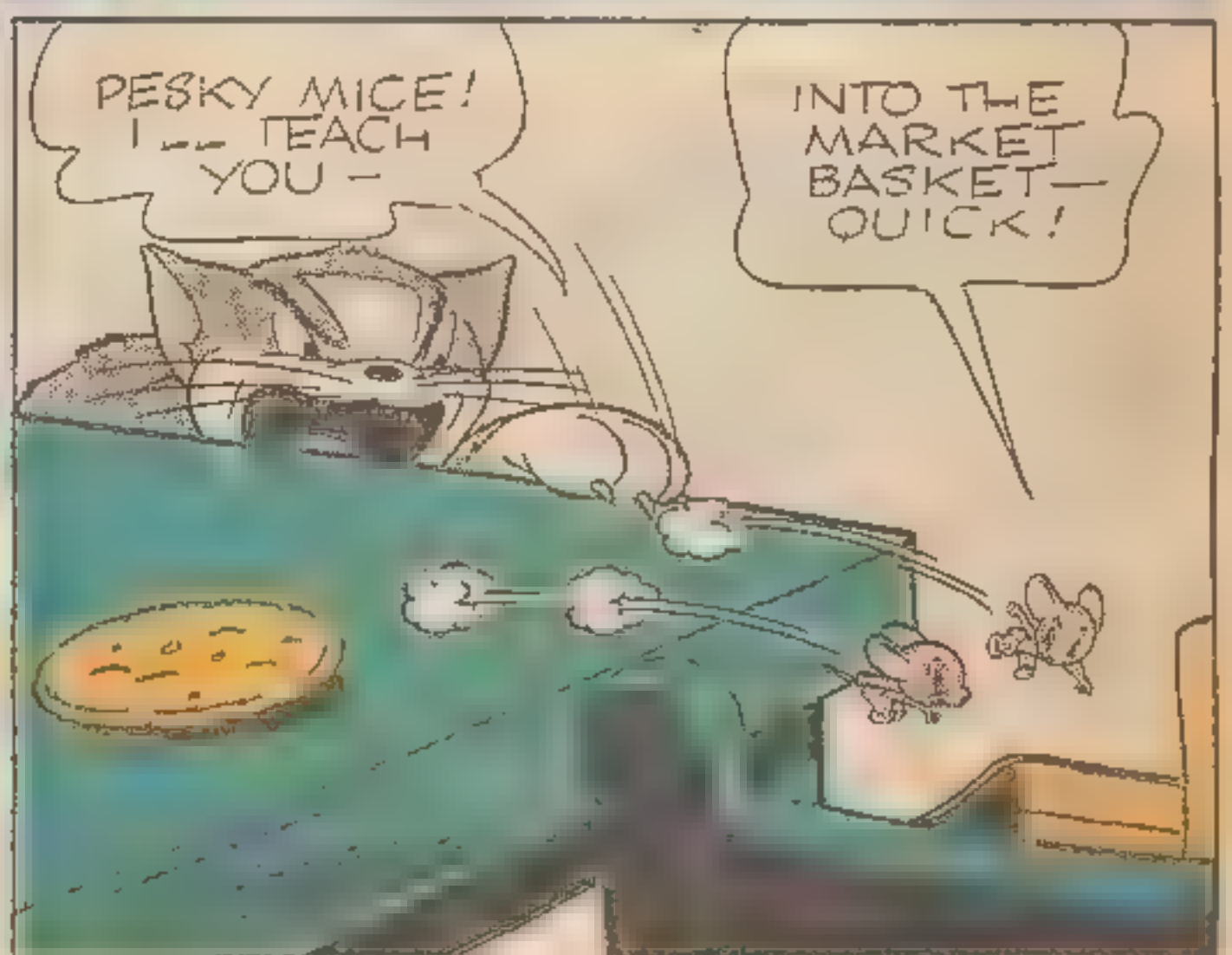
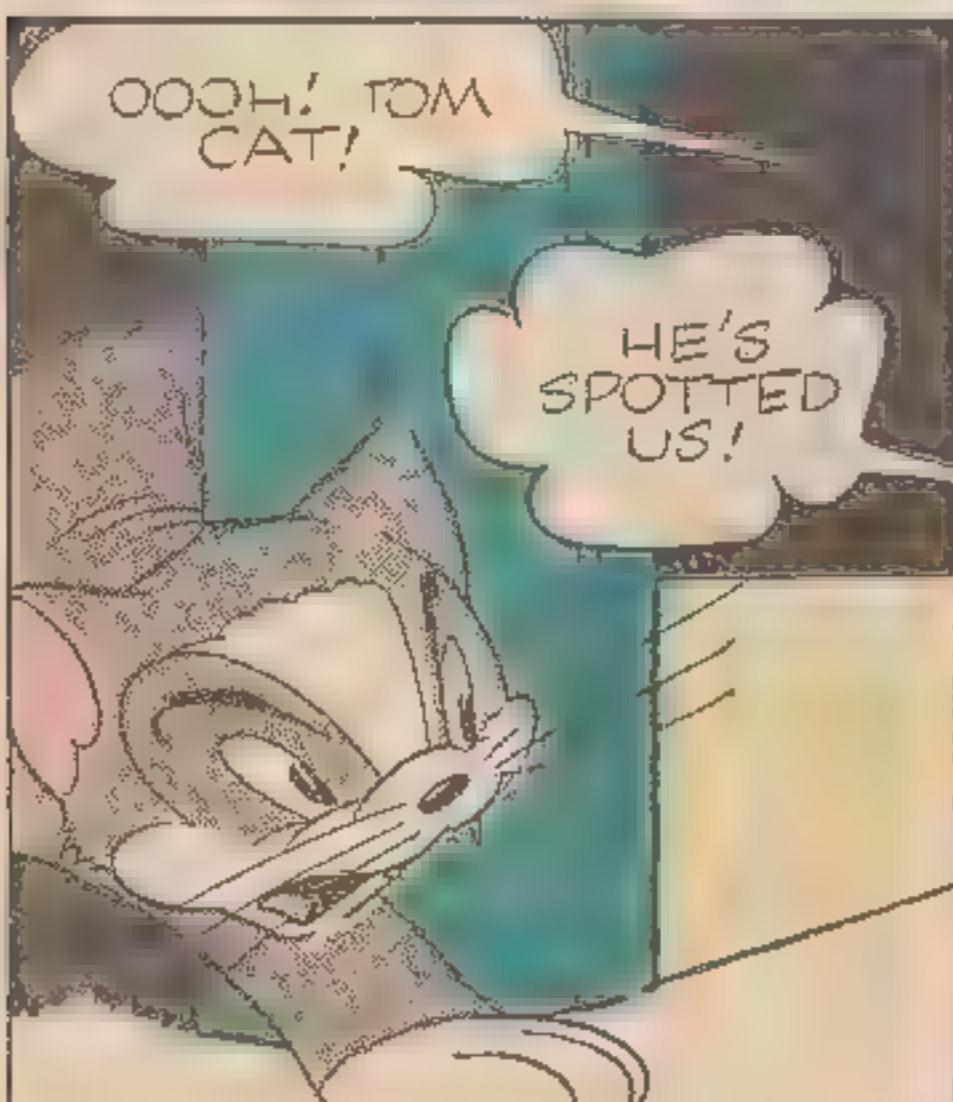
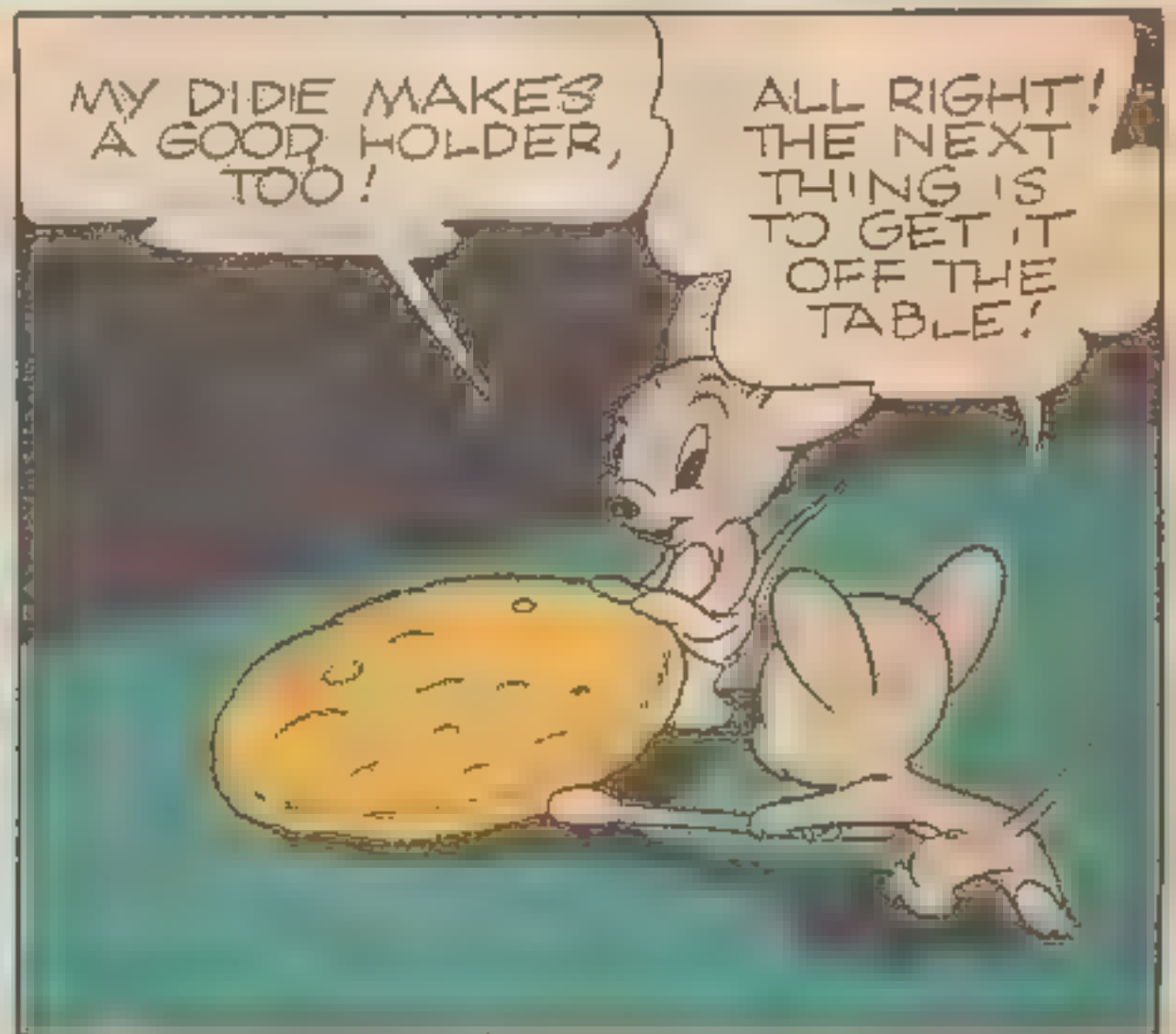
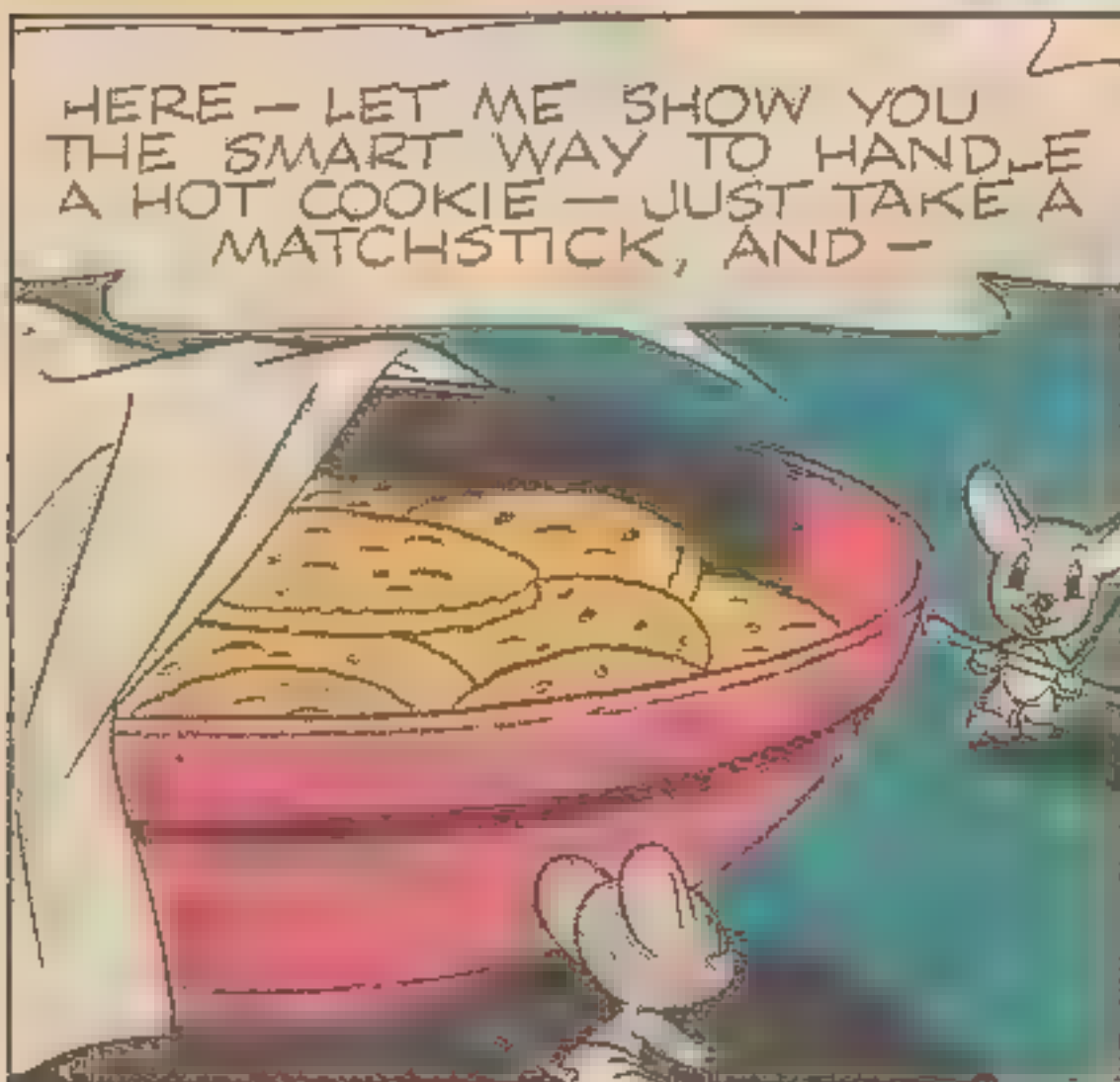
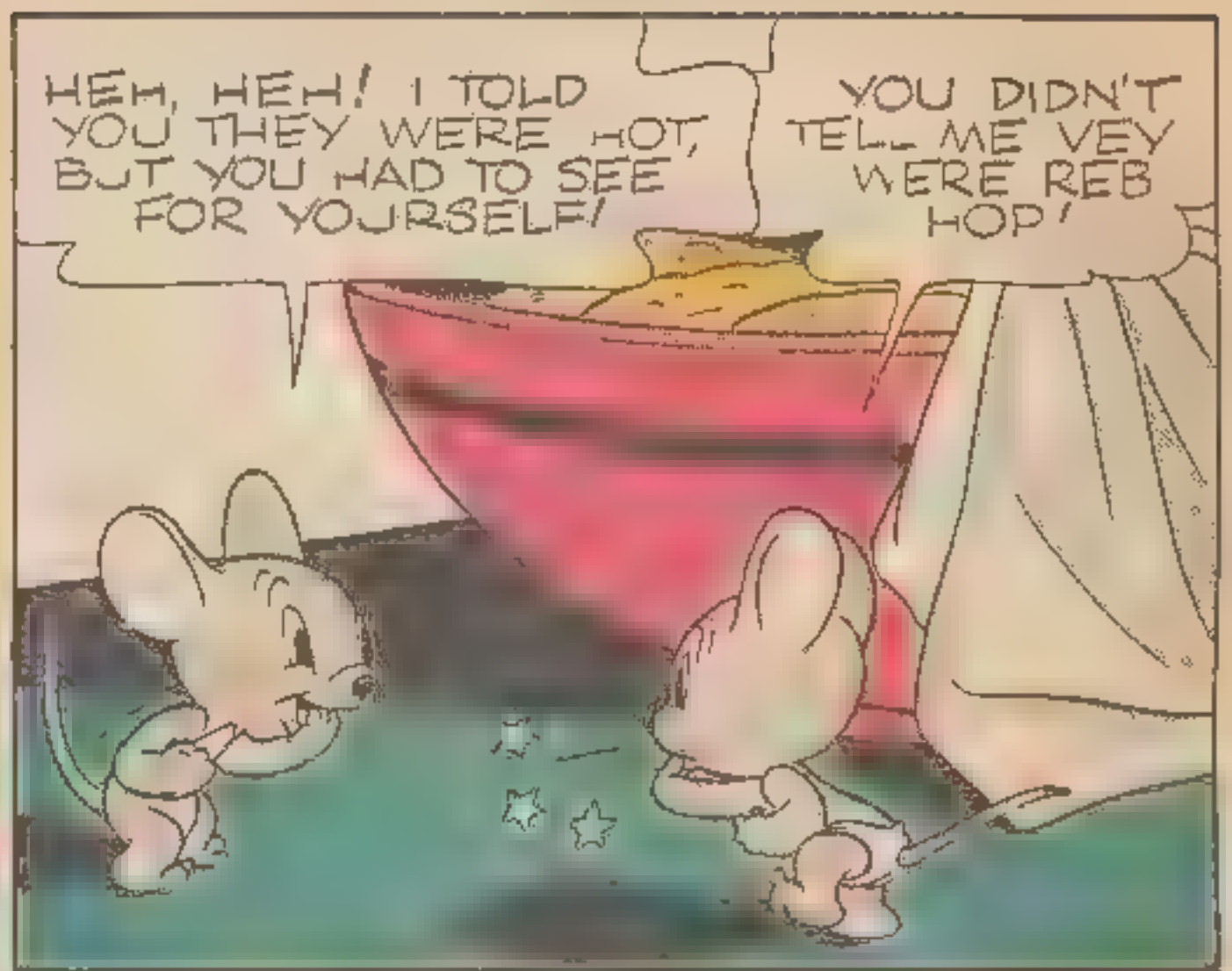
Berty's little brothers and sisters were scared when they saw the Wolf's big teeth and hairy paws, but they soon got over that. At Mama Bunny's orders, they brought blankets and a tub of hot mustard water for the Wolf's poor, cold feet. And then they watched him eat ten whole turkey dinners that Mama Bunny cooked, one right after the other.

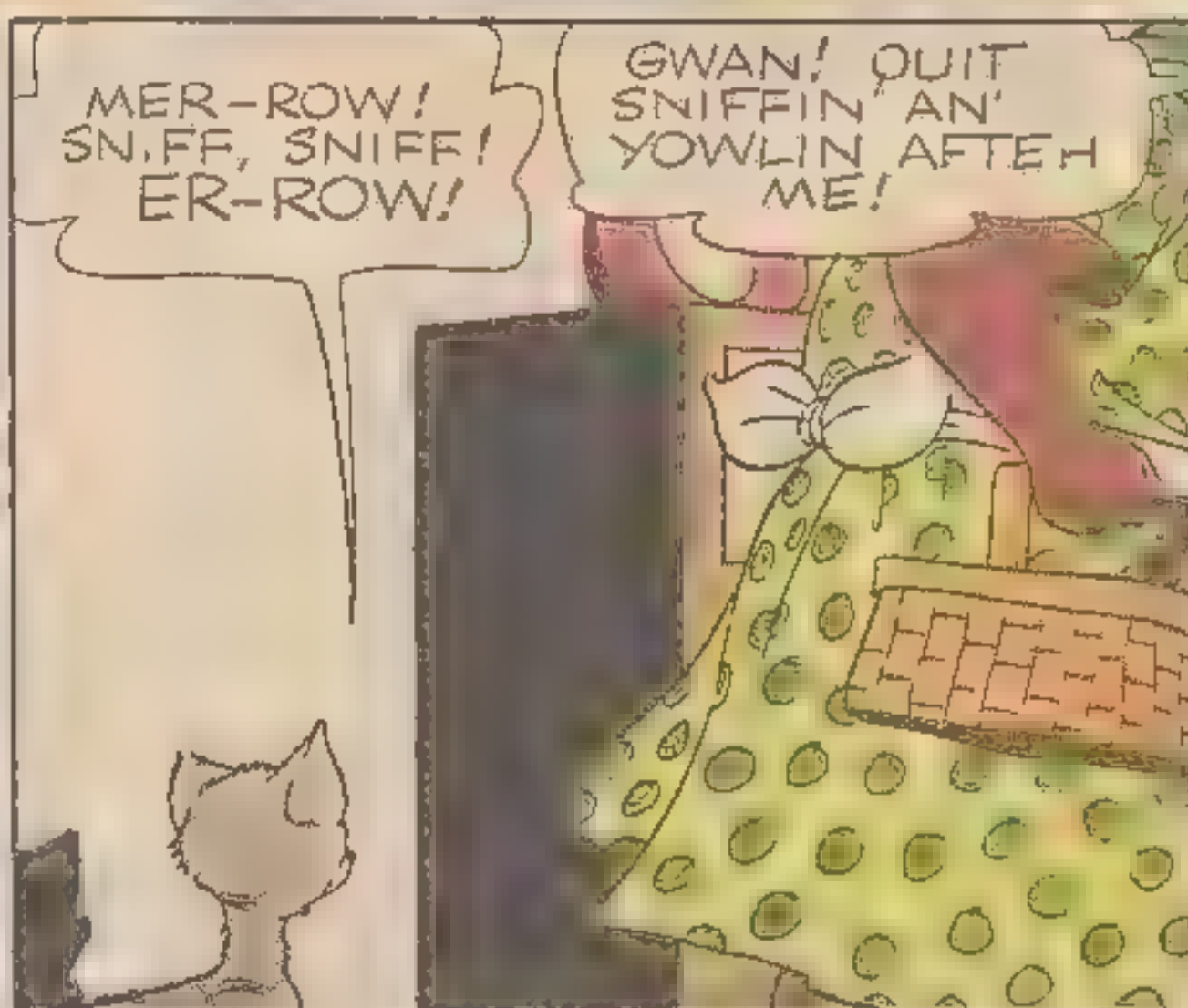
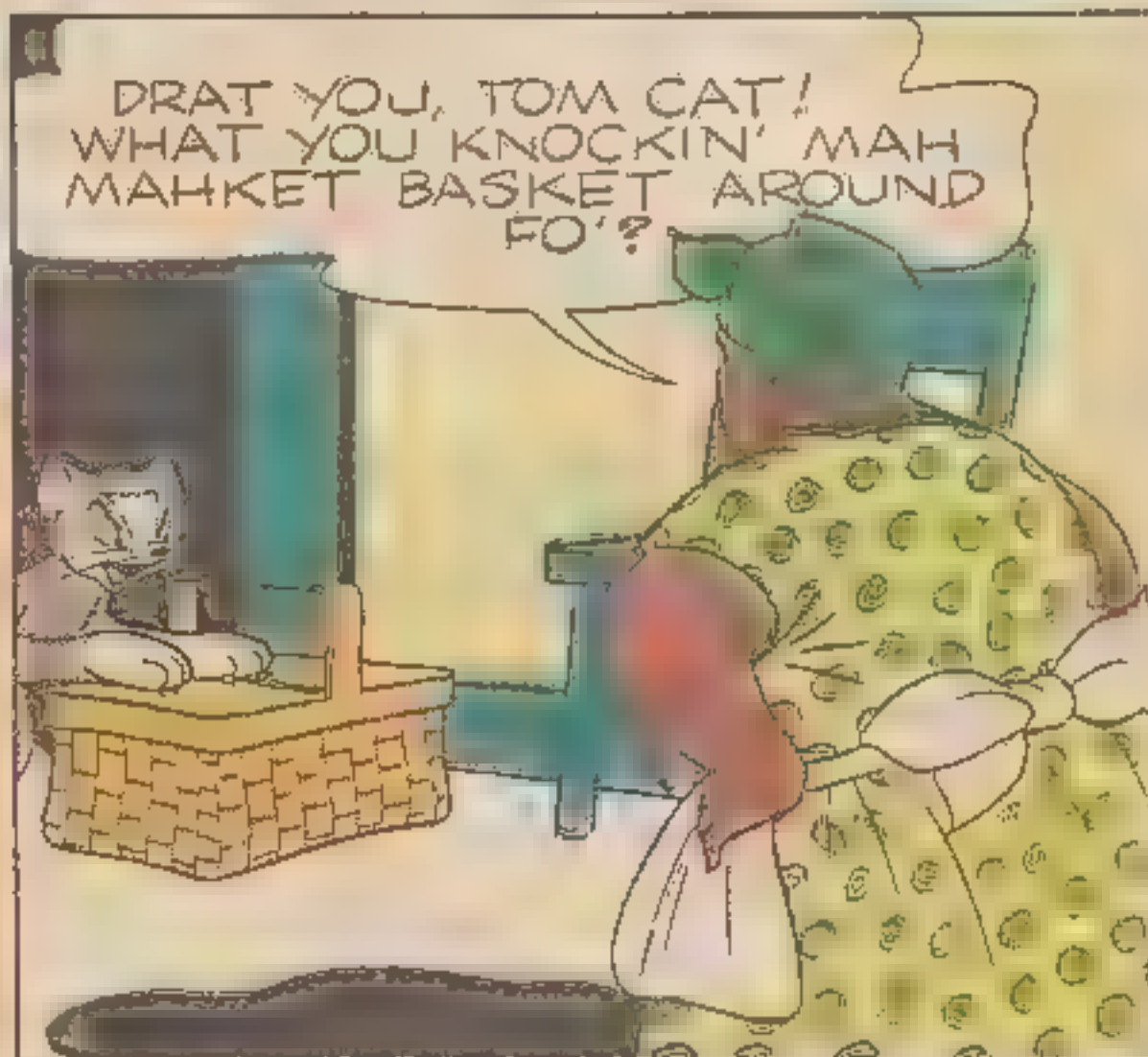
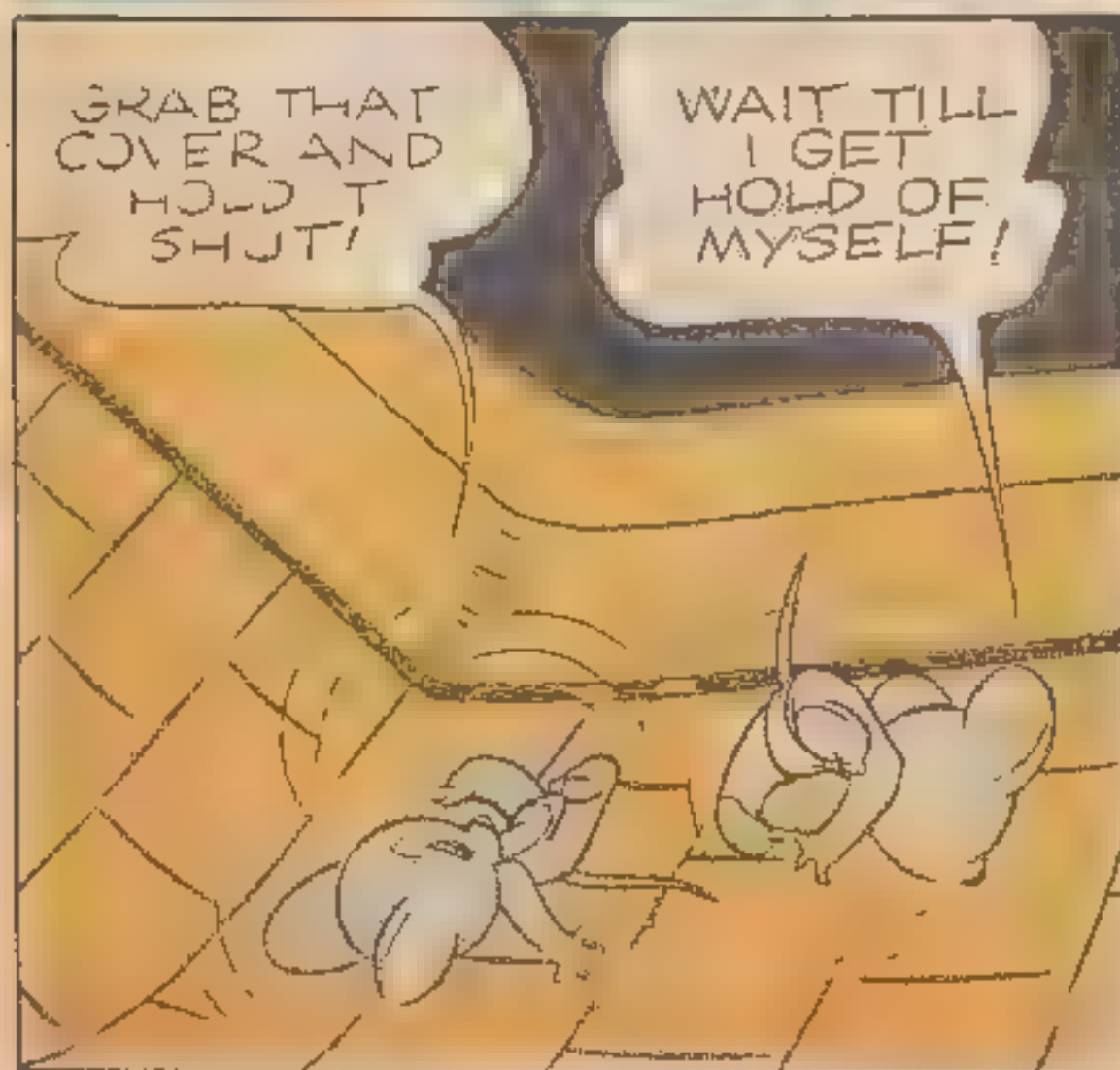
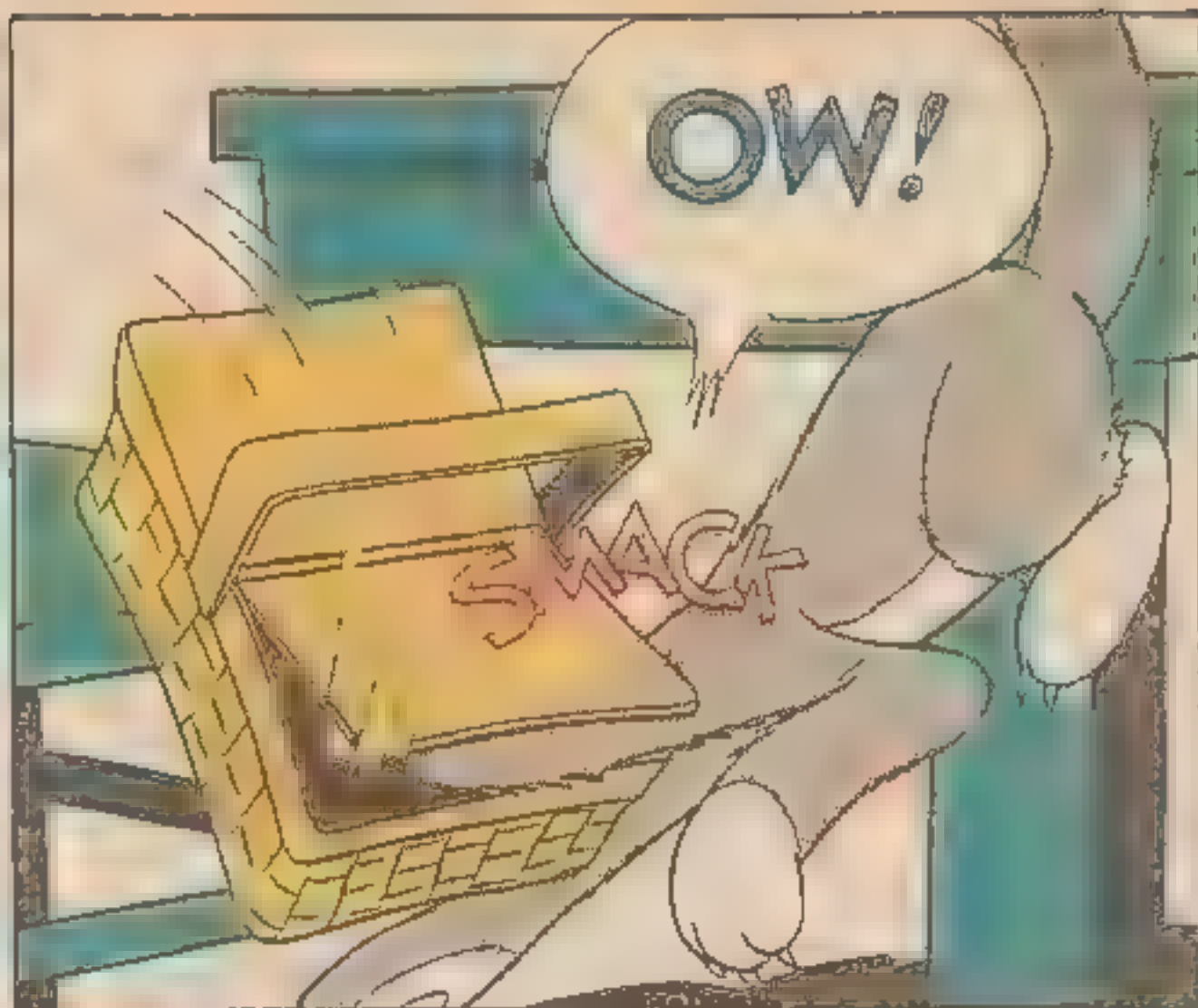
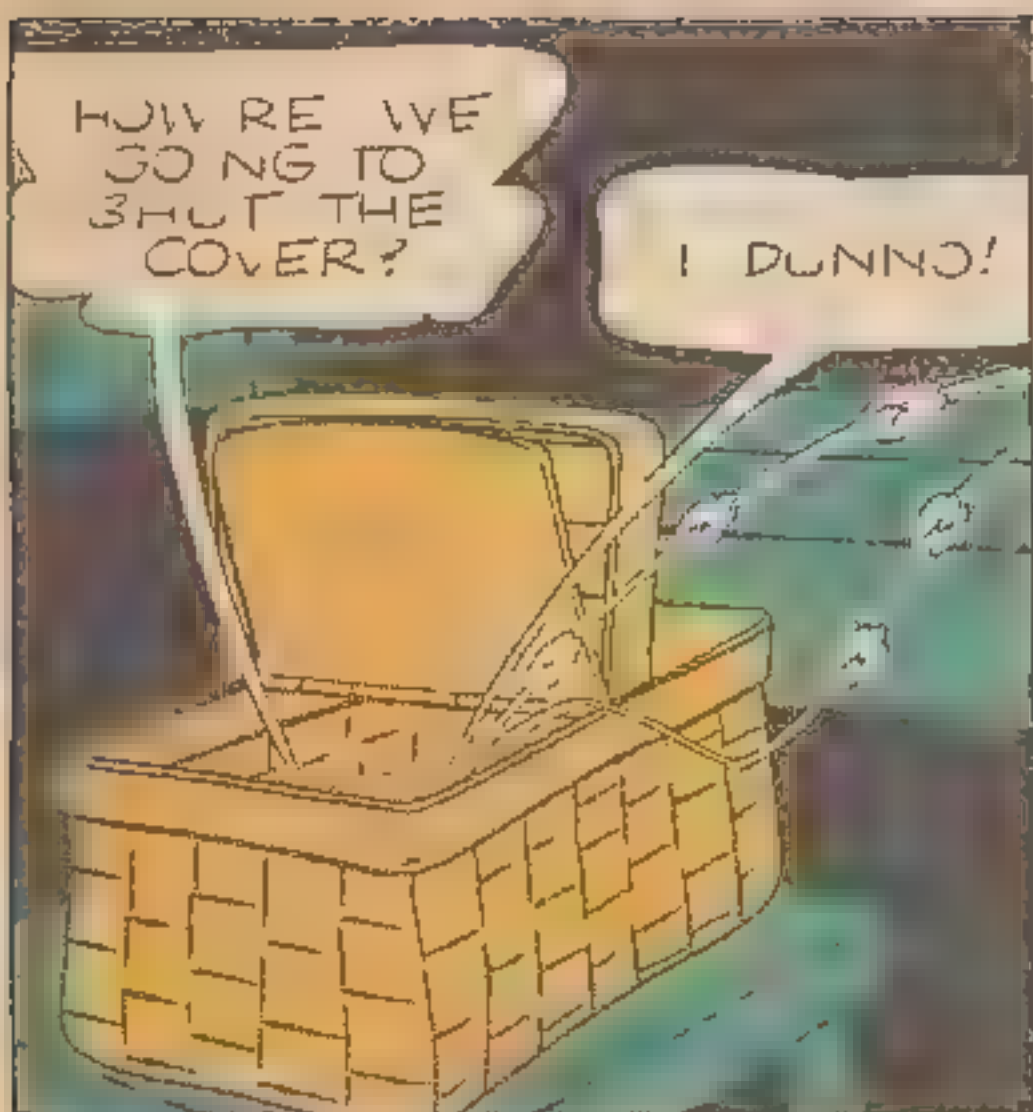
"My, my!" exclaimed the Hungry Wolf in a full, fat voice. "It certainly pays even a Hungry Wolf to have a tender heart, doesn't it, Berty Bunny?"

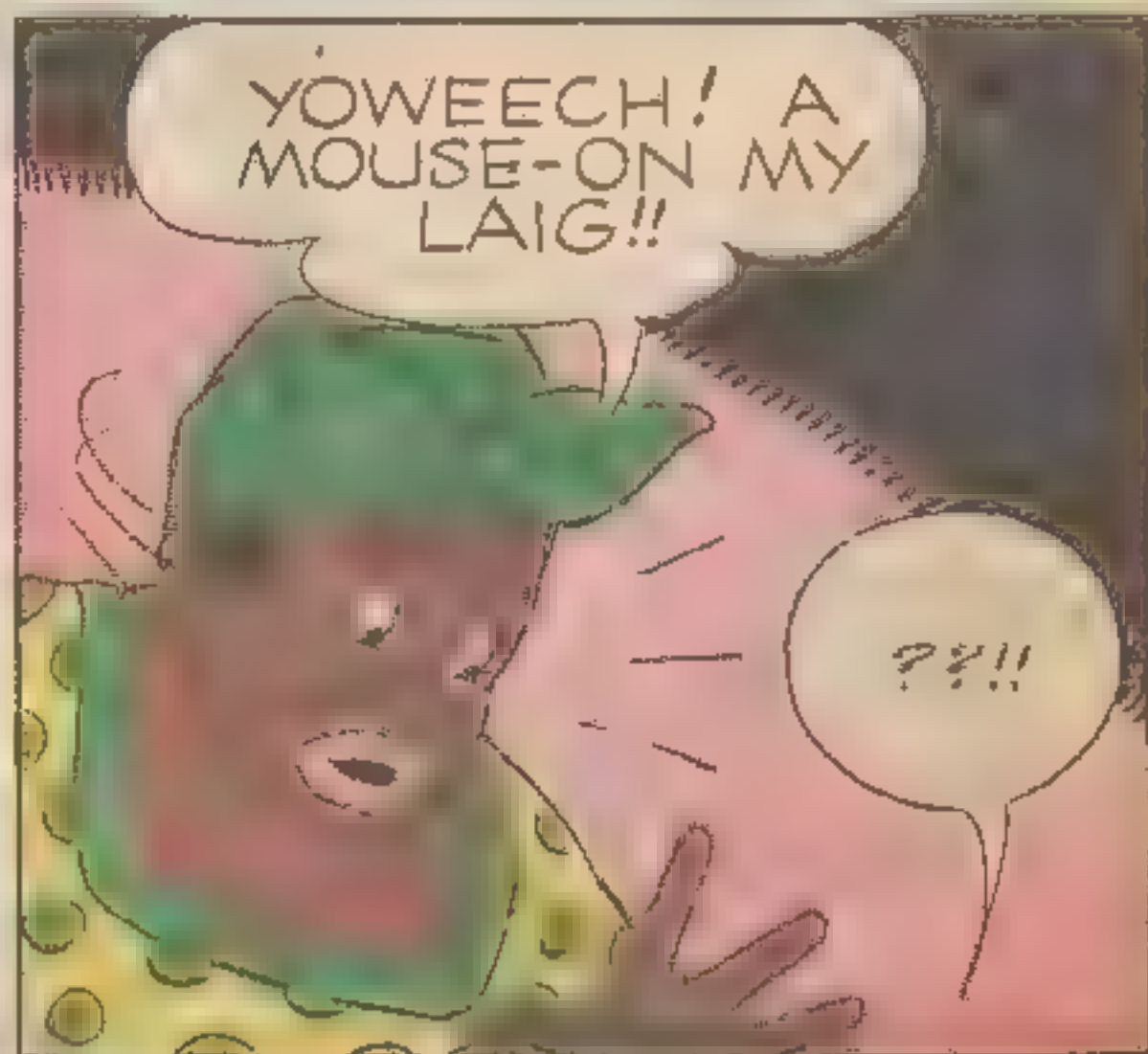
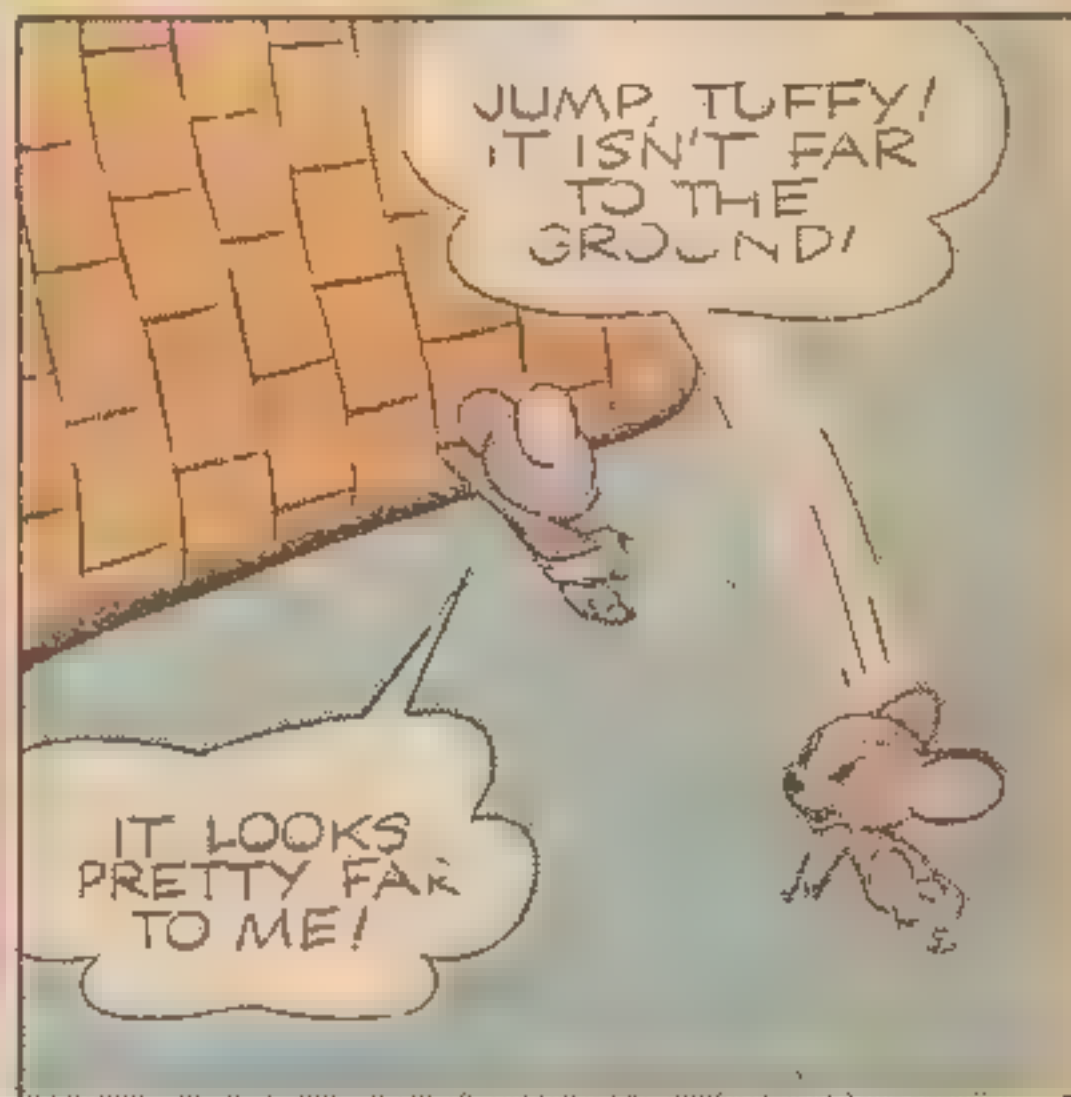


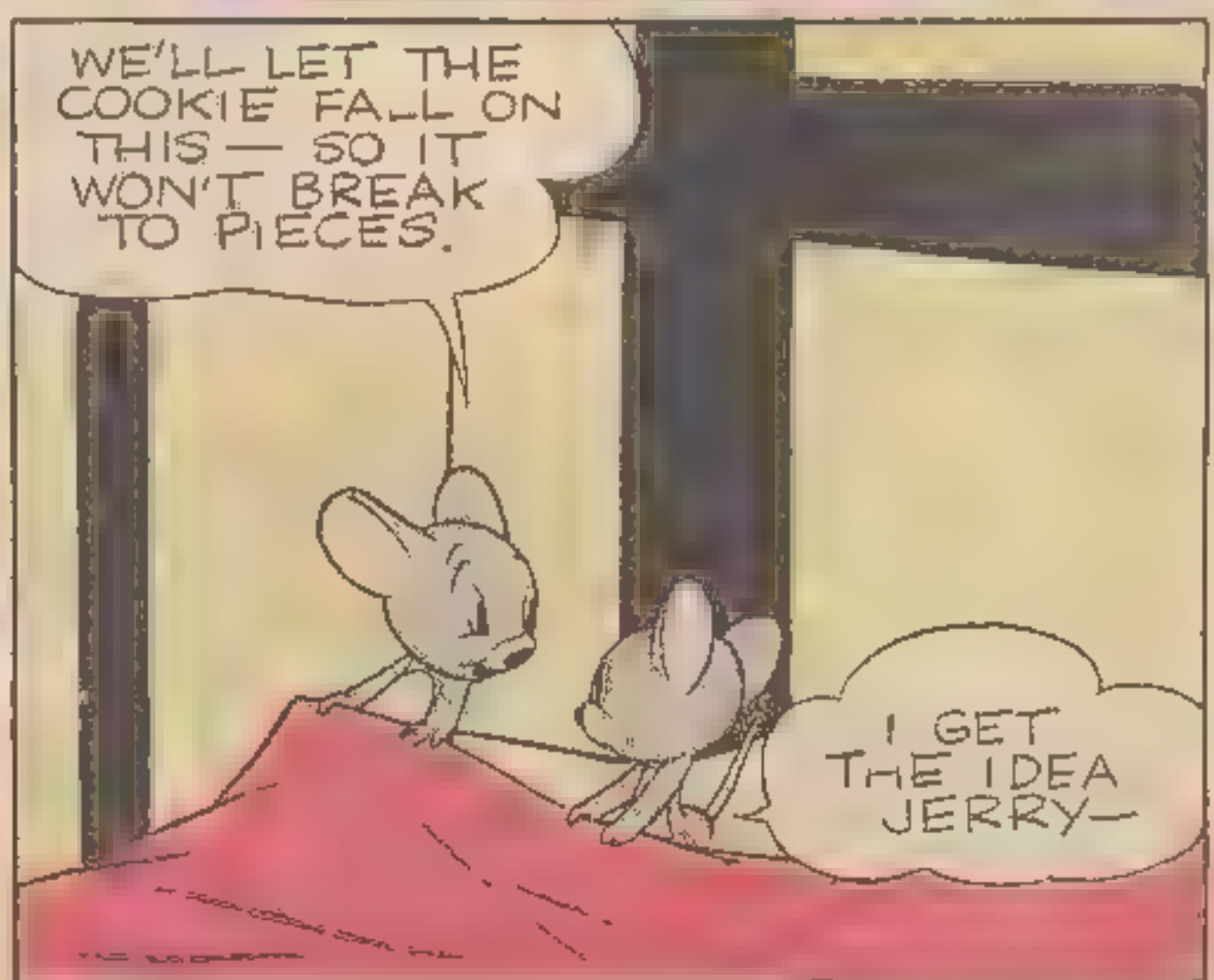
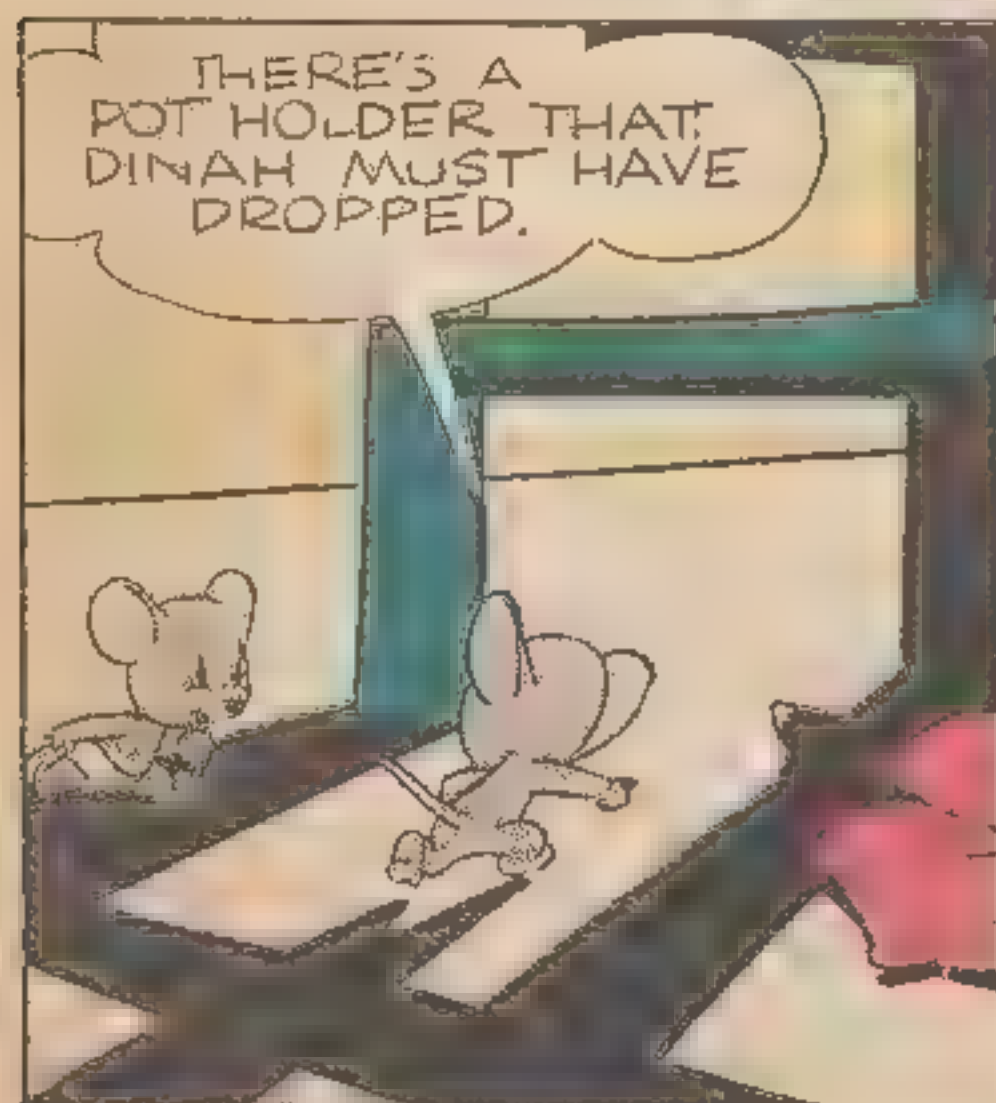
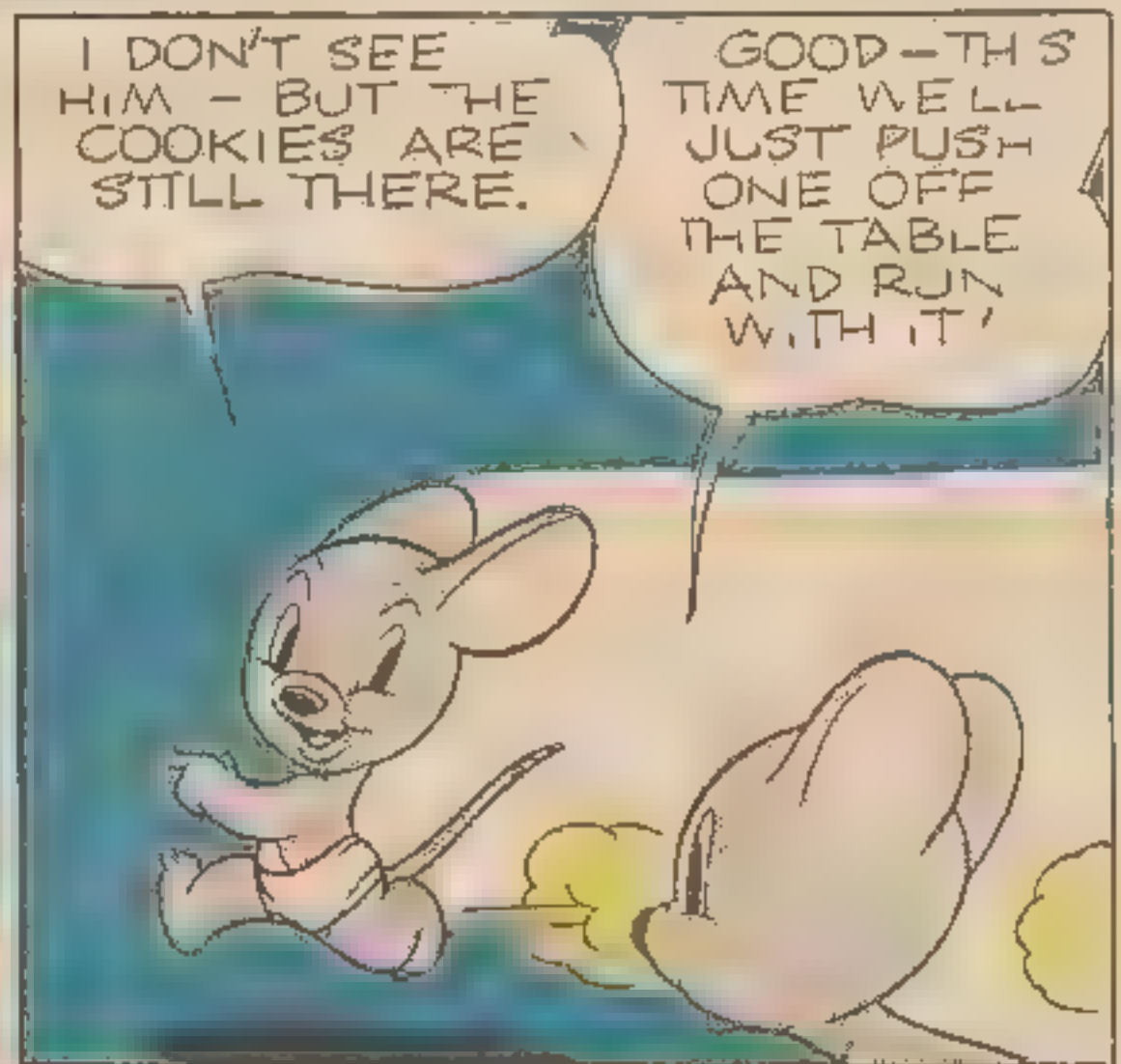
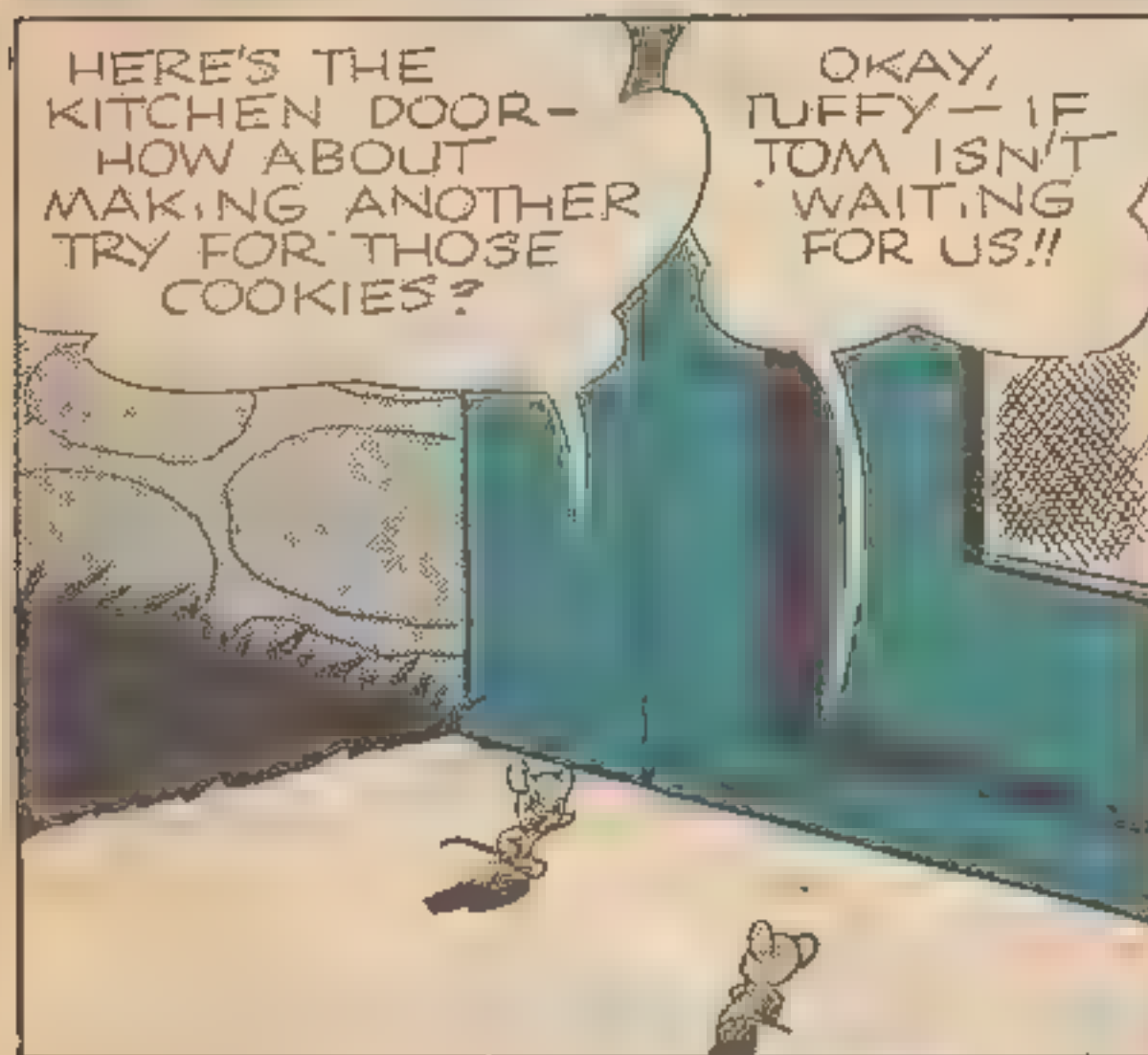
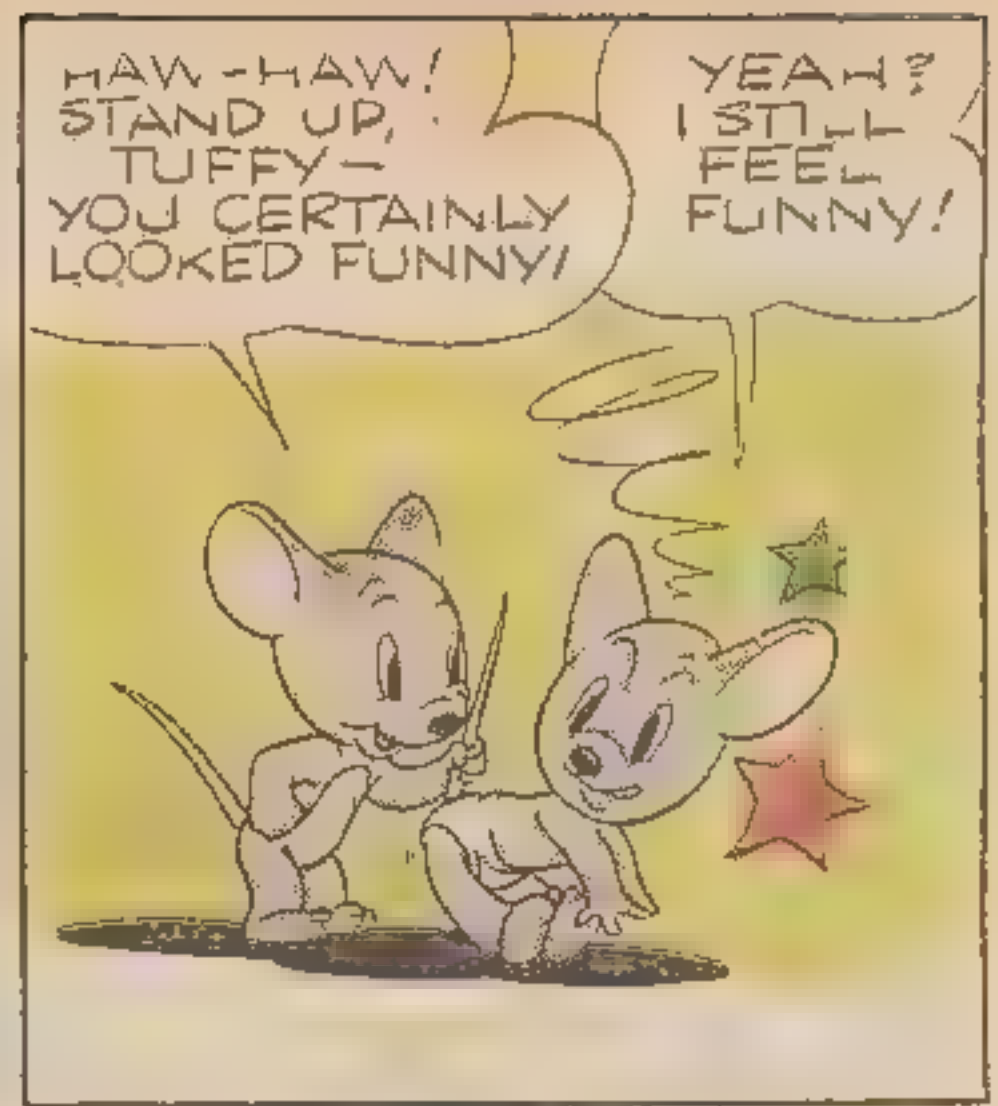
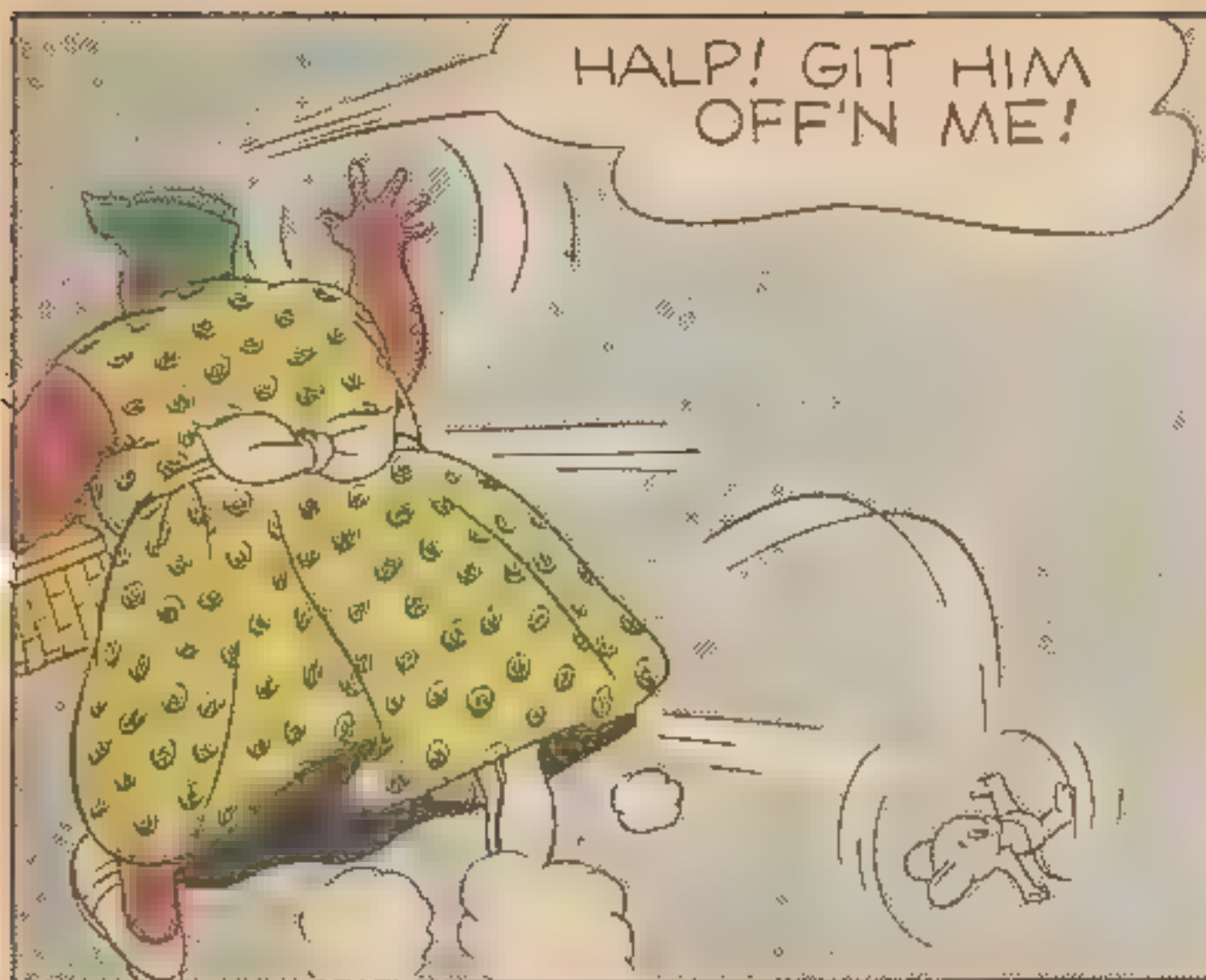


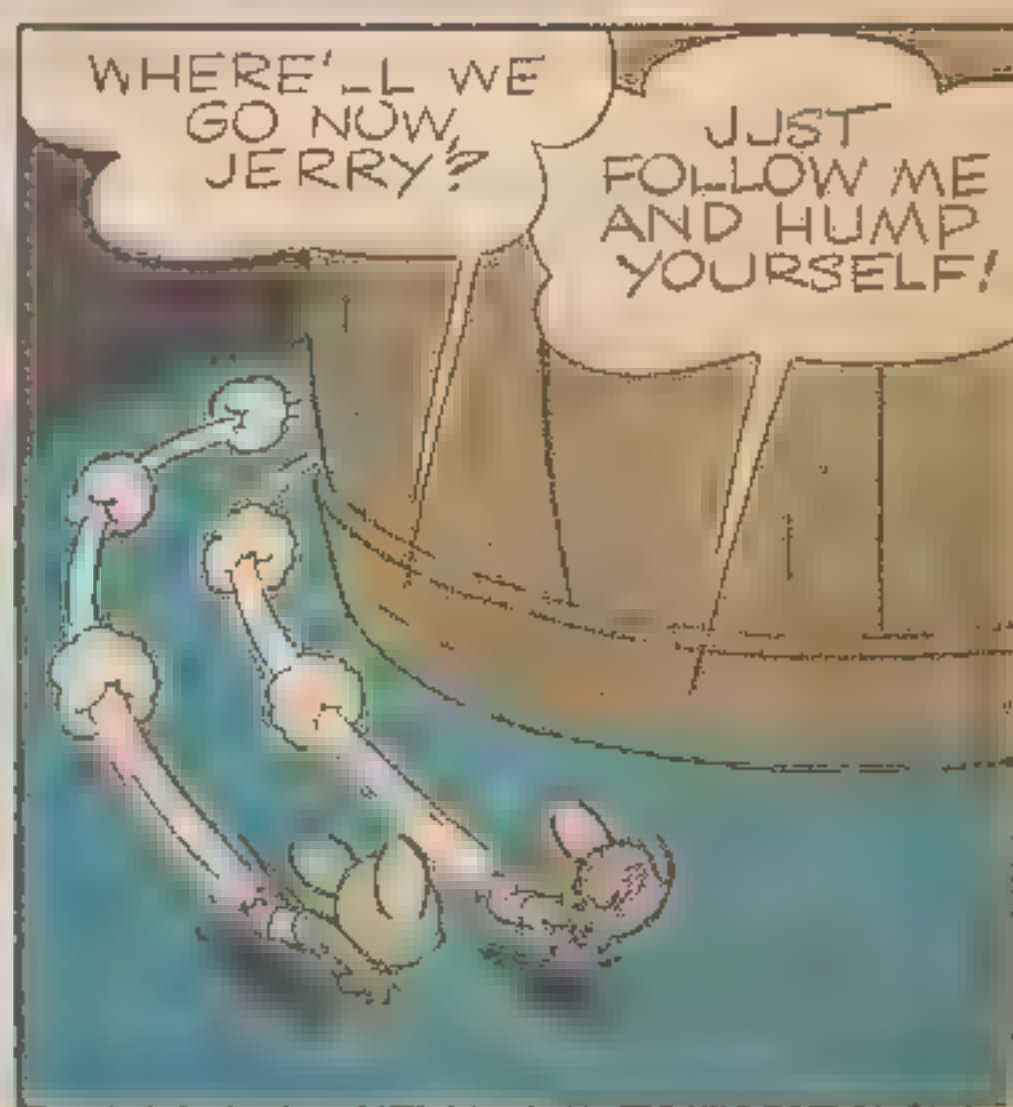
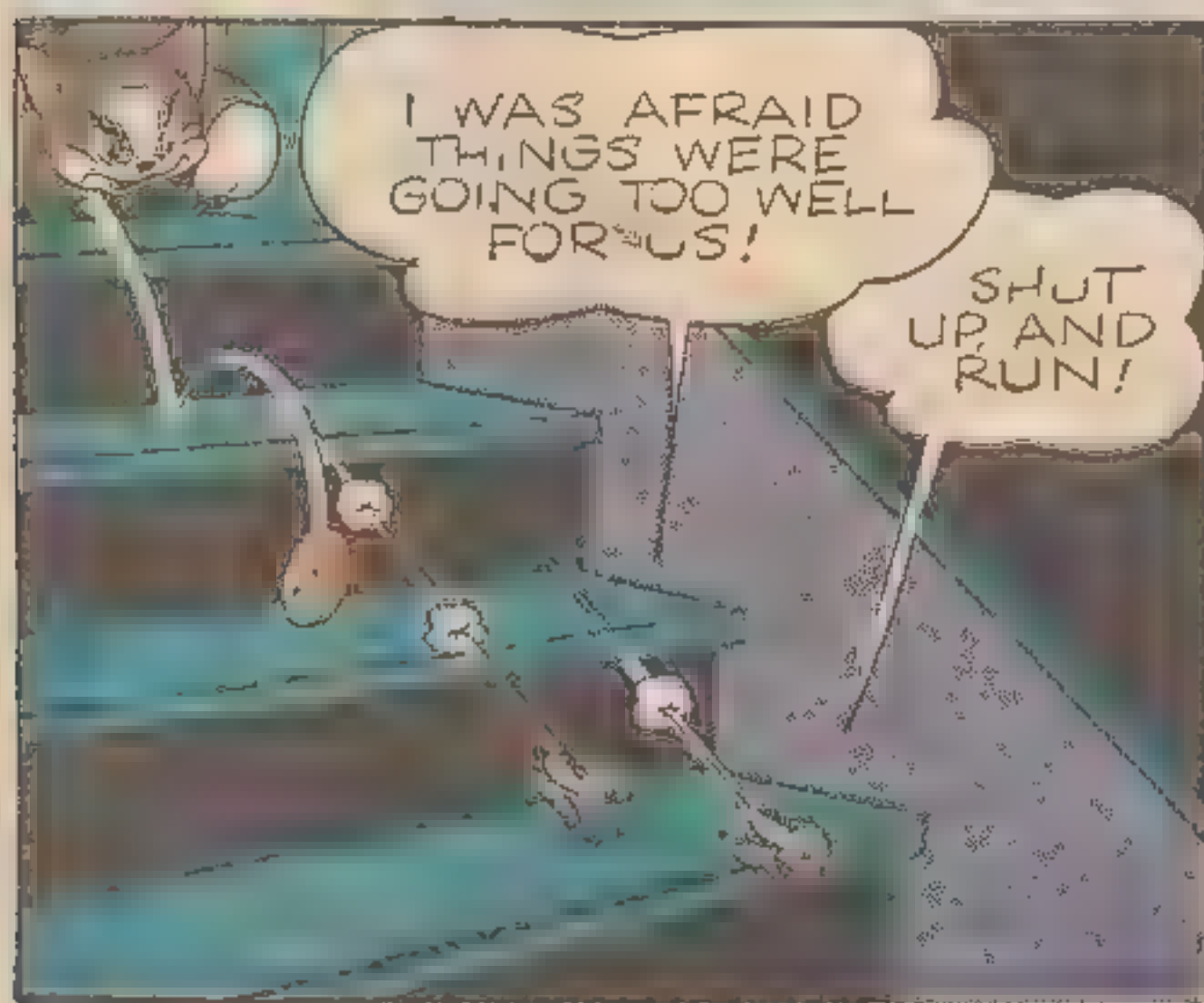
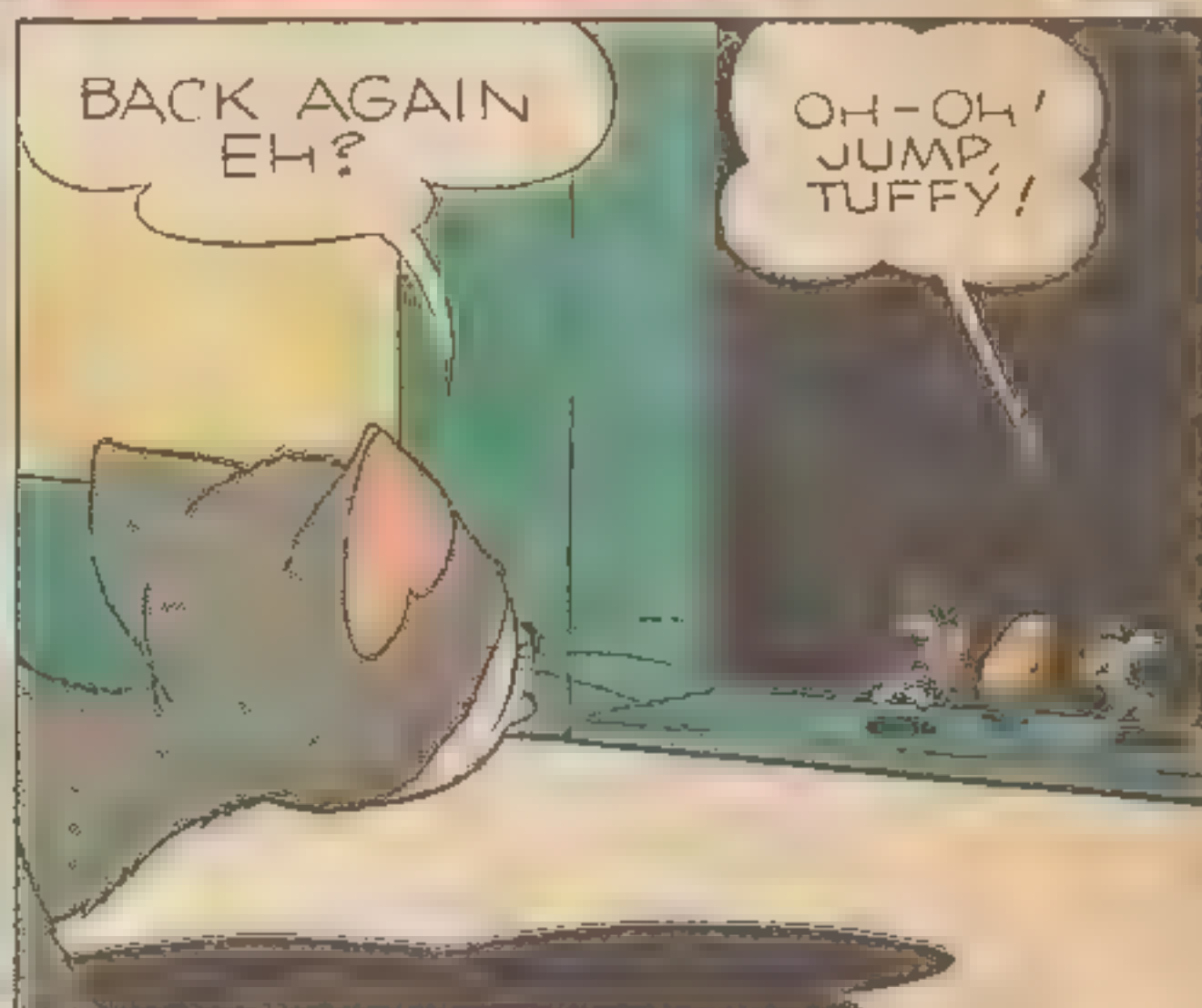
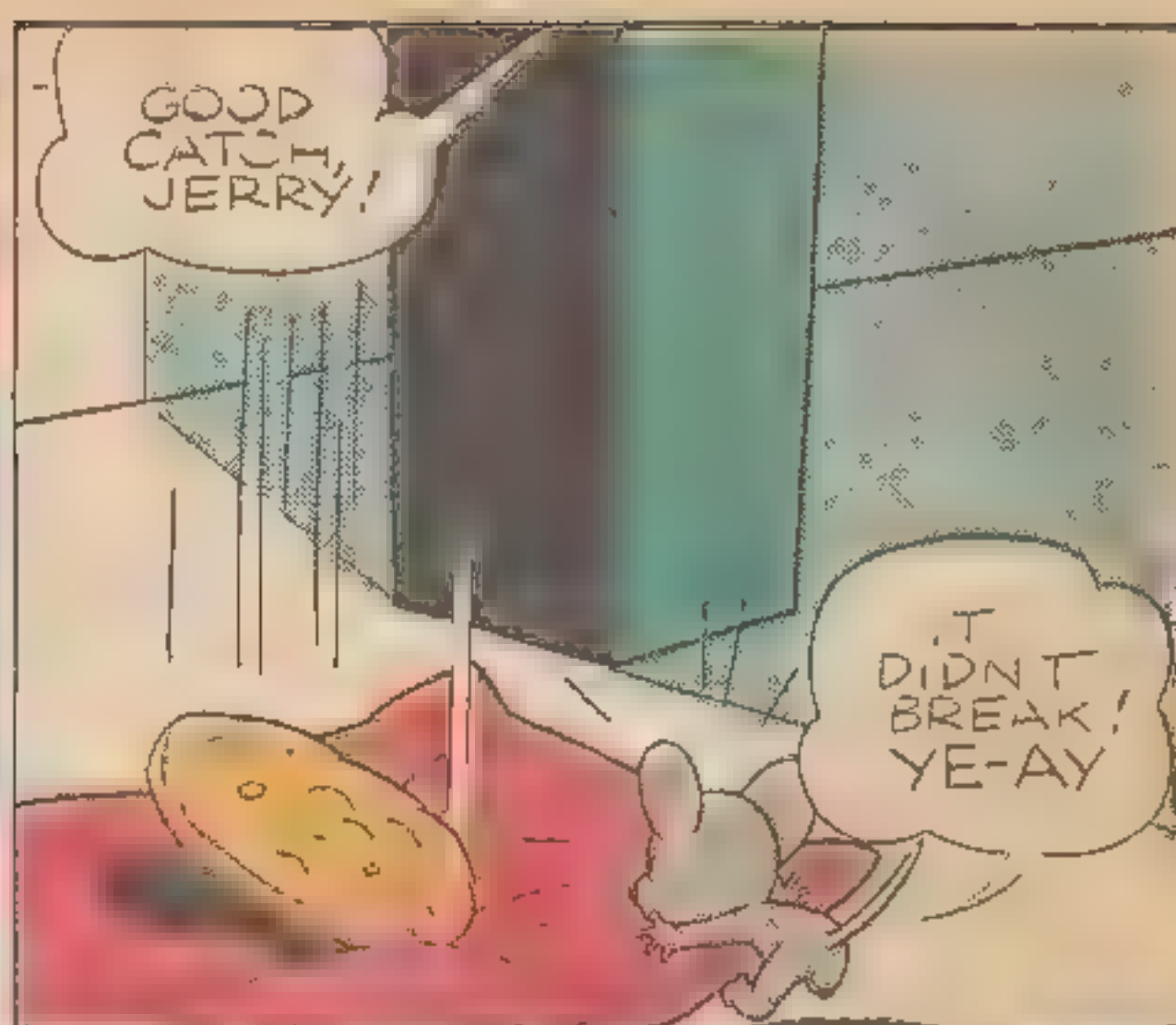


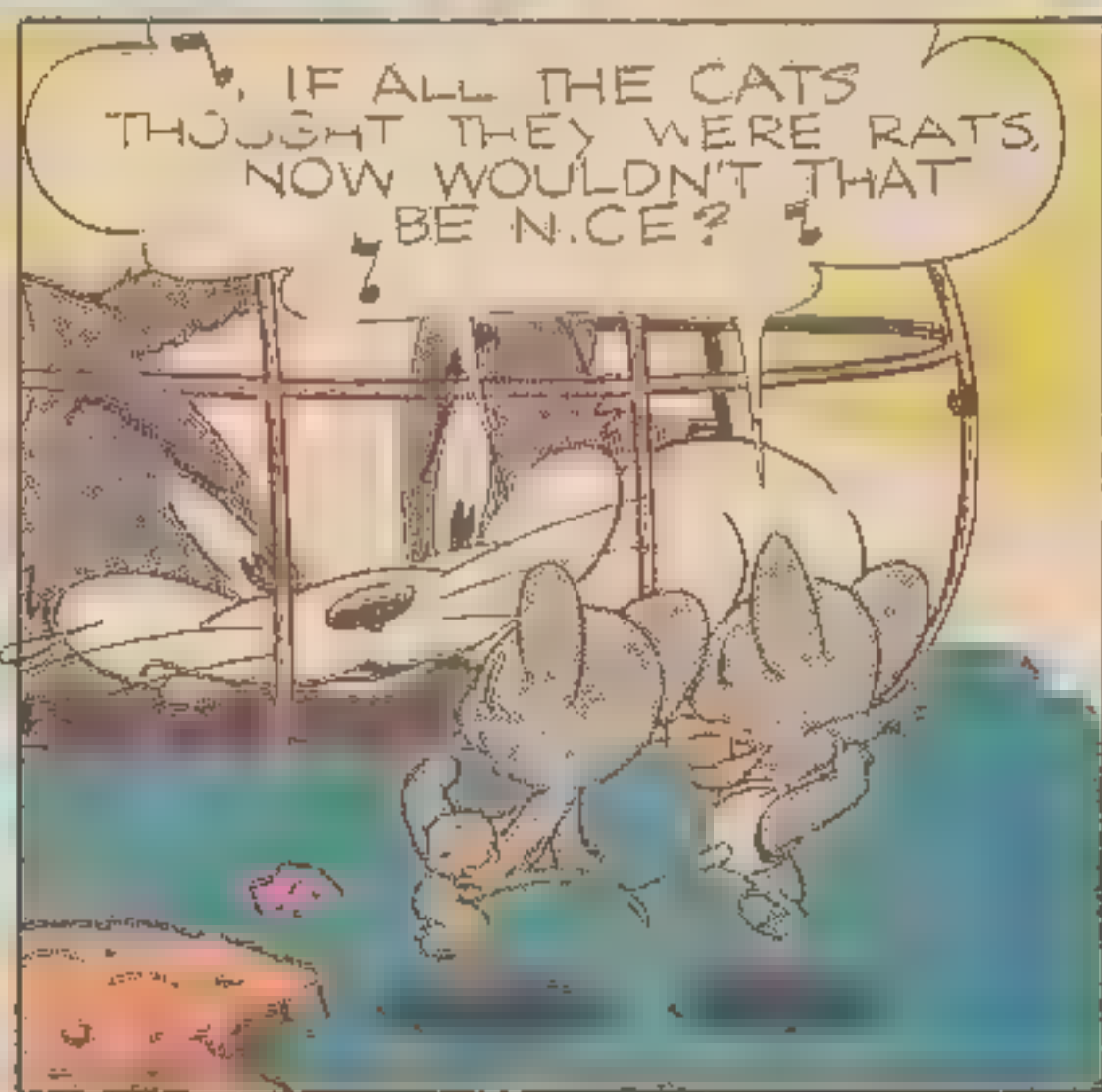
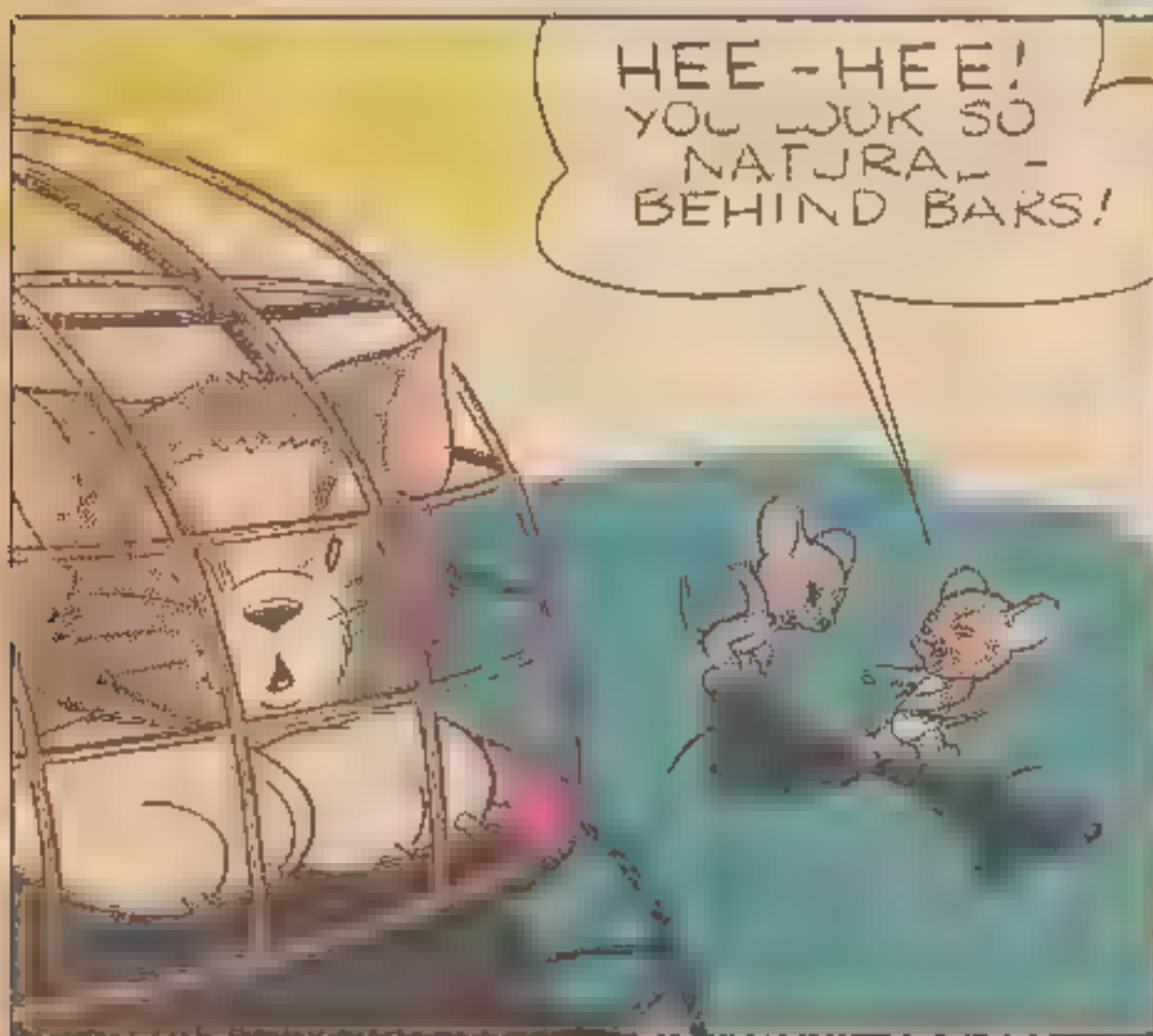
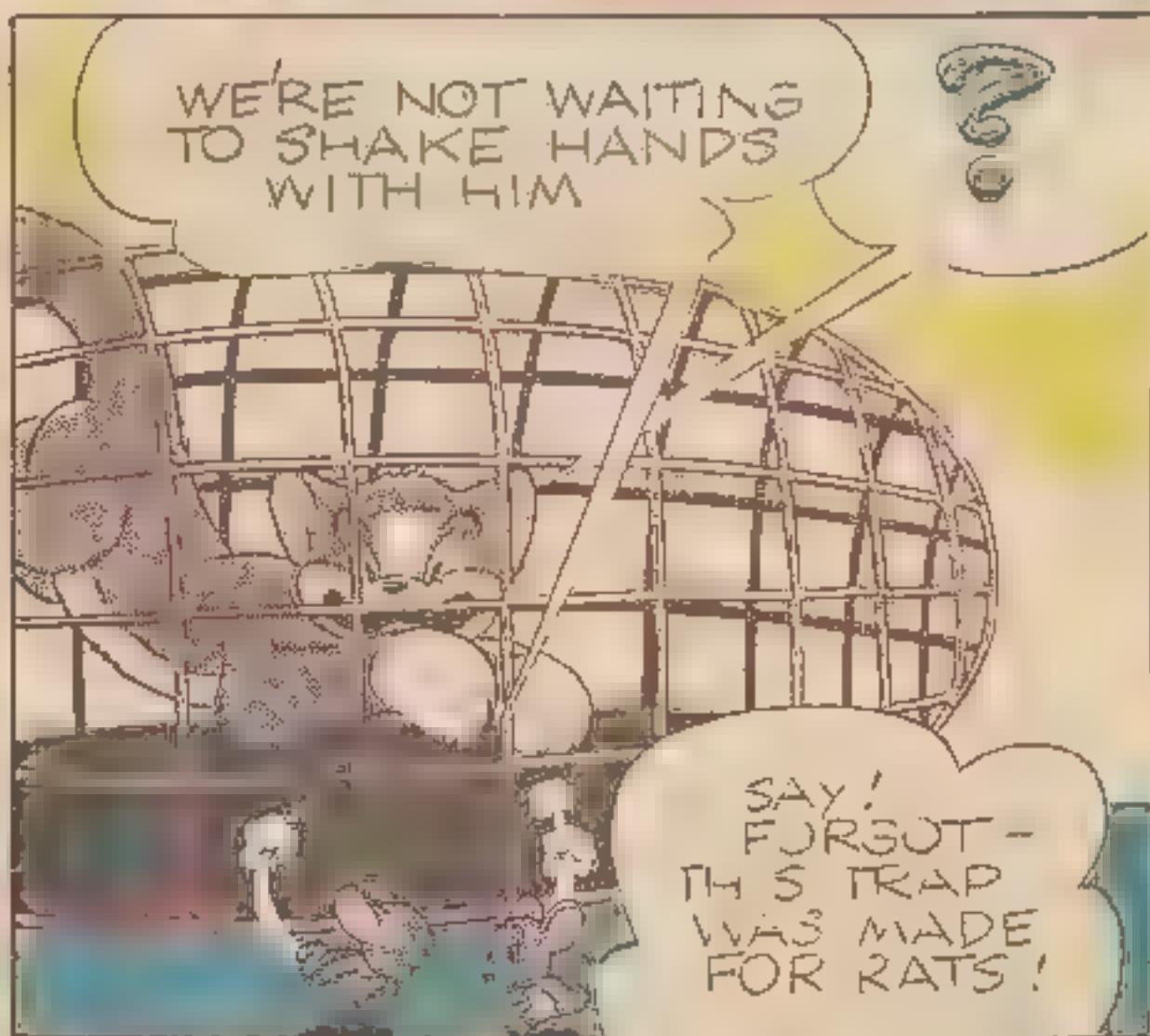
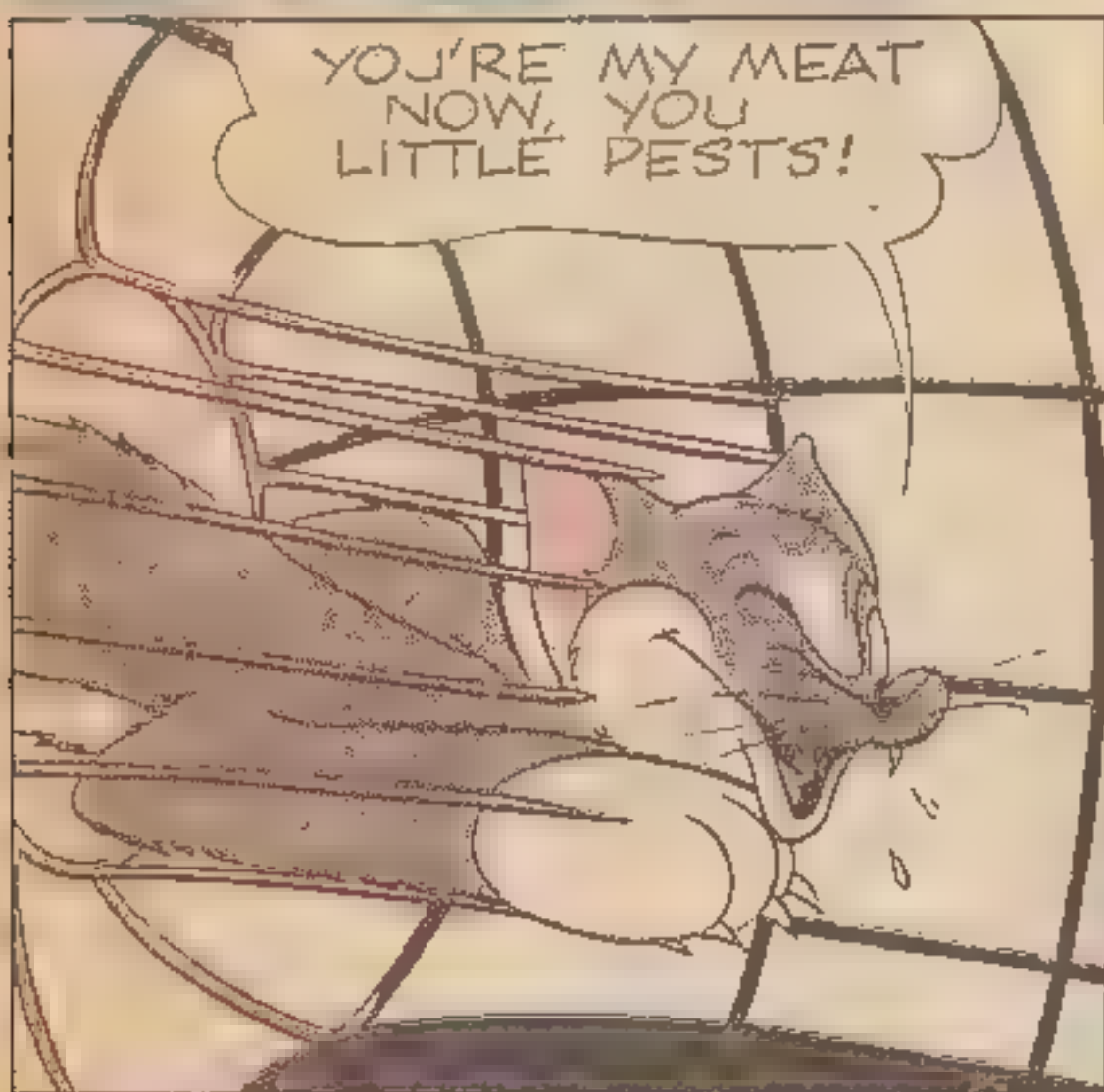
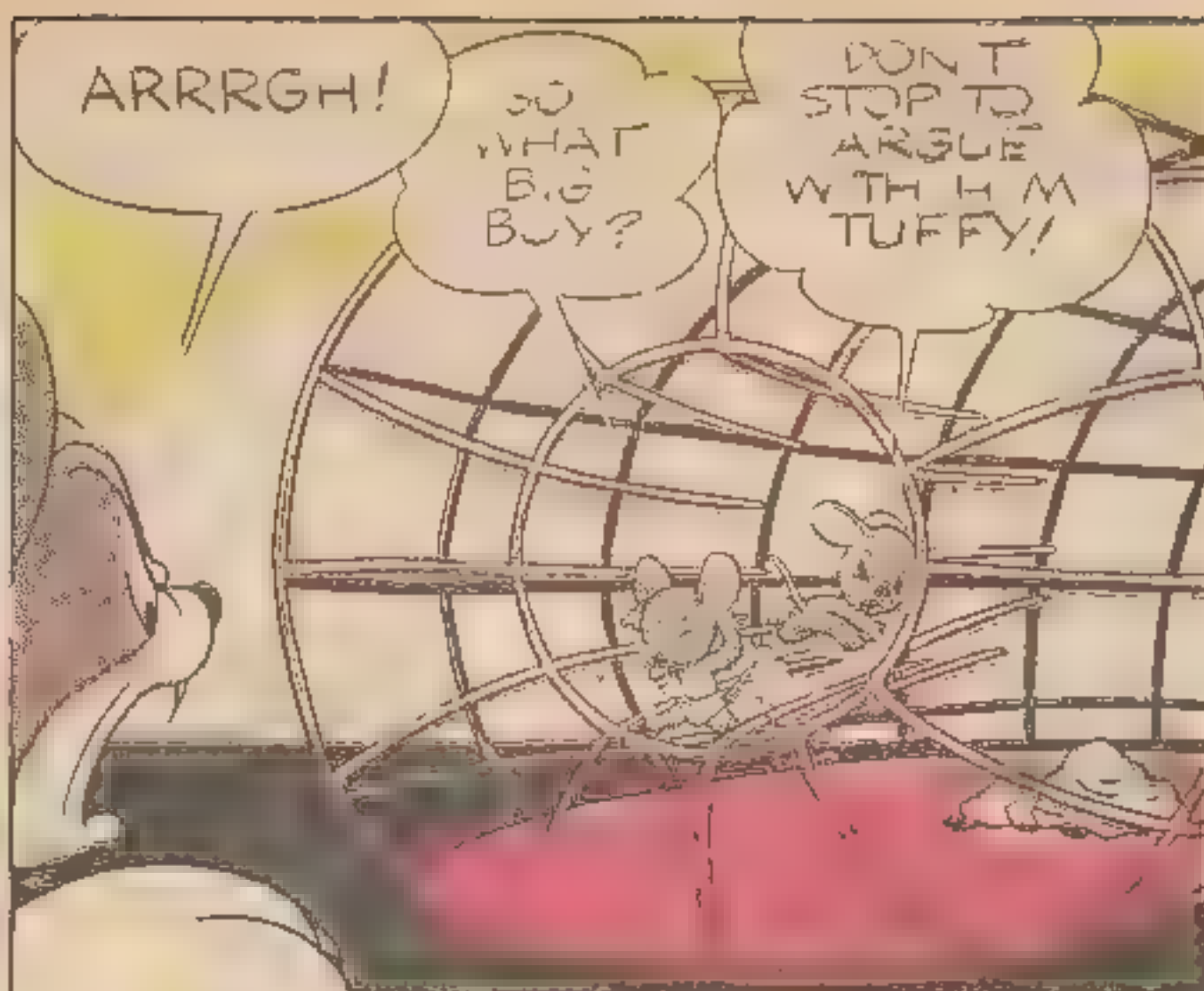
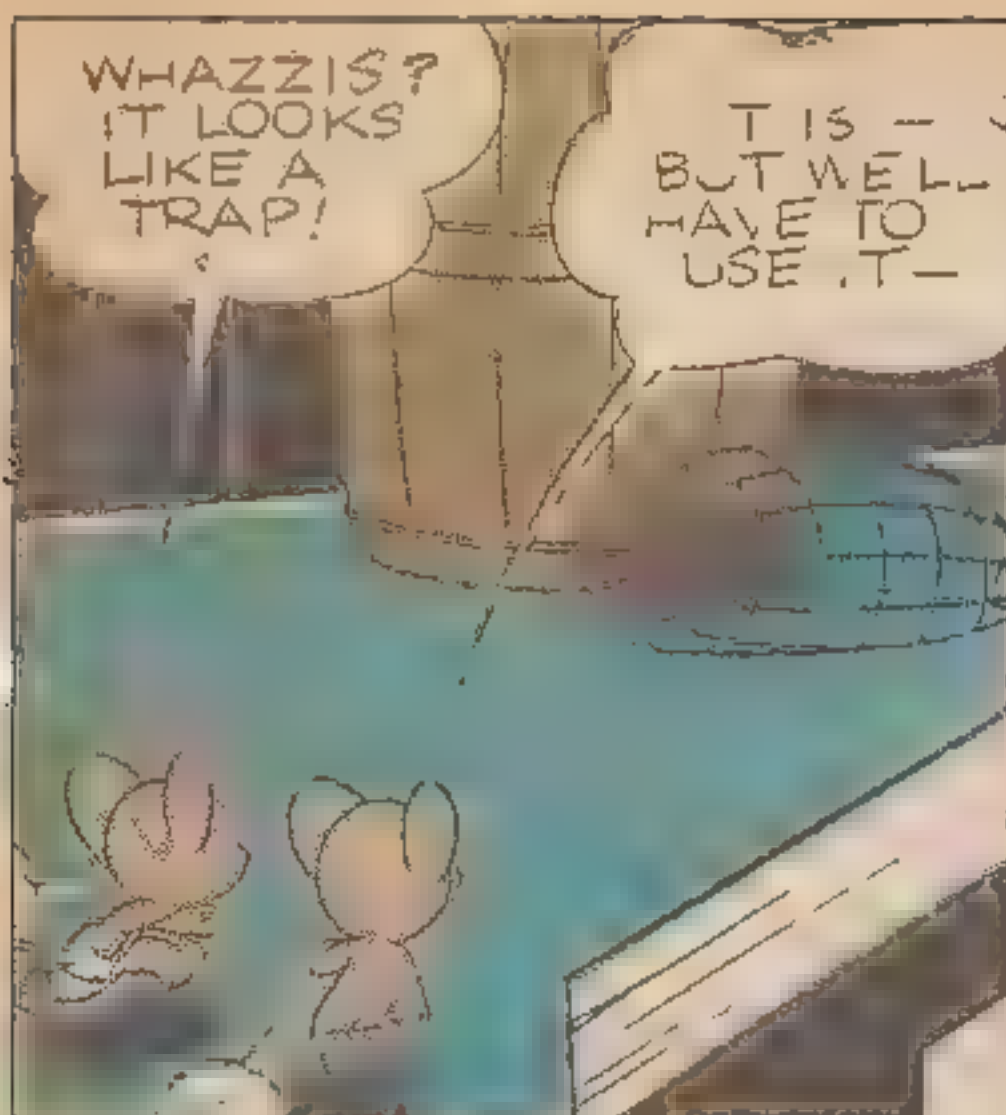


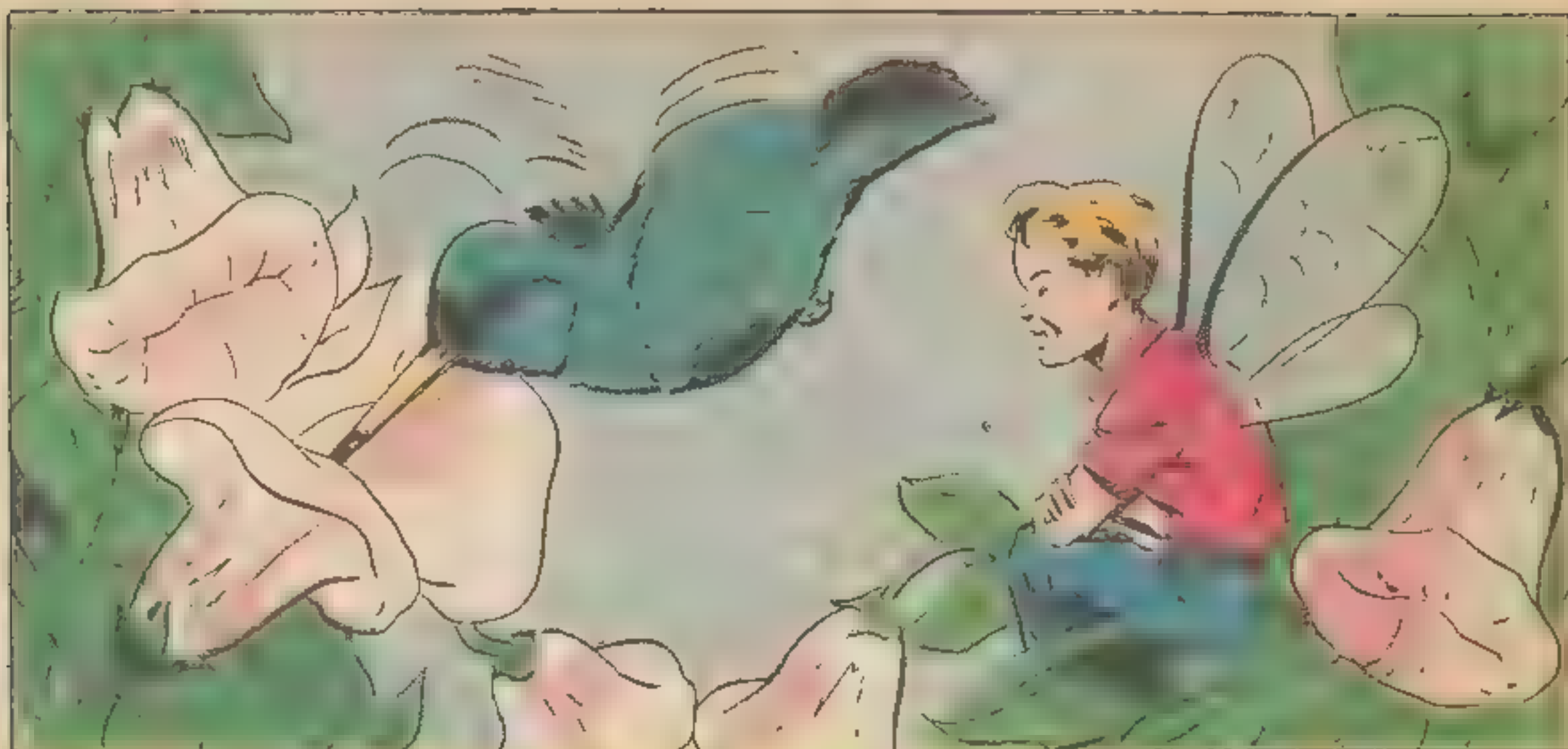












• JIMMY WELLS •

COPR., 1942, BY OSKAR LEBECK

Breathing hard with excitement, Jimmy Wells hurried to the room of his mother's star-summer boarder, Professor Tubbs. In his cupped hand he held a tiny ball of green—a half dead hummingbird.

"I picked it up in the flower garden, just a minute ago," the boy panted. "I—I never saw anything so tiny, Professor. It isn't dead!"

Tenderly the little man of science stroked the hummingbird's jewel-like feathers. His skilled fingers opened each little wing, touched the unbelievably delicate bill. His lips pursed in a soft whistle.

"There's the trouble," he said, reaching for a small pair of tweezers.

From the hummingbird's mouth he pulled a speck of white, no larger than a pencil point, and held it for Jimmy to see.

"That is a feather of down from the back of a wild snow goose," he stated. "How it got wedged in this little one's throat would make a very interesting story. But before we try to explain that, I'll bring our tiny guest out of her faint."

Dipping a medicine dropper into a bottle marked "SUGAR WATER," he moistened the hummingbird's bill. Suddenly her bright, black eyes opened. Her throat quivered.

"She's drinking it, Professor!" cried Jimmy Wells. "She's going to be all right, isn't she?"

Five minutes later, Professor Tubbs stepped to the open window. He held his feathered patient far out so that she could see the blue sky straight above her. Suddenly she leaped toward it. For an instant she hung in the air on humming wings; then she was gone.

"Now," said Jimmy Wells, seating himself in the armchair, "tell me how she got that

goose feather stuck in her throat so she couldn't eat or drink."

From his desk Professor Tubbs picked up his stereoscope. Into its wire holder he slipped a brightly-colored card.

"There's a picture of our little friend," he said. "Look closely, and you can almost see the movement of her wings. Months ago, Jimmy, those whirring wings carried her from the hot jungles of southern Mexico north to a wild Canadian lake. There with her ruby-throated mate, she built a nest of larkspur moss and spiderwebs and milkweed down..."

As Jimmy gazed through the stereoscope, the little wings became a living blur. The male hummingbird darted swiftly to another flower. His ruby-red throat glowed like a gem against the white petals of a wild morning glory. He seized a tiny insect, swallowed it, then plunged his needlelike bill into the flower's very heart to sip the sweet nectar.

Jimmy saw him dart away across the woodland clearing. The female, who had no ruby-red collar, still hung in the air among the morning glory blossoms.





"It takes me longer to get my breakfast," the boy heard her say, in a muffled voice. "You see, I have to share it with my babies—and they're almost as big as I am!"

Jimmy's eyes opened wide with surprise at hearing her speak to him. He nearly choked with amazement as he found himself hovering in the air beside her. A pair of strong feathered wings on his own back whirred softly.

"Where—where are your babies?" he asked wonderingly.

"In their nest, of course!" the mother bird mumbled. "Come along and see for yourself."

Jimmy thought it wasn't polite for her to talk with her mouth full of food. A moment later he saw the reason for it. The hummingbird led him to a beautiful nest of moss fastened saddle-like to a twig on a near-by tree. In the nest were two young birds. They looked very much like their mother, except that their feathers were not so bright.

Into their open mouths the mother bird thrust her bill. She gave them the whole mouthful of tiny insects that she had been carrying. The youngsters gulped them down and turned to look at Jimmy.

"Who are you?" they said, both together. And the boy bird added, "You can't come into our nest—there isn't any room."

"I'm just Jimmy Wells," the boy responded, "and I only stopped to say hello. You certainly have a beautiful nest, even if it is rather small. I like the way you've hung pretty pieces of colored paper around it—like things on a Christmas tree."

The mother bird looked pleased.

"Thank you, Jimmy Wells!" she said sweetly. "But those aren't pieces of paper. They're bits of lichens that grow on the rocks. They help to hide the nest from sparrow hawks who would love to eat my babies—oh! THERE'S ONE OF THE HORRID THINGS NOW!"

With a cry of anger she shot straight up into the air, toward a quick-moving gray bird

about the size of a robin. The hawk turned, screaming fiercely. He was no match for the hummingbird's quickness. His small attacker's needlesharp beak jabbed him again and again in his tenderest places. In desperation he fled as fast as his wings would carry him.

It was several minutes before the mother bird returned, and perched on the edge of the nest. Jimmy saw that she was panting hard. Some of the largest feathers were missing from one wing.

"Oh, you're hurt!" he exclaimed anxiously. "Tell me—what did that old hawk do to you?"

"Not half as much as I did to him!" the little hummingbird answered cheerfully. "He pulled out three of my wing feathers, however, and that's going to change my plans. I won't be able to fly south for the winter with my children."

"That's too bad," said Jimmy sympathetically. "If you stay here too long, you'll all be caught by the cold weather, won't you?"

The mother hummingbird shook her head. "I may be caught, but my two youngsters won't," she declared. "They're going to learn to fly right now—they're quite old enough."

She turned to the surprised young birds and poked them both sharply.

"Out you go!" she cried. "Most birds of your age would have left their nest a day or two ago. Jump!"

"No! No! We'll fa-a-a-all!" wailed the grown-up "babies." "We CAN'T fly without practice!"

"You'll never get practice without try-



ing," their mother retorted, giving them each another peck.

This time she pecked so hard that the youngsters did jump. Fluttering wildly, they dropped toward the ground. Then they caught their balance. The little-girl bird managed to reach a stalk of wild grass and perch on it. Her brother lighted on a tall mullein plant.

"And that's that!" their mother exclaimed, cocking her bright eye at Jimmy Wells. "I won't have to feed or worry about them any more. It's a great relief."

"But," Jimmy objected, "won't you have to teach them how to fly better? And now will

they EVER find their way south to Mexico when the time comes to leave?"

"You don't know much about birds, do you, Jimmy?" his small companion chuckled. "We're a born educated, so to speak. Whenever the time comes to do a certain thing, we already know how to do it, and all we need to do it PERFECTLY is practice."

"As for knowing how to get to Mexico," she continued, "why, there's a wonderfully accurate compass inside the brain of every migrating bird. My grown-up babies will simply follow their brain-compasses and one of these days they'll find themselves in the very same Mexican jungle where I spent last winter."

"That's almost too wonderful to believe," Jimmy Wells said, "but I'll take your word for it. What worries me is that YOU'RE going to stay behind with that hurt wing."

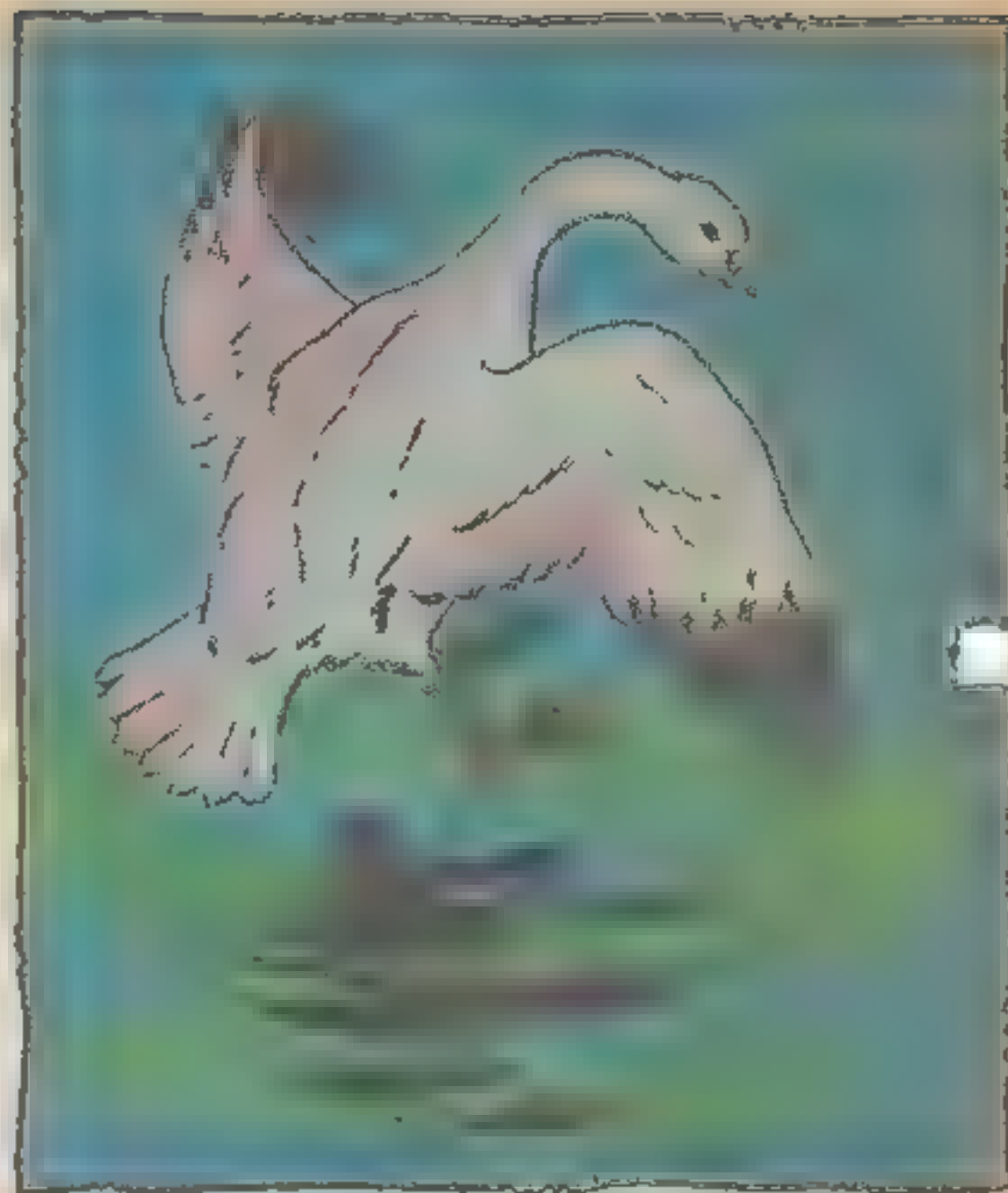
"Maybe," the mother bird replied with a lift of her shoulders, "and maybe not! Did you ever hear of hitchhiking?"

"Of course I have!" Jimmy told her. "My father picks up hitchhikers in his car lots of times. They usually wait at a crossroads or a place where all the cars have to stop."

"That's exactly what we're going to do, Jimmy," said the hummingbird, "and we might as well start now!"

Light as thistledown, she sprang into the air. The three missing feathers made her flight just a trifle unbalanced, however. Jimmy hoped she wouldn't fly too far and get tired out. He was glad when they reached the marshy shore of a wilderness river and stopped.

Already the evening shadows were growing long. A chilly breeze swept over the calm river, turning it black with little ripples. Jimmy perched on a swaying stalk of wild rice beside the hummingbird and shivered.

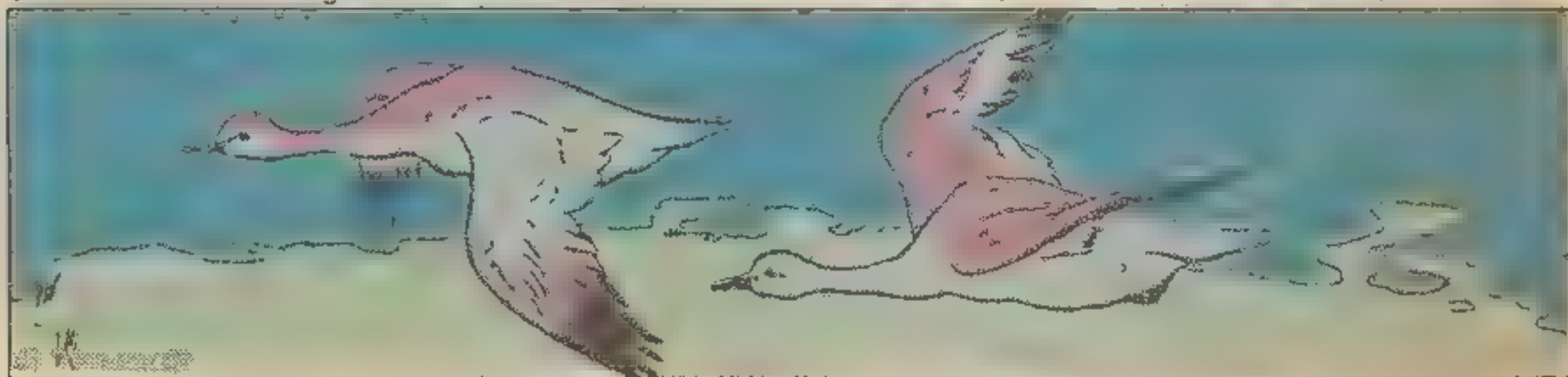


"Look!" cried the hummingbird, poking him sharply in the ribs. "There come the busses—don't you hear them honking? They're going to stop right here."

From the darkening sky came a medley of musical hoots and honks. Jimmy saw a flock of twenty large white birds gliding down toward him on wide black tipped wings. Since he was only hummingbird size himself, they looked gigantic.

"What are they?" he asked, in a rather scared voice.

"Wild snow geese," the little mother bird told him. "We'll wait until they get settled for the night, before we go aboard one of them. They're the 'busses' I told you about."



"Wh-Where do we g-go from here?" he chattered, wrapping his arms tight around his chest to keep warm.

"Nowhere," his feathered friend answered, "—until our bus comes along. We may have to wait for it several days."

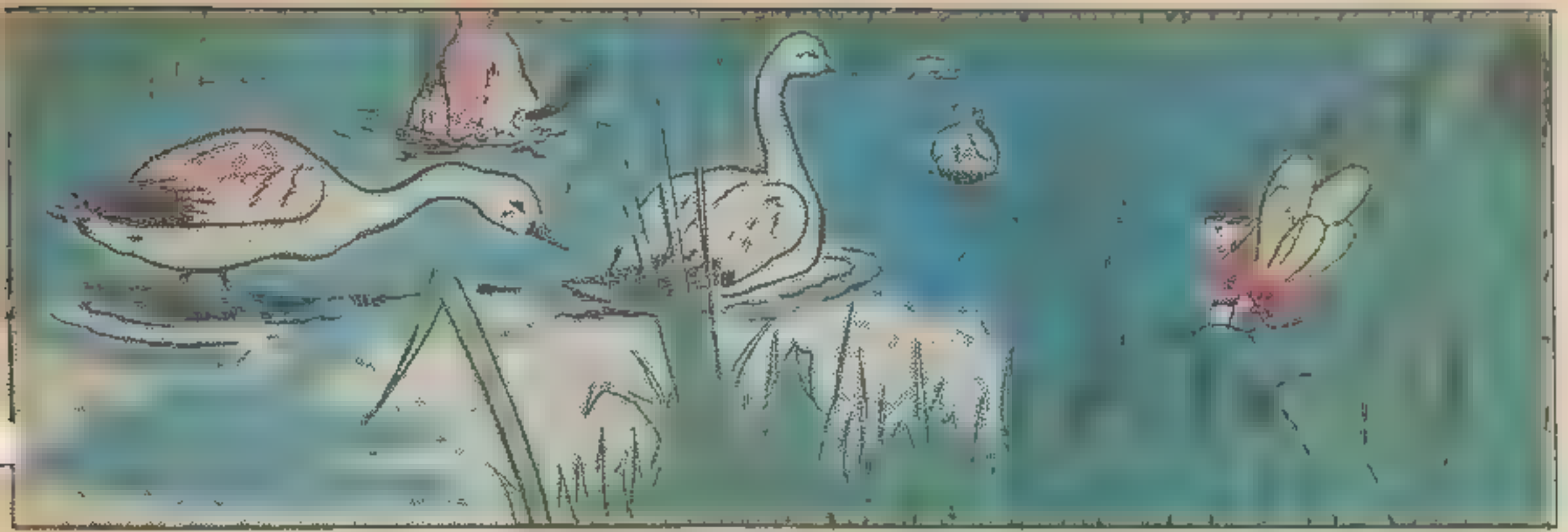
"I h-hope n-not that l-long!" said Jimmy Wells. "It feels like w-winter already—oh-h-h!"

He broke off with a gasp as a large snowflake struck him on the back of the neck, like an icy, wet bath towel.

For half an hour the wild geese swam about in the shallow water. Again and again they dived to pull up the tender roots of the water plants that made their supper. Jimmy Wells was glad he wasn't trying to hitch a ride on one when it stood on its head in the river.

After a time the splashing and diving stopped. All but the wise old gander who watched over them tucked their heads under their wings and went to sleep.

"Now's our chance!" the hummingbird murmured in Jimmy's ear. "Follow me, and



you'll soon be warm."

Straight to the nearest sleeping goose she darted. For a second or two she and Jimmy Wells hovered just above the broad white back. Then they sank down upon it—so lightly that the goose never felt their weight.

"Ever sleep in a feather bed?" the hummingbird whispered. "Just snuggle in between these and see how warm you'll be."

Very cautiously, Jimmy did as she said. Beneath the sleek outer feathers he found a deep, soft, downy layer that was like the warmest blanket he had ever known. In fact it was warmed by the goose's own body. Jimmy felt so comfortable and safe that he fell asleep before he knew it.

The next thing he felt was somebody poking him gently in the side.

"Wake up!" came the hummingbird's voice through the sleep that filled his brain. "Come out on deck and see where we are now!"

With a drowsy yawn, Jimmy sat up, so that his head rose above the white goose feathers. Suddenly he grabbed them in fright and held on. What he had dreamed was a bed lurched and swayed like a ship at sea, or an airplane in flight.

"Stand up and look down," the little mother hummingbird told him. "It's perfectly safe."

Peering down between the goose's neck and her great, slow-beating wing, Jimmy saw the

earth, far, far below them. It looked like a huge map, with lakes and rivers and dark mountains painted in silver and black. The cold wind of the upper air whistled past his ears and made them tingle.

"Where are we now?" he asked in wonder.

"We're just crossing over into the United States," his small traveling companion informed him. "We started before dawn, and you've slept the clock around, Jimmy. This snow goose isn't going all the way to Mexico, but she'll take us for a good part of the way."

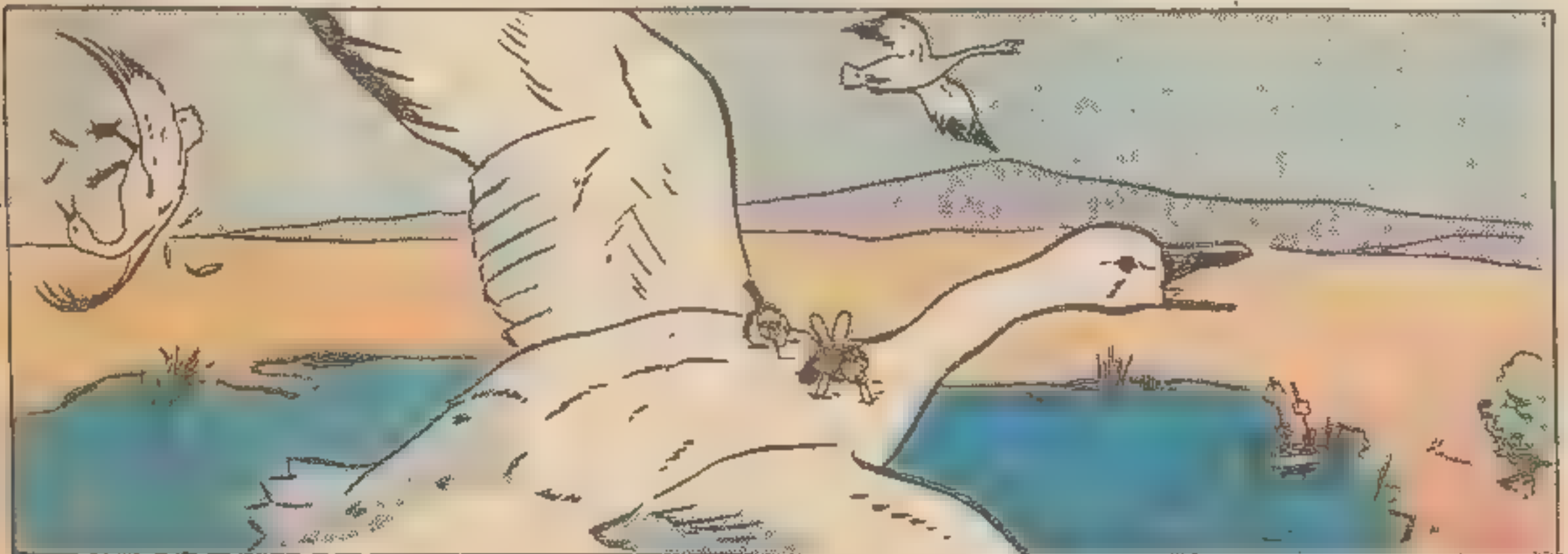
"See—we're going down to the water again!" Jimmy exclaimed. "It feels like an elevator—"

His words were drowned in the goose's frightened honking. From the water's edge below them came the banging of guns. Several bullets ripped through the feathers very close to Jimmy and the hummingbird. The goose dodged, wheeled suddenly in the air.

Jimmy felt himself falling. He tried to shout to the hummingbird, but his mouth was full of soft goose-down, and he couldn't make a sound. He gasped for breath—and looked up into the smiling face of Professor Tubbs.

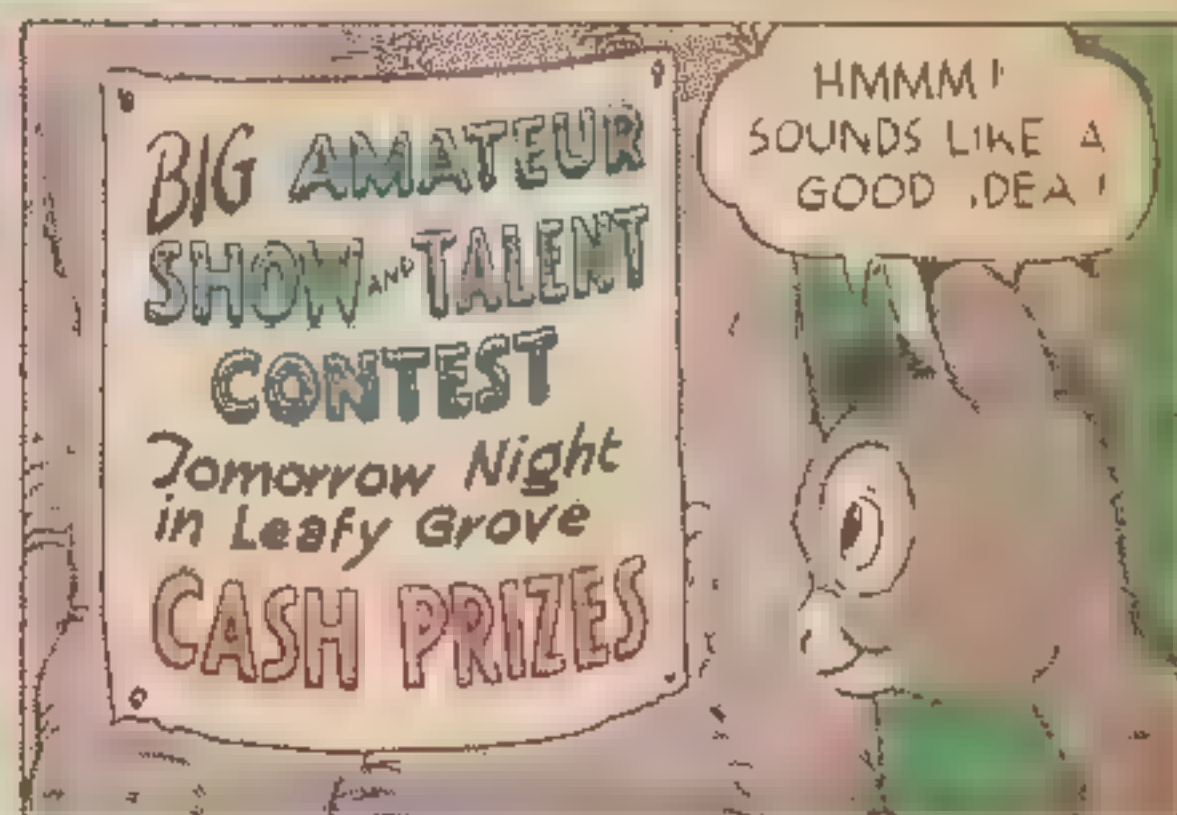
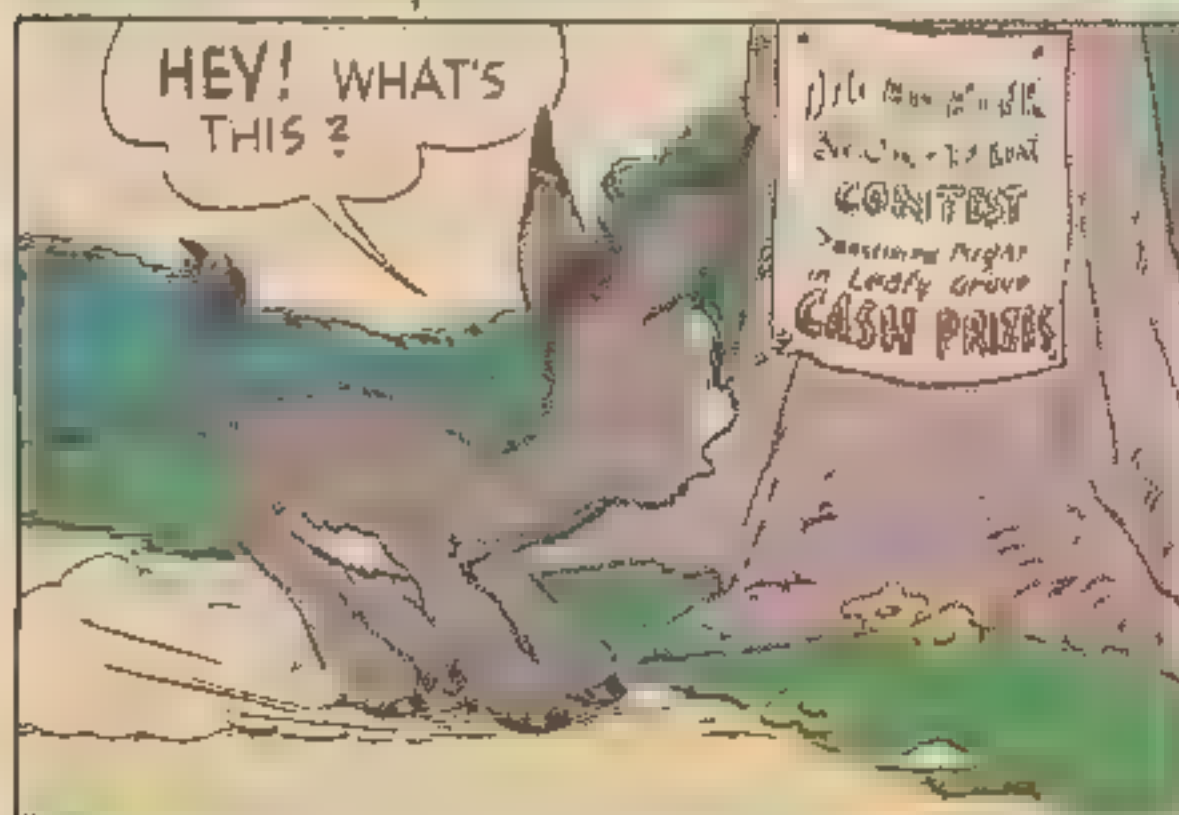
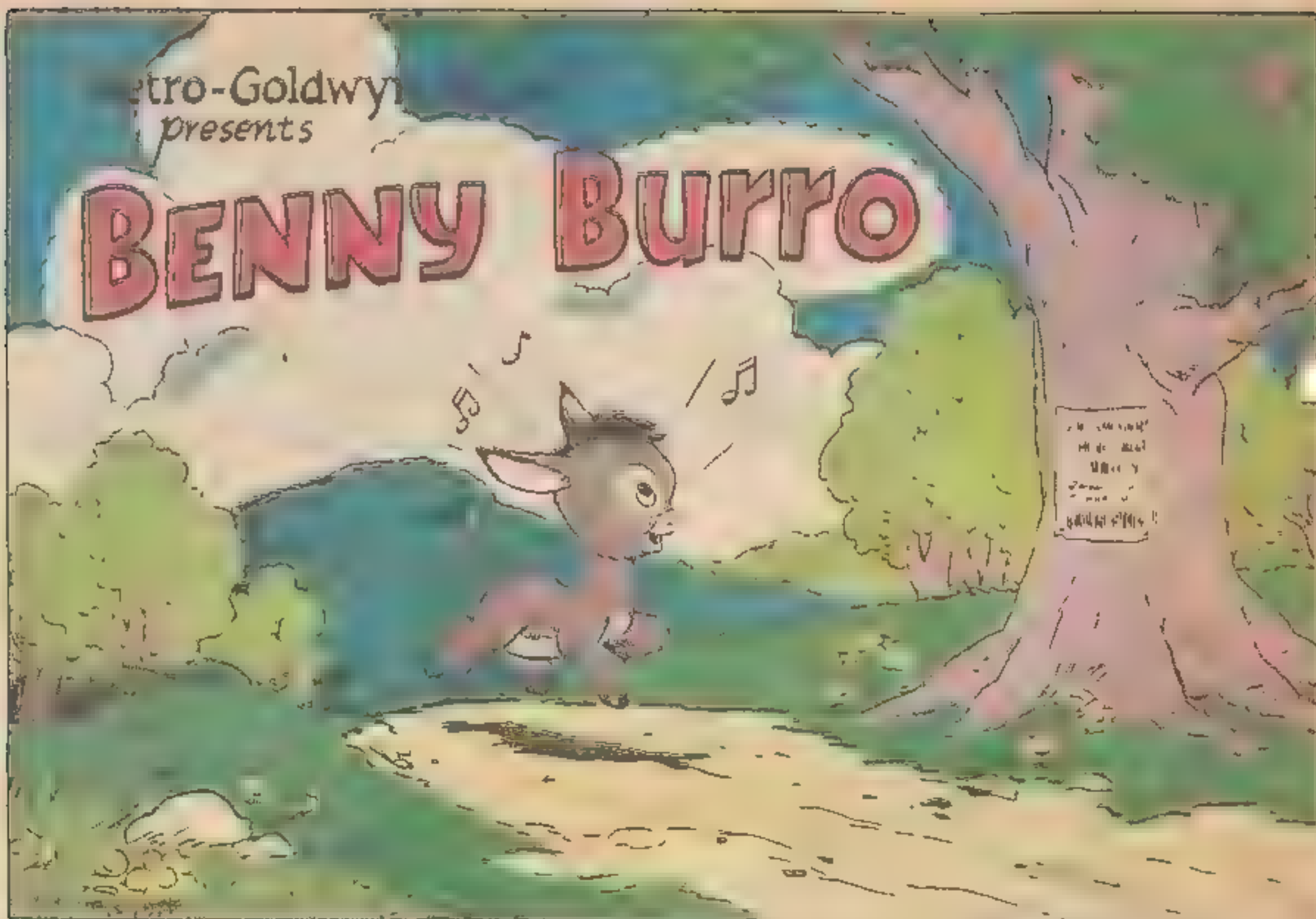
"Oh! So THAT'S how it all happened!" he cried, jumping up from the armchair. "But I—I must have been dreaming, Professor."

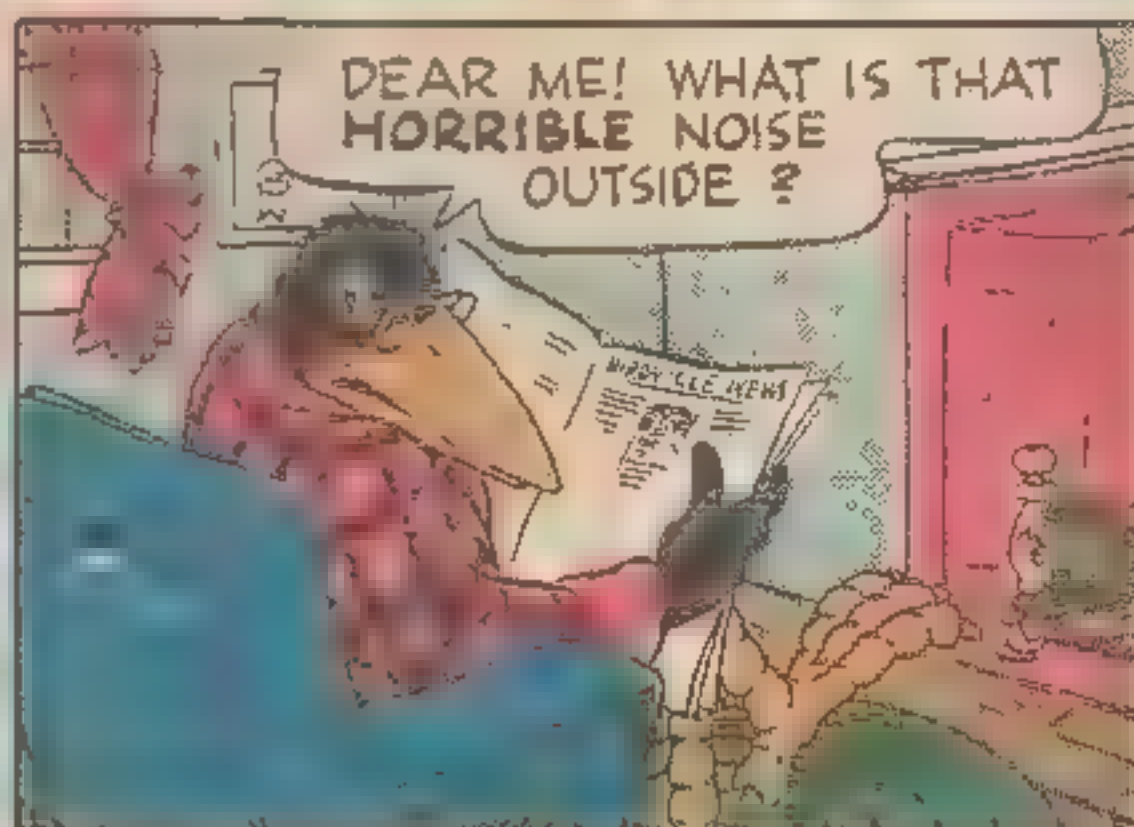
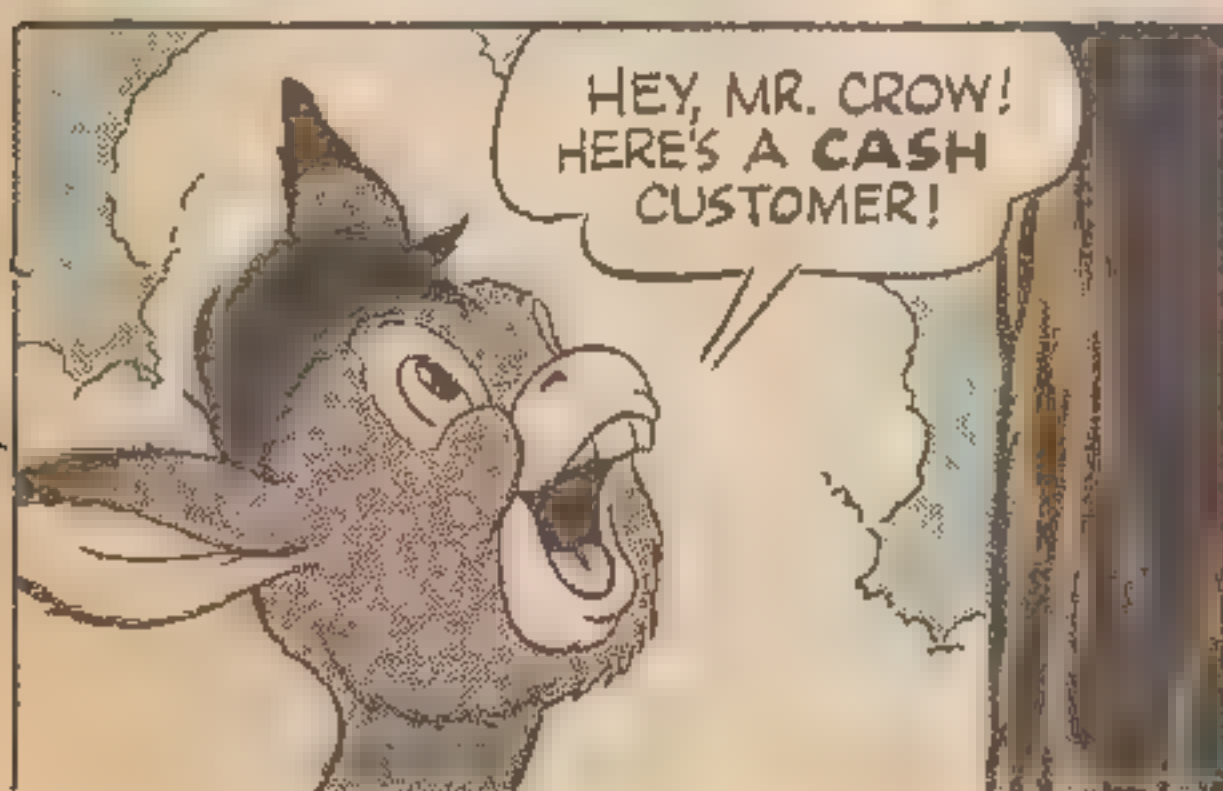
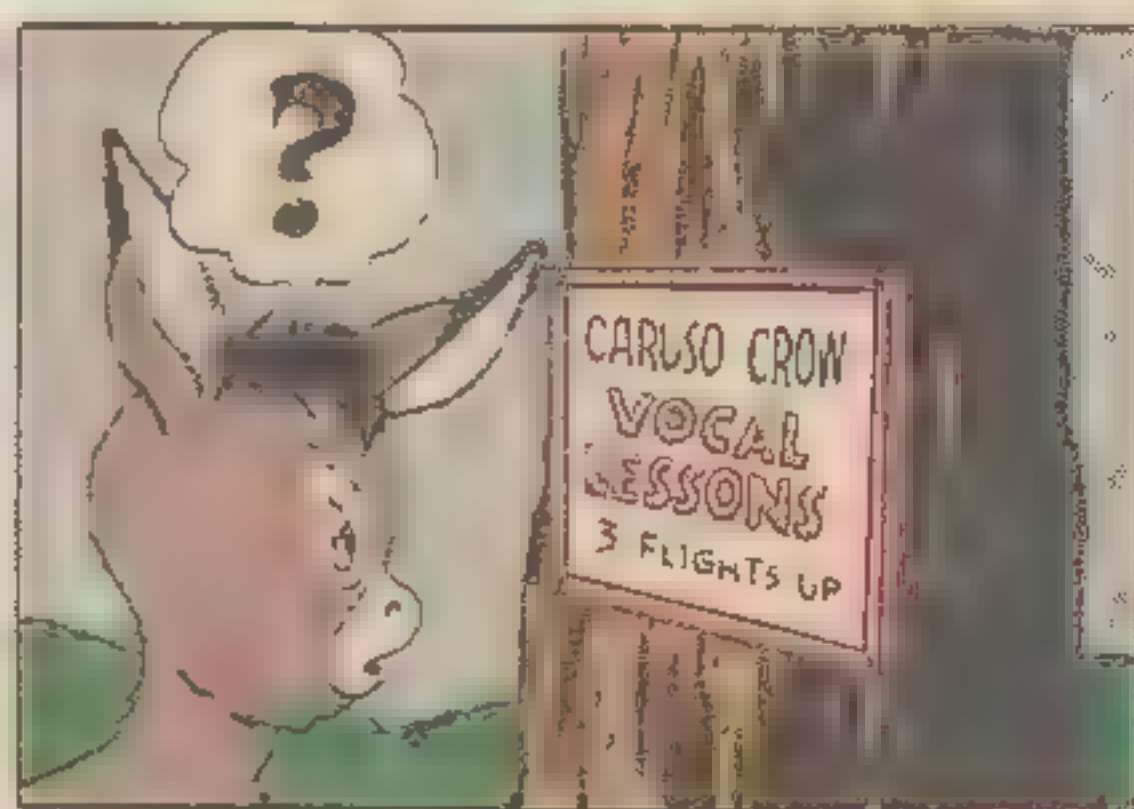
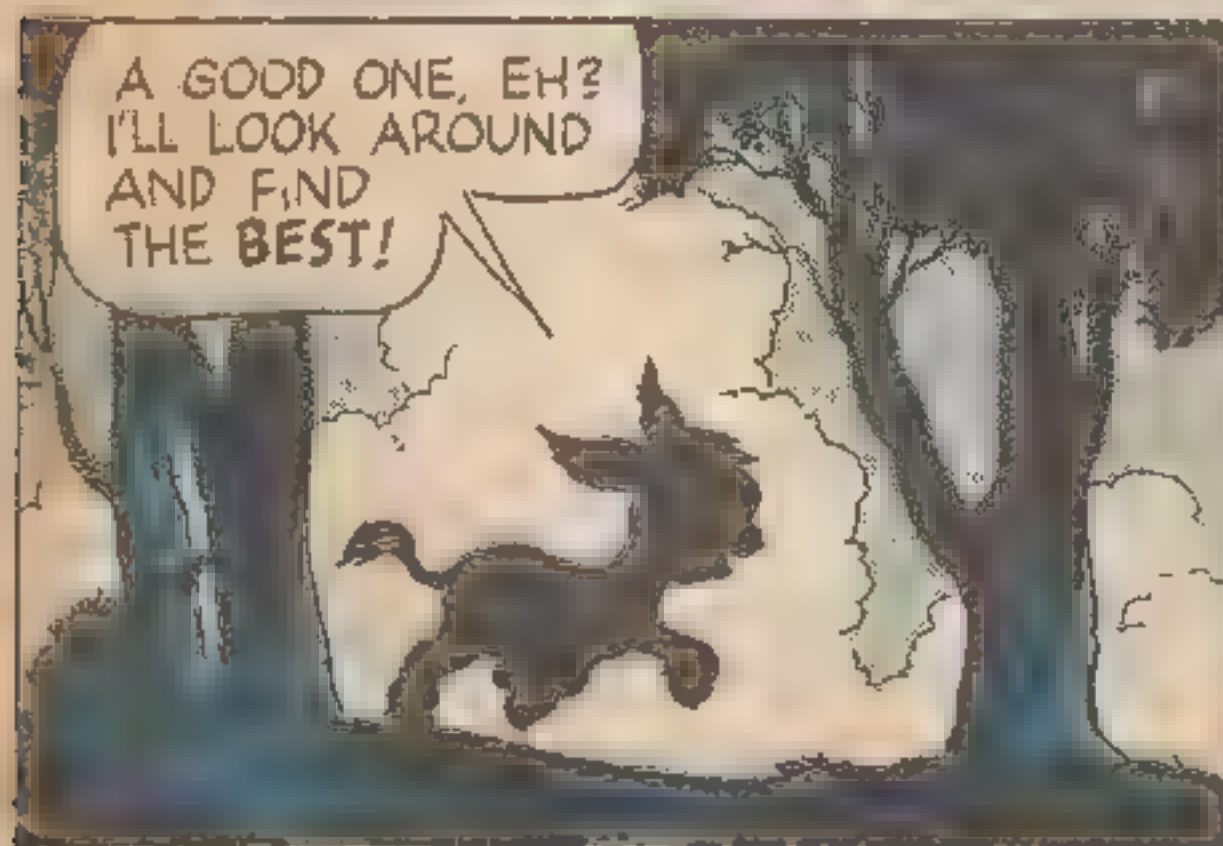
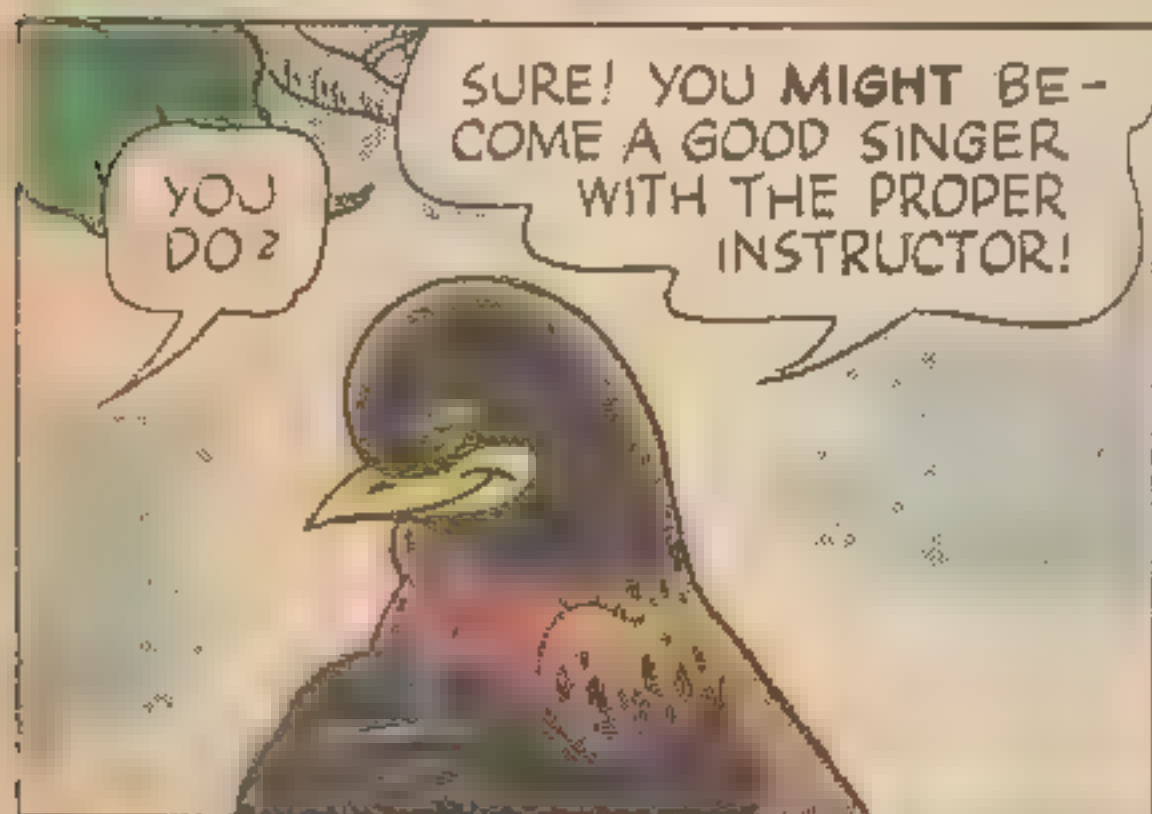
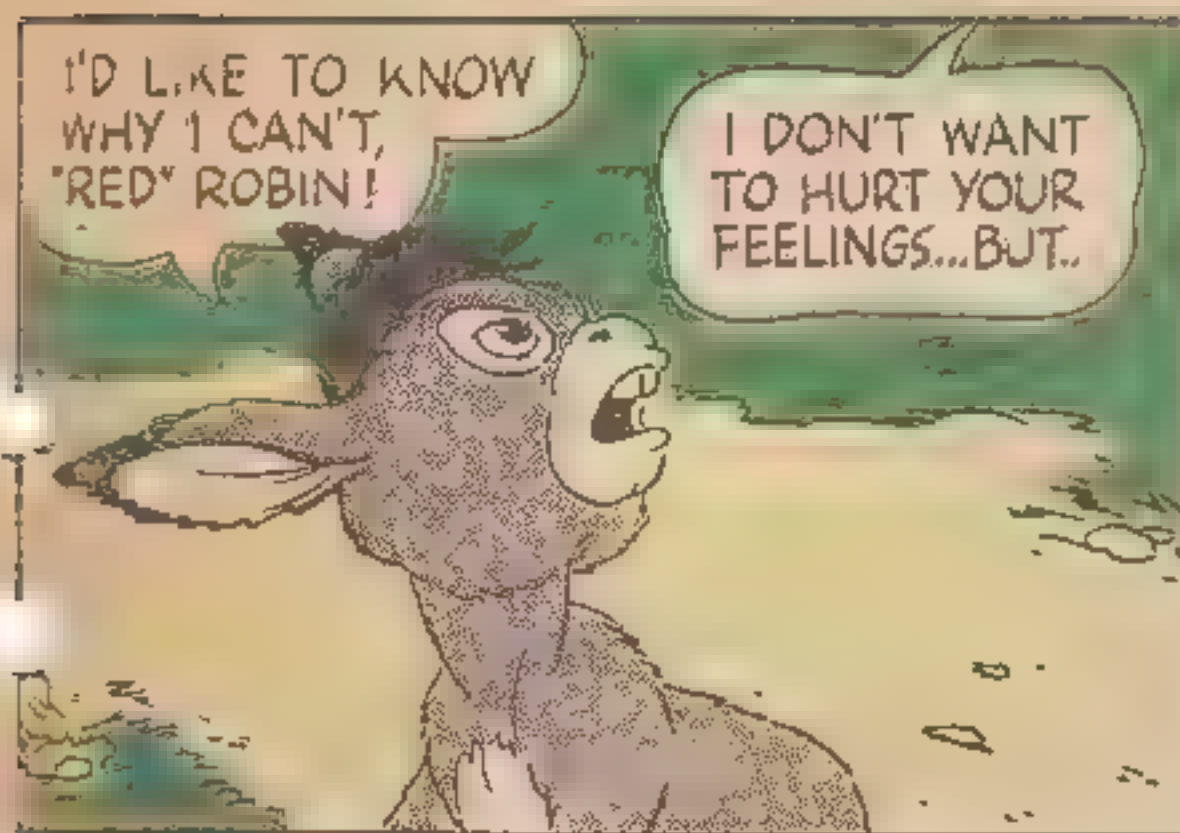
"Of course you were, Jimmy," the professor chuckled, picking up the dropped stereoscope. "But I think that what you dreamed was the truth, after all!"

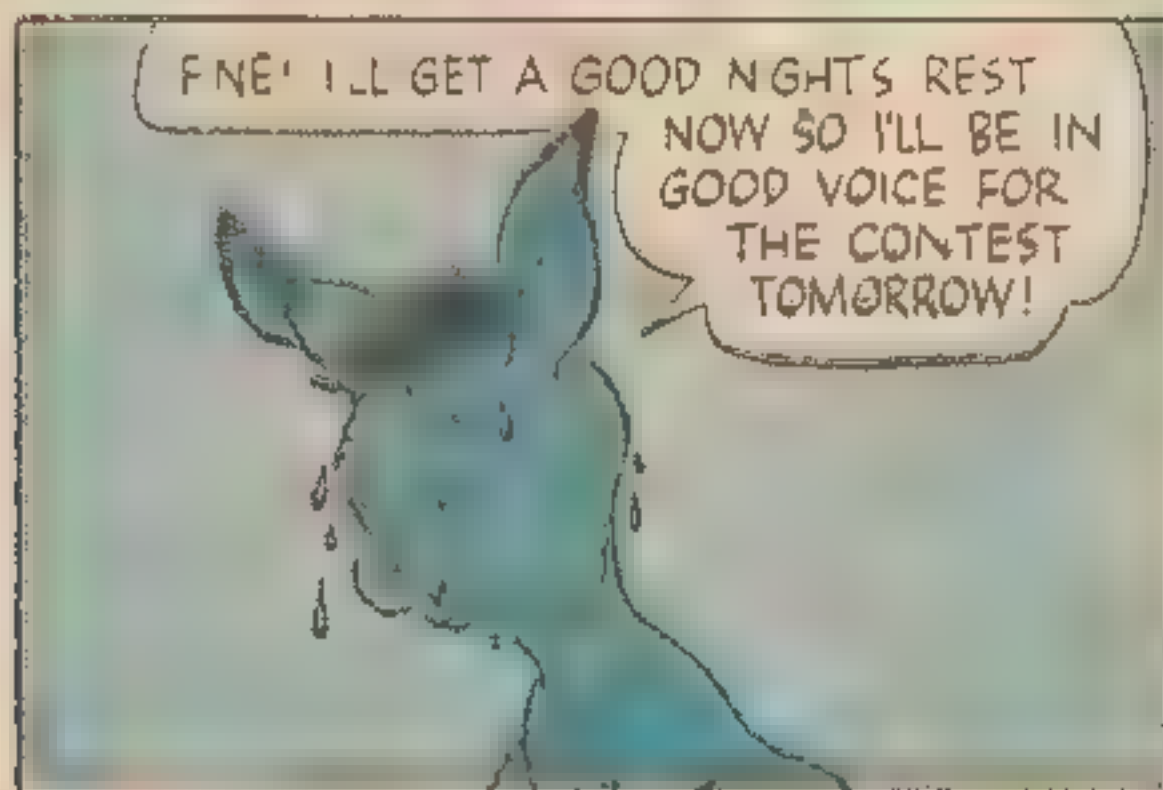
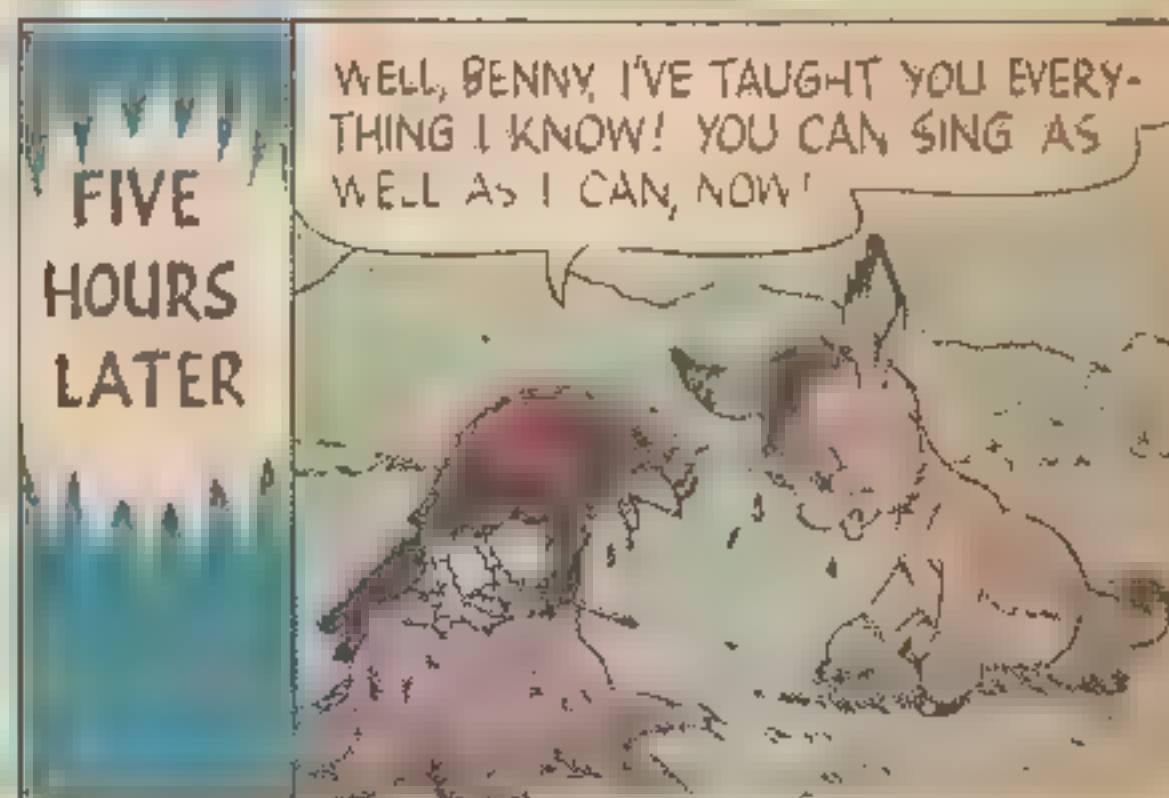
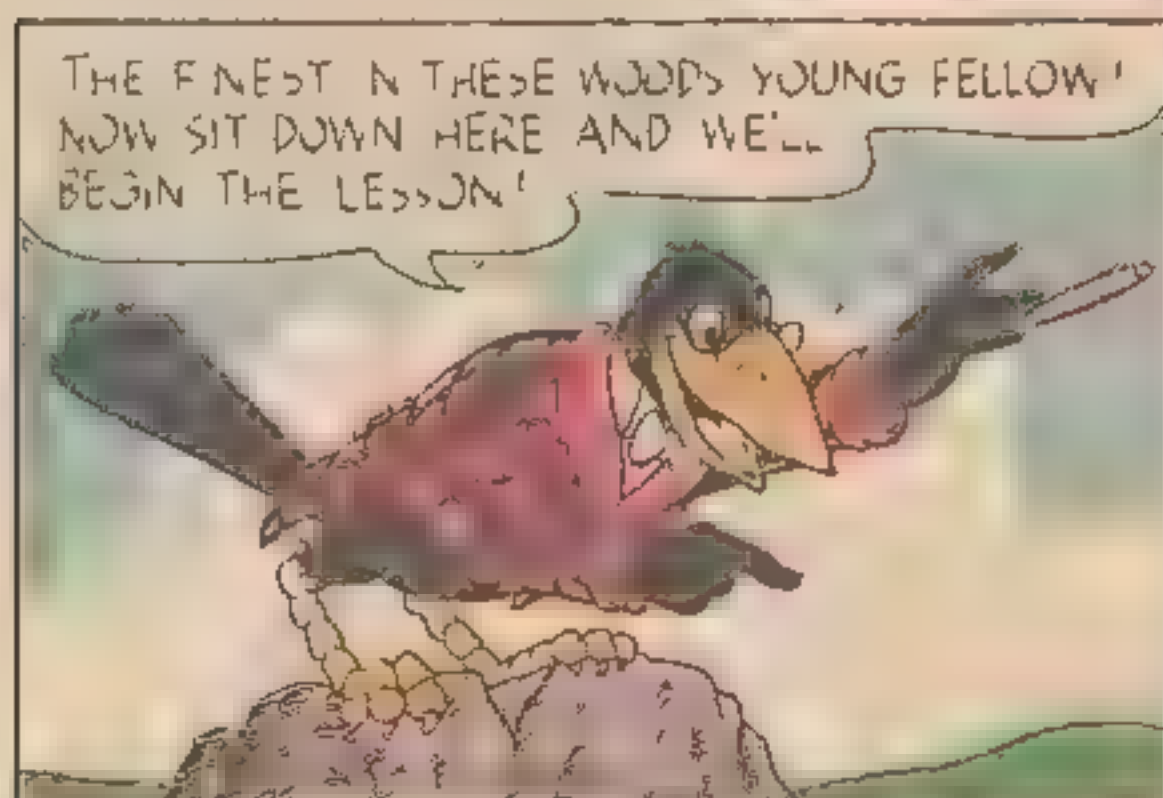
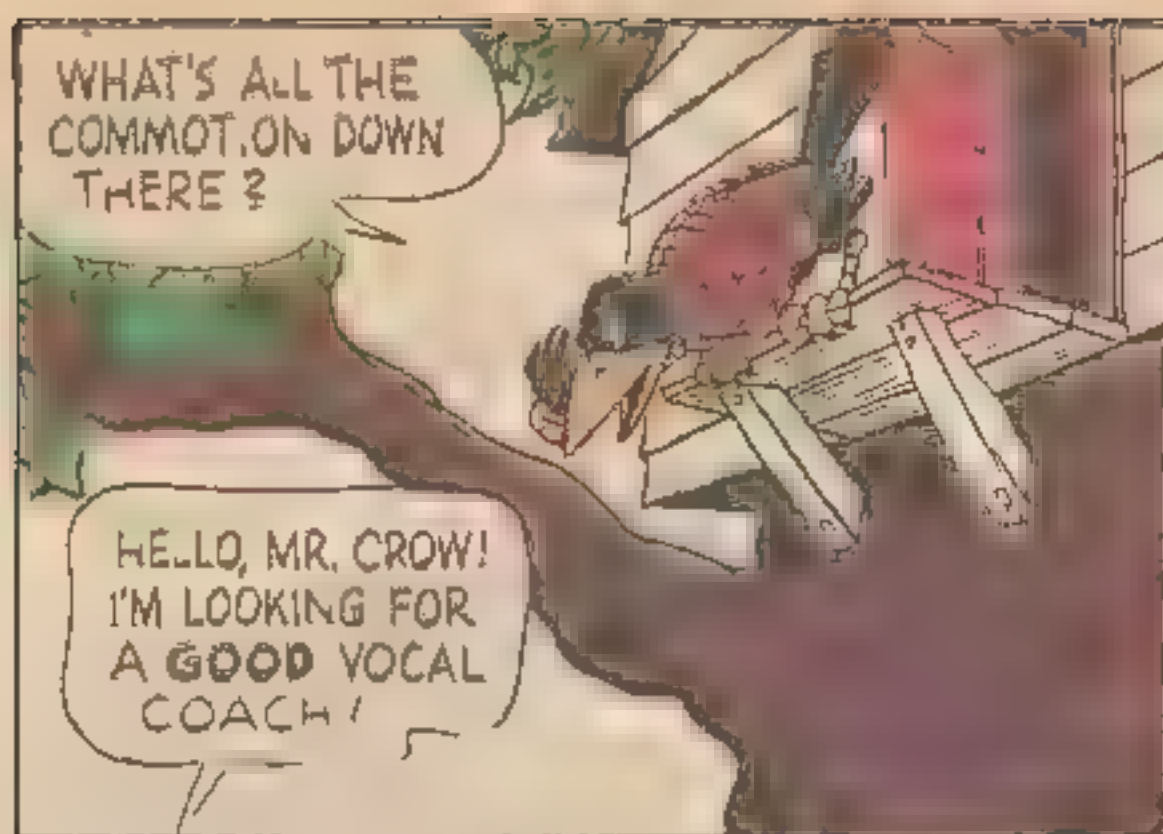


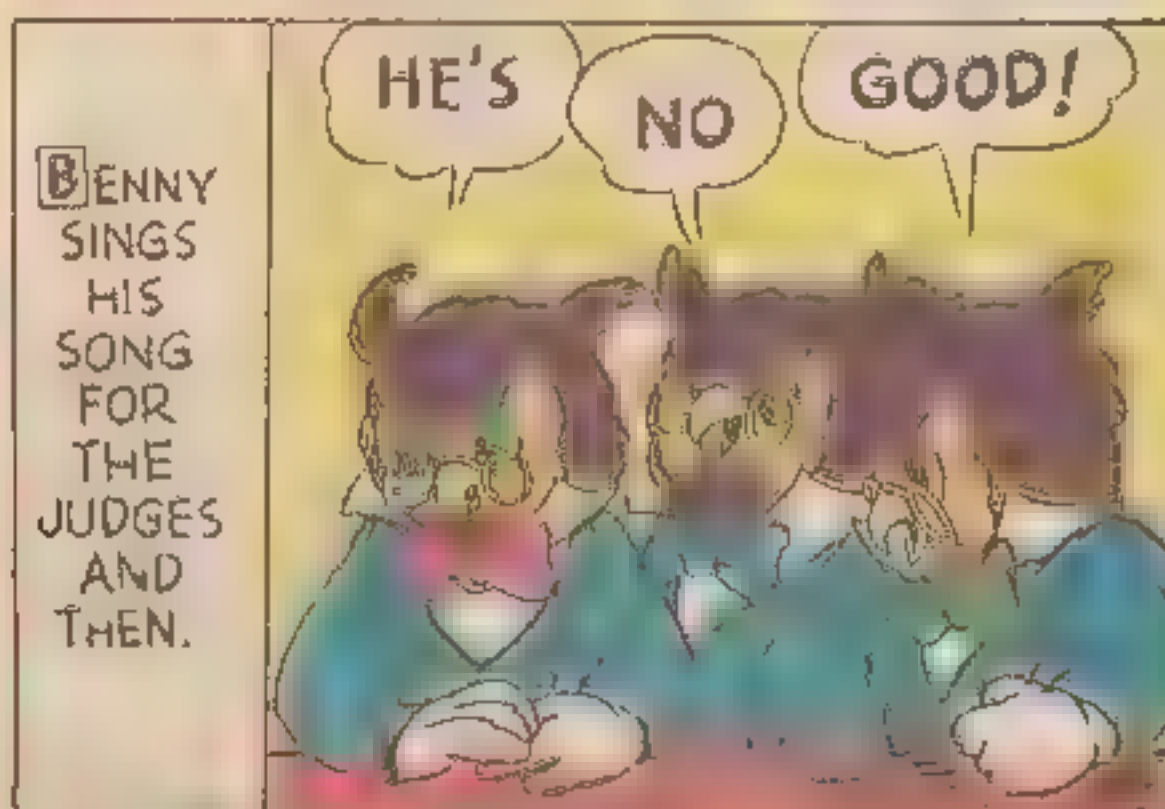
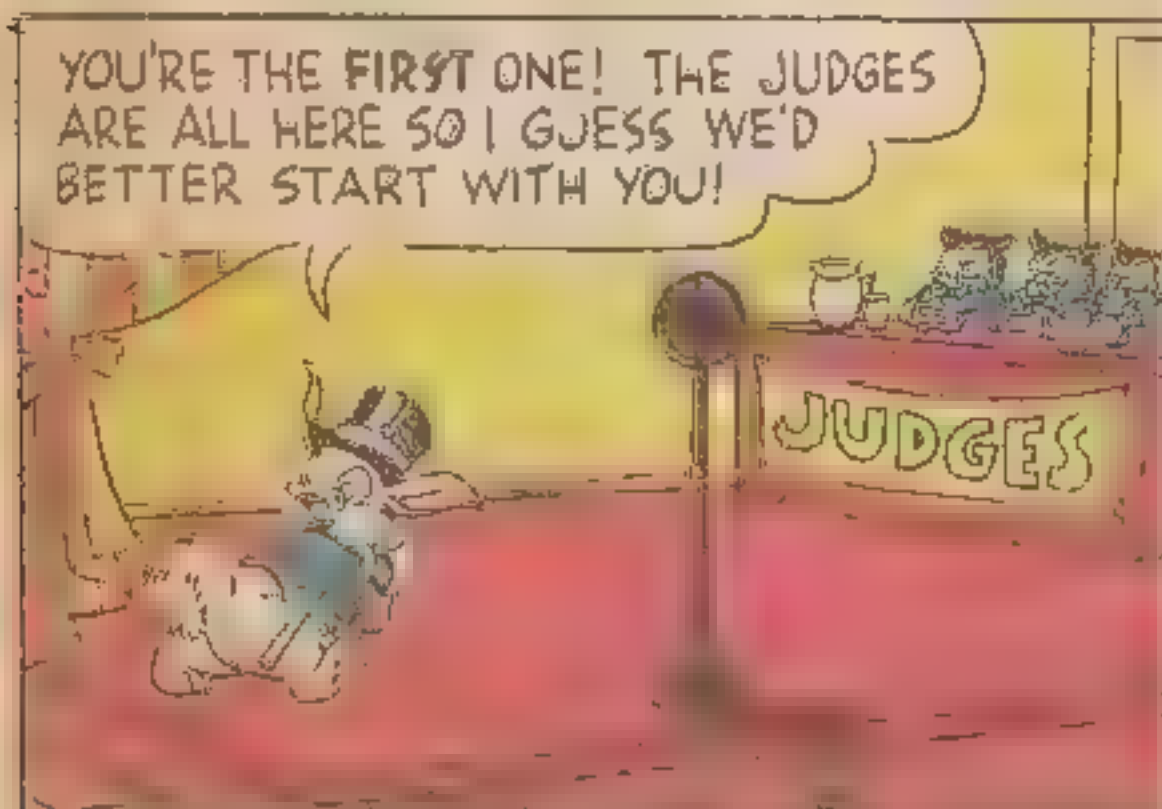
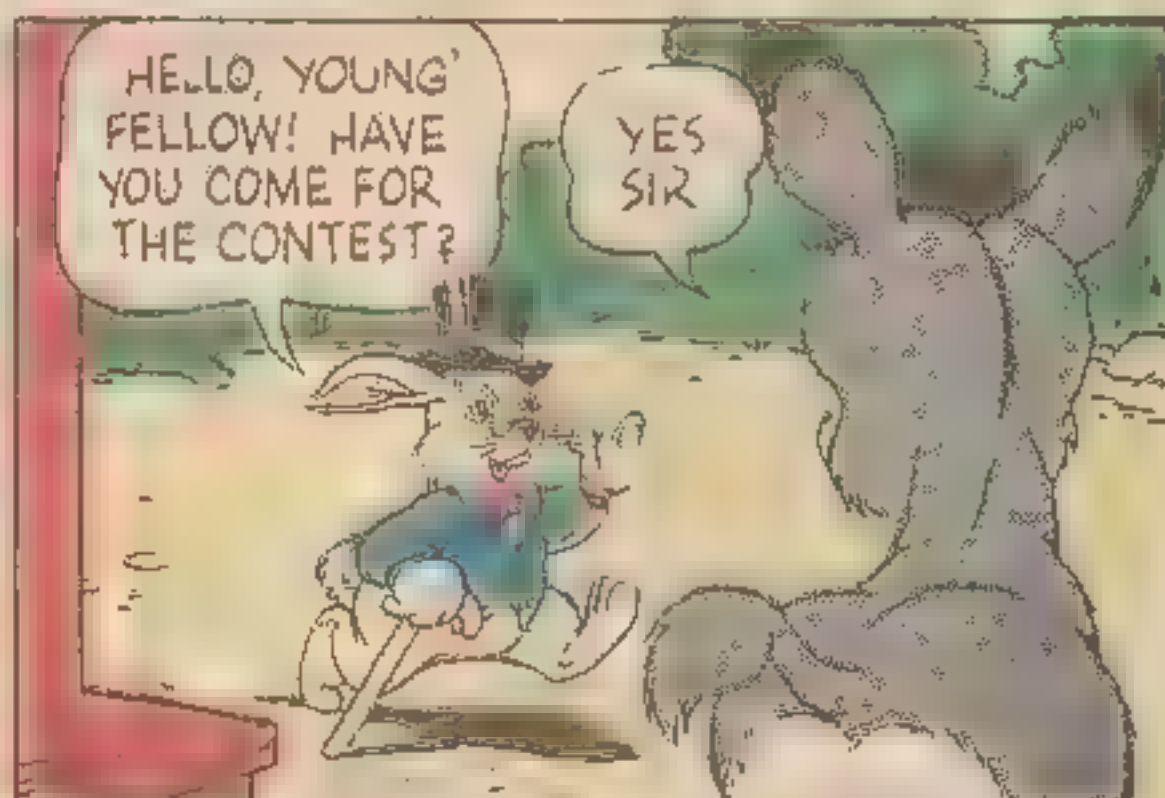
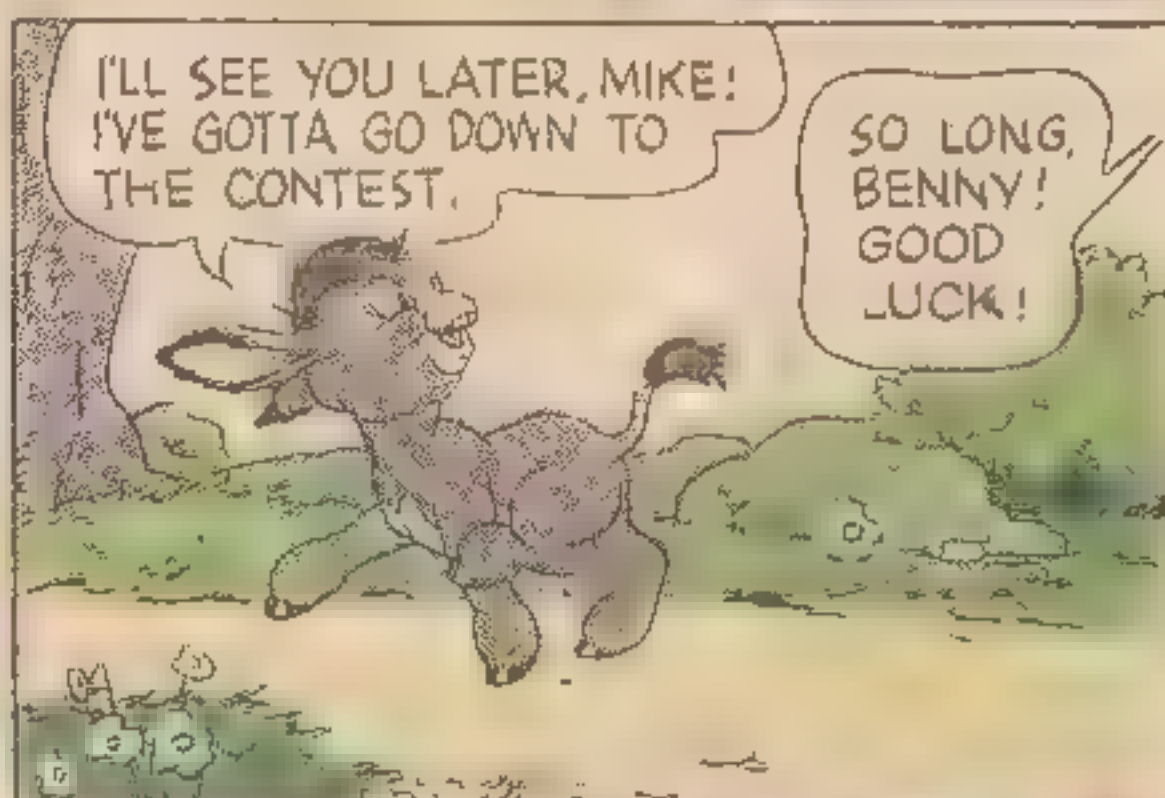
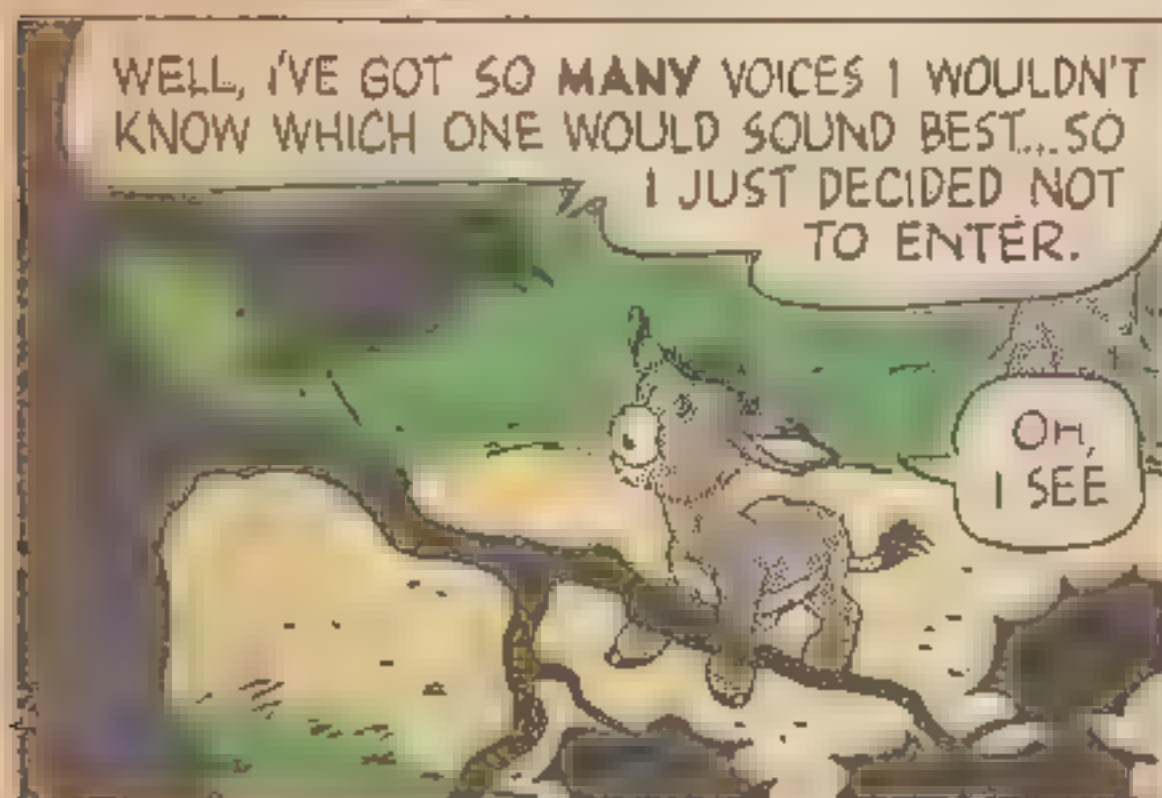
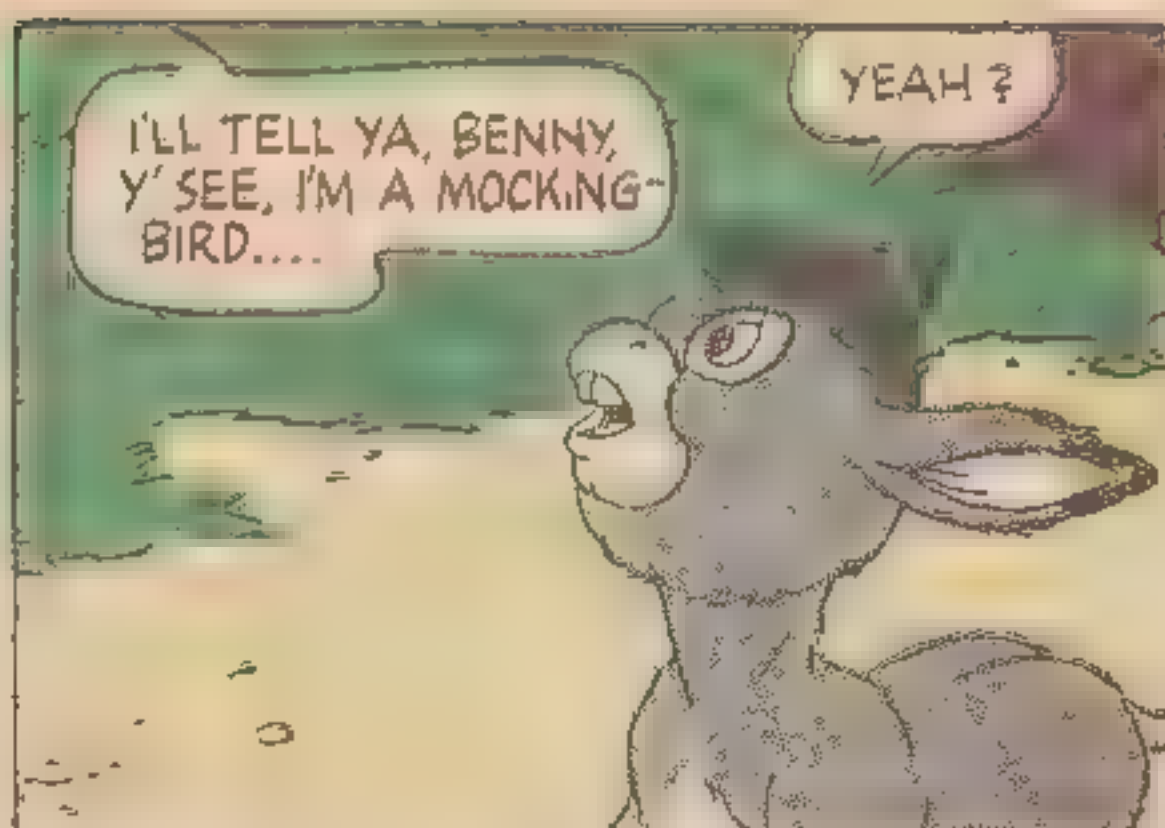
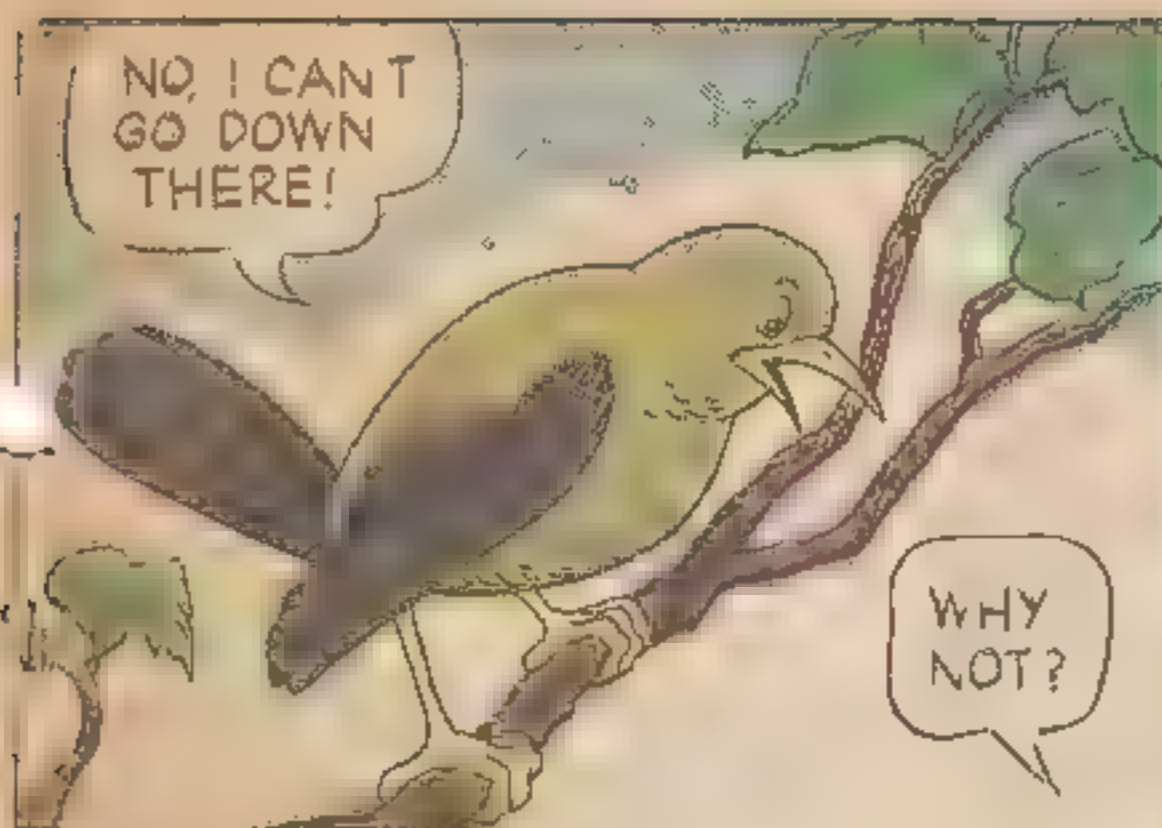
Metro-Goldwyn
presents

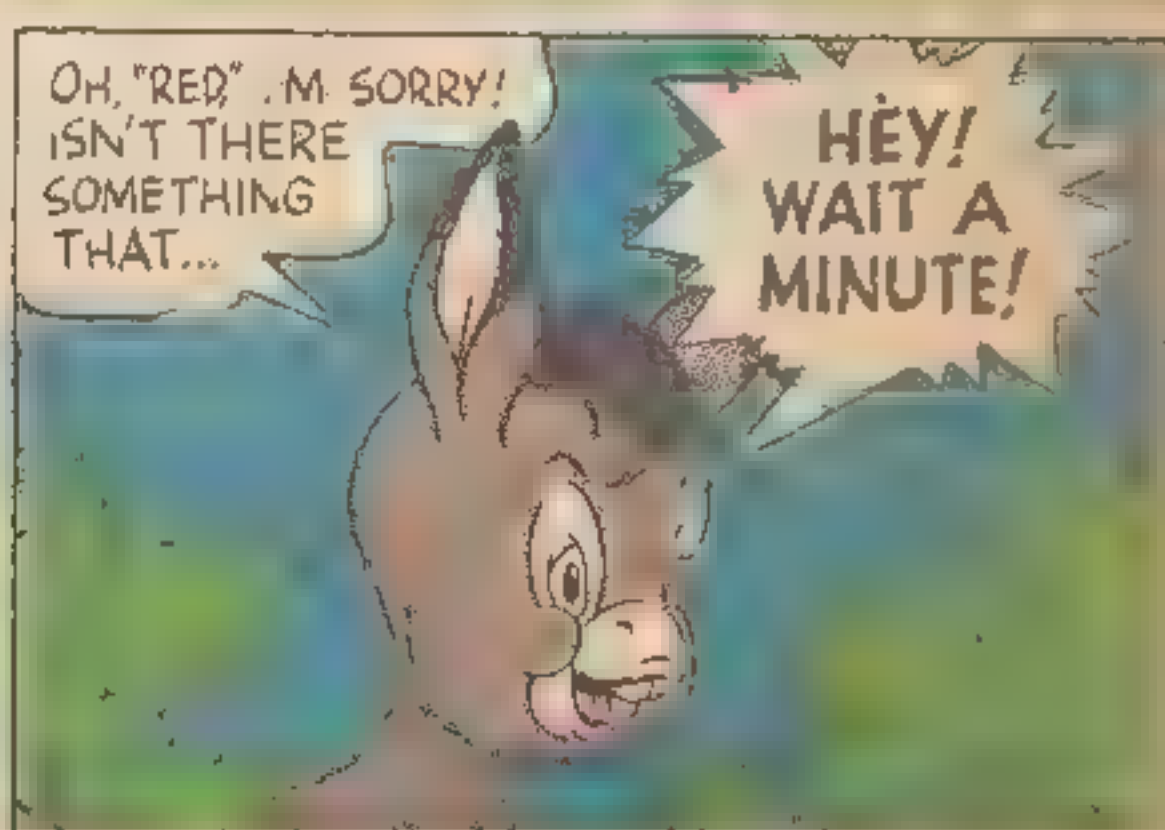
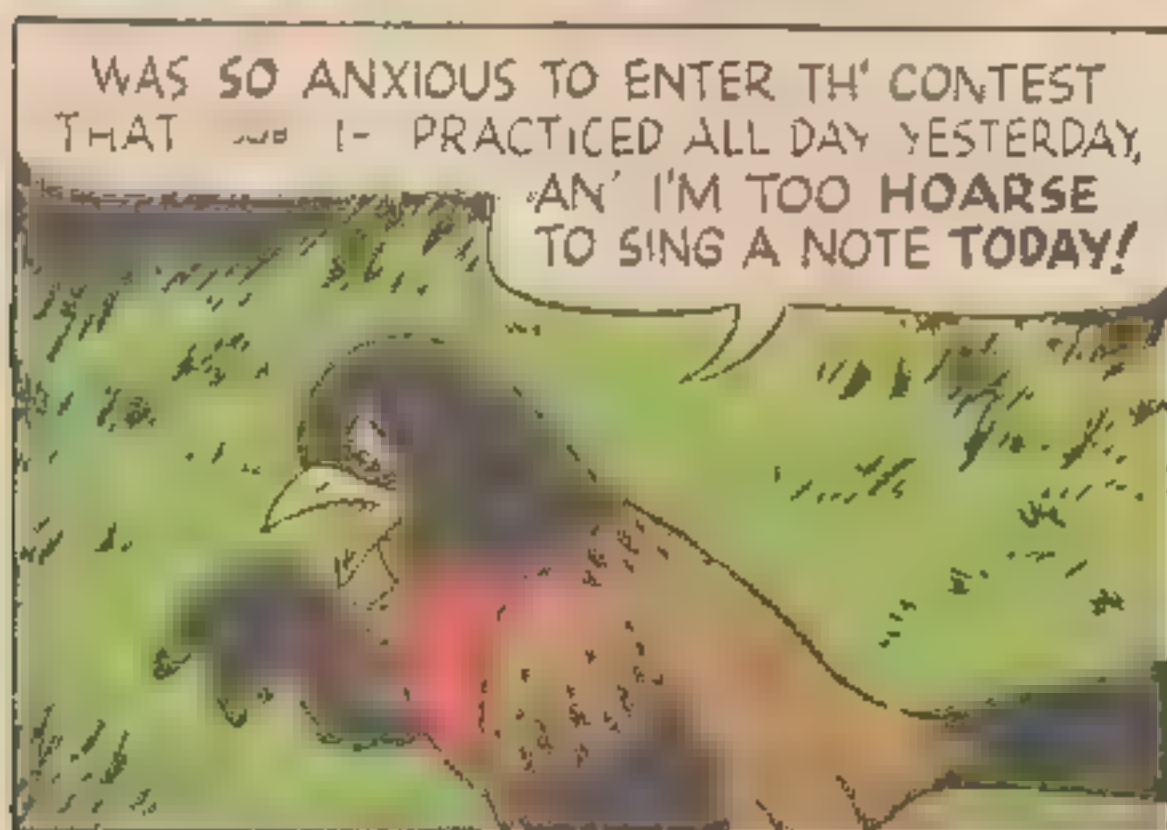
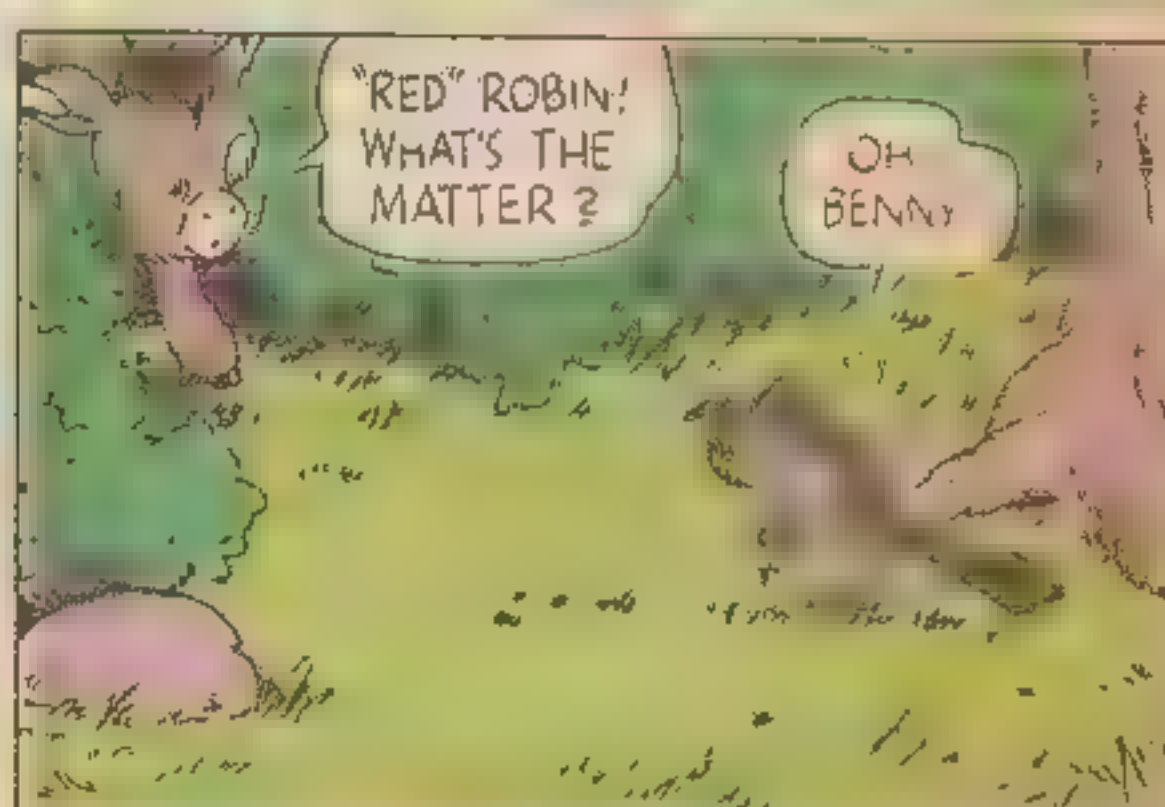
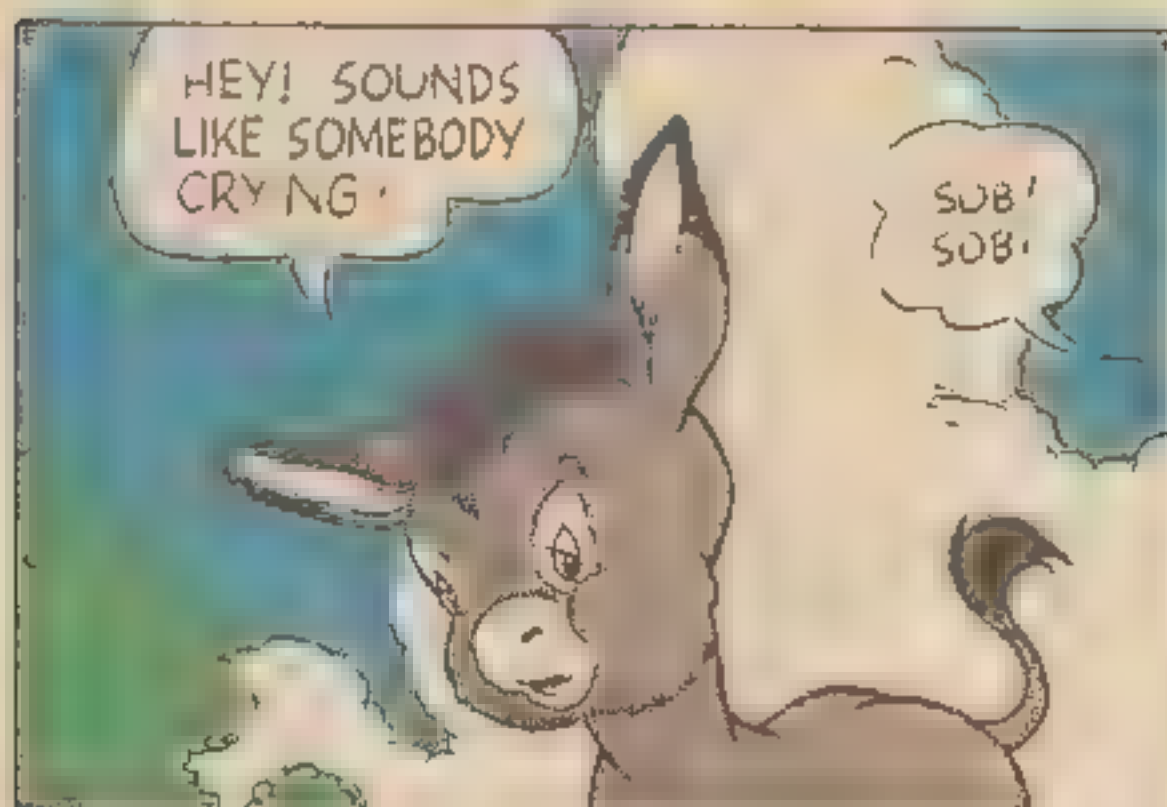
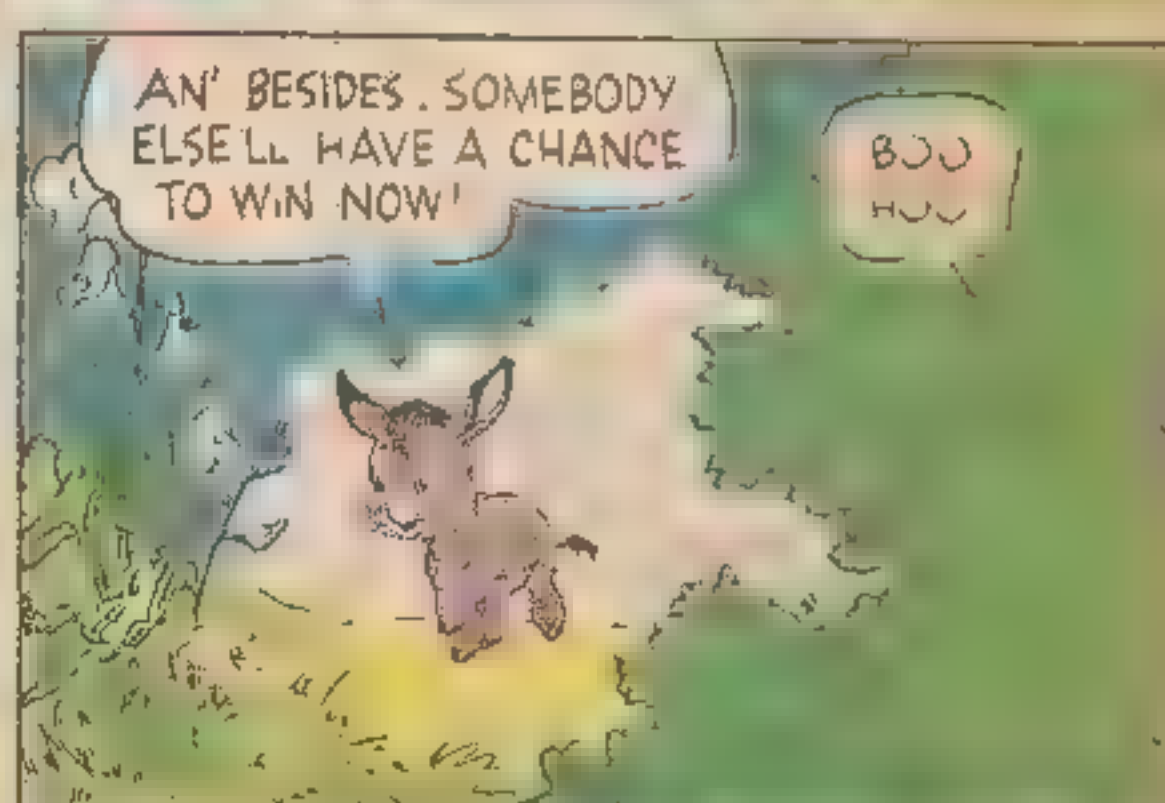
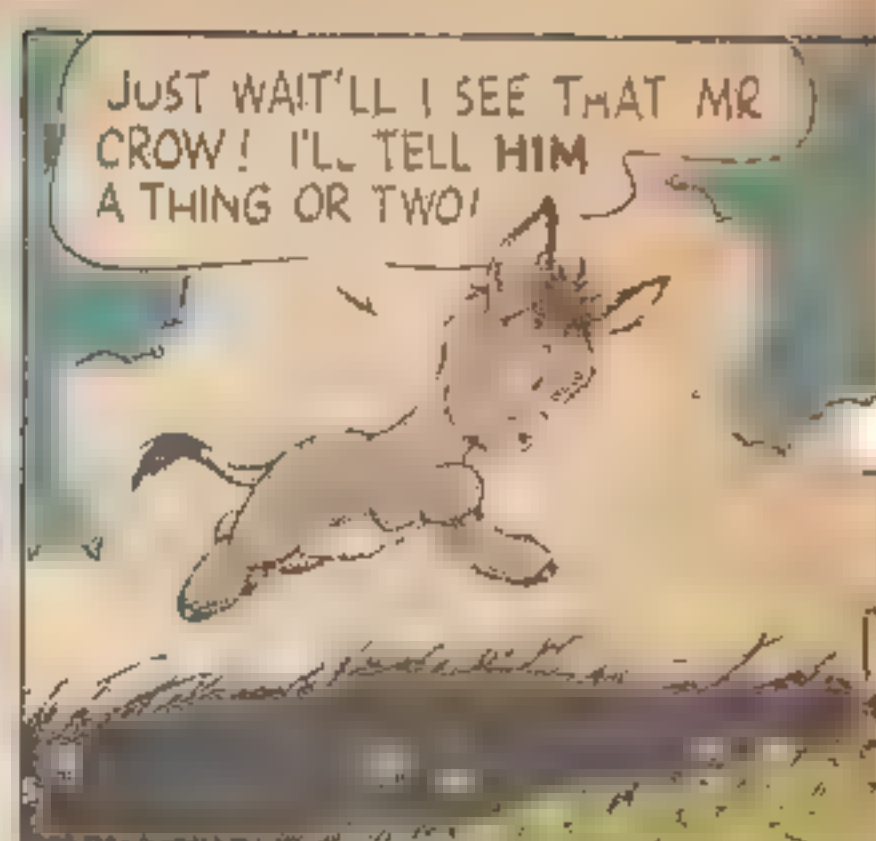
BENNY BURRO



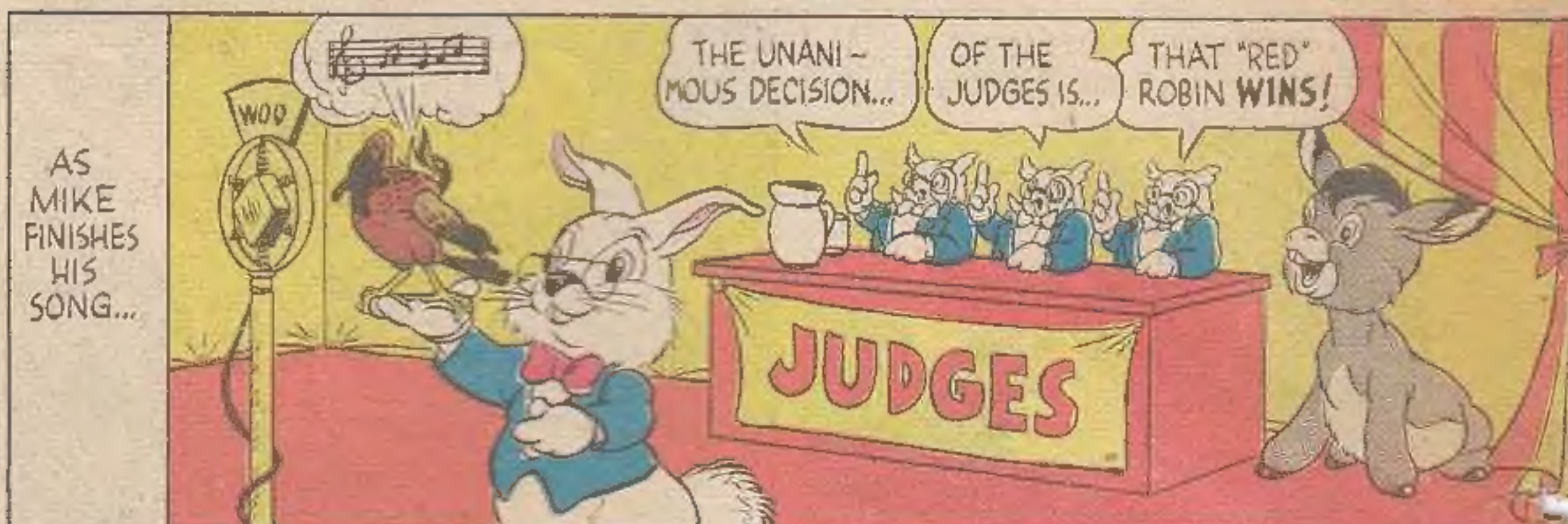












*These pictures are from **FRIEND INDEED**
the **PETE SMITH** story on page 24.*



